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One of the Gentlemen of his Majesty's
Most Honorable Privy Chamber

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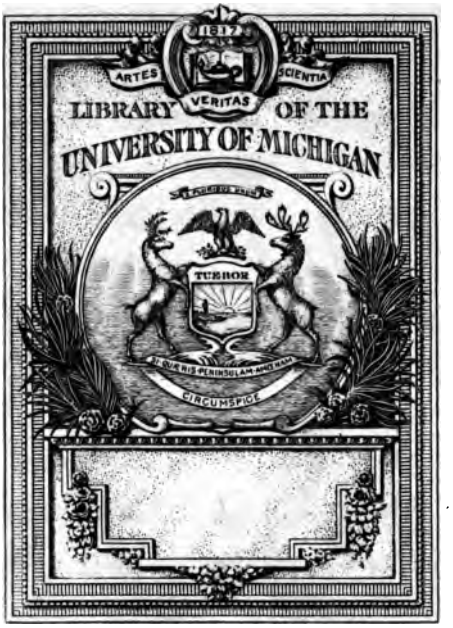
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THE

WORKS

OF

TIBULLUS,

Containing his FOUR BOOKS of

LOVE-ELEGIES.

Tranſlated by Mr. DART.

To which is prefix'd,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

ALSO,

Some Obſervations on the Original Deſign of ELEGIAC VERSE; with Characters of the moſt Celebrated *Greek*, *Latin* and *Engliſh* ELEGIAC POETS.

Donec erunt ignes arcuſque Cupidinis arma,
Diſcentur numeri, culte TIBULLE, *tui.*
Ovid Am. L. 1.

LONDON:
Printed by T. SHARPE, for W. NEWTON in *Little-Britain*, A. BETTESWORTH and J. BATLEY in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, and W. MEARS and T. JAUNCY without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXX.
[Pr. 5 s.]

ERRATA.

PAge 27. Line 7. dele (?) p. 42. l. 4. read Patern; p. 72. l. 10. l. coercetq; p. 79. l. 3. l. viderit; p. 80. l. 8. l. crines; Ib. l. 22. l. Eubœa; p. 82. l. 25. l. Sortilegi; p. 83. l. 3. l. ædes; p. 100. l. 9. l. vittæ; Ib. l. 11. l. conceſſaque; p. 103. l. 32. r. and Eight hundred; p. 104. l. 26. r. l. 4. p. 105. l. 1. l. pendentibus; p. 107. l. 22. l. artis; p. 108. l. 2. l. pinu; p. 111. l. 15. l. plenæ & menſæ; p. 124. l. 16. r. fane; p. 137. l. 7. r. unveil; p. 149. l. 5. for their r. that; p. 150. l. 9. r. enjoys; p. 152. l. 11. r. were call'd *Suovetaurilia*; p. 154. l. 5. l. dimovebit; p. 155. l. 22. l. Ebuli; p. 156. l. 12. l. ramis; p. 157. l. 23. l. faſtus; p. 160. l. 28. r. Modeſty, dele Dreſs; p. 168. l. 1. l. aliàs; p. 169. l. 10. l. ſilentes; p. 198. l. 3. r. uneaſy; Ib. l. 12. r. lonely; p. 203. l. 18. l. ſidere; Ib. l. 21. l. nemora; p. 205. l. 15. l. coma; p. 207. l. 9. l. argonaut; p. 208. l. 2. l. Nyſus & Sylla; Ib. l. 17. pro. Pighiuims l. Pighius; Ib. l. 27. r. Ground; p. 210. l. 27. l. camœnæ; p. 211. l. 11. l. aureum; Ib. l. 12 pro clauda l. blanda; p. 212. l. 5. ipſum; p. 214. l. 19. l. venias; Ib. l. hedera; p. 219. l. 13. r. thoſe different; Ib. l. 15. del. I; p. 222. l. 14. r. never; p. 258. l. 1. r. Calliopes; p. 227. l. 11. r. roſe; p. 232. l. 7. r. Flock of Sheep were led.

In the Preface, p. xxii. l. 17. for *Ovid*, r. *Cupid*.

PREFACE.

THE WORKS of *Ovid* having been ſome Time tranſlated, and met with ſo favourable a Reception, I thought it would not be diſagreeable to introduce a polite Cotemporary of his, in our Language, One, whom *Ovid* himſelf imitated, and for whom he had ſo great a Value, that he recommends his Pupils in his ART OF LOVE, to read his Works, and gather from them all the tender Sentiments expreſſive of the tendereſt of Paſſions.

THE Writings, as well as Tempers, of theſe Great Men, excellently agree; both

Perſons of Quality, Gay, Eaſy and Gentle, influenc'd by a Value for the fair Sex, Votaries to Love, and both Maſters of the eaſieſt Turn of Language to expreſs it.

THEIR Verſe is of the Elegiack Kind, admirably adapted to that Purpoſe among the Ancients; which Verſe, ſince the Nature and Inventor of it have been equally diſputable, it will not be amiſs to oblige the World with the Sentiments of a Friend communicated to me, concerning it.

SIR,

" I Am in a Place very unfit to an
" ſwer your Requeſt, concerning
" *Elegy*, having not one Book at
" Hand, ſo that I muſt truſt my Memory for
" every thing I ſhall ſay on this Subject,
" which will conſiſt rather of looſe, ſcatter'd
" Thoughts, than a regular Diſcourſe.

" HAD we a clear Account who was
" certainly the Author of this Species of
" Poetry, or any Remains of the firſt In-
" ventor, we might better tell what it was
" at firſt, and how far ſucceeding Ages
" have deviated from the Original De-
" ſigner. *Horace* plainly aſſerts that *Com-*
" *plaint*, that is, the *Complaint of Lovers*,
" was the principal Subject of this kind of
" Verſe, and that afterwards it came to
" take in the *Completion of their Wiſhes*, the
" Joy, Pride, Triumph, the Contempt of
" an Out-caſt Rival, and every other Paſ-

" ſion that happy and ſucceſsful Love in-
" cludes, or inſpires.

" THE beſt Fragment we have remain-
" ing among the *Greeks*; and indeed to me
" it appears more beautiful than any ſimple
" Compoſition of the *Roman Writers*, is
" that of *Mimnermus*; and if a Judgment
" may be formed from *one* Inſtance, there
" ſeems ſomething deficient in *Horace*'s De-
" finition of *Elegy*. For this Piece, be-
" ſide the natural Beauty of the Thoughts,
" the lively Gaiety of the Reflections, con-
" tains an excellent *Moral*, which is no
" where mention'd (as I know) as a *Neceſ-*
" *ſary* in this kind of Poetry. However,
" if you read it over, you will be of my
" Mind; and the Conduct of the beſt Suc-
" ceſſors of *Mimnermus* ſufficiently proves,
" that they thought it worthy of their Imi-
" tation; for in *Ovid*, and eſpecially in
" *Tibullus*, fine, moral Reflections are not
" in-frequent, and their beſt Compoſitions
" abound with them. Had I theſe Poets

" by

" by me, I could eaſily prove, by nume-
" rous Quotations, what now it is ſufficient
" to hint to you, who by turning them
" over, may refer to the particular Paſ-
" ſages.

" BE it then allow'd, that *Love-Com-*
" *plaints*, which are numerouſly various,
" even as various, as the moſt unaccounta-
" ble Mixture of all Human little Incidents
" can make them, are the true and firſt
" Subject of *Elegy*. What a wide Field
" then is here for this Species of Poetry to
" range in, ſince the Poet may take Occa-
" ſion, from every Word or Action of his
" Miſtreſs, to breathe out his Heart in
" Verſe, and make harmonious Complain-
" ings on every Trifle that ſhall happen?

" IT may perhaps be objected, that
" *Elegy* may ſignifie *Complaint* in general,
" or only extend to Sorrow for the De-
" ceaſed; and *Ovid*'s Elegy on *Tibullus*, be

" brought to countenance this Opinion,
" when he ſays,

— Elegeia *ſolve capillos*.
Ah! *Nimis ex* vero *nunc tibi* nomen *erit*.

" BUT in the firſt place, this contra-
" dicts *Horace*, who muſt write Nonſenſe,
" if he did not mean *Love-Complaints*; for
" it is evident, that *Querimonia*, and *Voti*
" *ſententia compos*, relate to the ſame Thing,
" which can never be proper, if ſpoken of
" Sorrow for the Deceaſed. Beſides, that
" an *Elegy* on the Death of an *Elegiack-*
" *Poet* comes very eaſily under the firſt Di-
" ſtinction; and you, who have tranſlated
" that Piece, know very well, that not a
" little part of it concerns *Matters of Love*.
" We may farther ſay, that many *Paſtorals*,
" as to the Nature of them, tho' not the
" Meaſure of the Verſe, would, by this
" Account, be ranged among *Elegies*, of
" which I will ſay as Mr. *Pope* ſpeaks of
" *Virgil's Paſtorals*, if they *are not Paſtorals*,

" *they*

" *they* are *ſomething better*; ſo if theſe *Paſtorals* are not *Elegies*, they are ſomething " ſuperior to them. *Virgil's Daphnis*, " Mr. *Congreve's Paſtora*, and one of Mr. " *Pope's*, are of this ſuperior Sort of " *Elegy*.

" THE ſecond Kind of *Elegy*, ſecond " both in Time, and Subject, is, the *Voti ſententia compos*, the various Ways of ex- " preſſing Joy after a ſucceſsful Adventure " in Love. Here are Occaſions enough " for Verſe, and yet we find but few in " Compariſon of the former, the Reaſon " of which is very natural. In the Pur- " ſuit of the Object, Hopes, Fears, Kind- " neſs, Cruelty, Meetings, Diſappoint- " ments occur, and a Thouſand more " pretty Impertinencies, that give their " ſeveral Turns to the Poet's Fancy; but " in Poſſeſſion, he is not at Leiſure to think " of any thing elſe but Poſſeſſion; he may " indeed, after a firſt Extaſy, ſtrike out " into an

Ite Triumphales circum mea tempora Lauri,
Or an —*O Nox mihi candida, & Tu*
Lectule deliciis facte beate meis.

" But then the Fit does not laſt; it is a
" Sort of a firſt Compliment after hard
" Uſage, and the tender Part comes on ſo
" quick, and ſo ſatisfying, that there is no
" room to ſpeak of it, unleſs by way of
" Compariſon with the former, which is
" a Thought ſo very natural, that I won-
" der it has eſcap'd the *Elegiac* Poets; at
" leaſt I don't remember to have ſeen any
" Thing on that Occaſion. The Ladies
" indeed, in all Ages, have made *Addreſs*
" ſo very tedious and troubleſome to Men
" of a Poetical Turn, who formed them
" Idols according to their own Hearts, that
" they ſeem to have taken the Advantage
" of the Compliment, and keep their
" Adorers at a long Diſtance, not without
" the perfuming Incenſe of Flattery, and
" many a Sacrifice of ſleepleſs Nights,

" which

" which the Poet thought himſelf in Ho-
" nour obliged to deſcribe to his Miſtreſs
" the next Morning. Who can tell, but
" that at the ſame time they indulged their
" own Vanity, they meant to oblige the
" World, by giving it many Compoſi-
" tions we had wanted, had they been as
" eaſie, as they were beautiful? *Sacharissa*
" and *Myra* are cruel Fair Ones, on Poeti-
" cal Record, who might have been per-
" haps unregarded *Wives*, at leaſt not ſo
" much known as now. If you think
" this a Digreſſion, paſs it by, and come
" to *Elegy* ſince the *Roman Times*.

" THE *Italians* have performed very
" finely in this Way; there is in them a
" Softneſs natural to their Climate, a deli-
" cate, rather than an eaſie Expreſſion,
" which will ever be in the Writers of a
" *dead Language*, ſince Imitation, and Pu-
" rity of Phraſe are acquired Beauties, and
" often fling the Poet from his firſt Deſign,
" to maintain the Elegance of his Tongue.

" As

" As *Rapin* ſaid of the *French*, then refin-
" ing, *Dum nimis molles & delicatuli ſtude-*
" *mus eſſe, enervès ſumus*: You muſt par-
" don me, if I am not exact, ſince my
" firſt Excuſe muſt ſerve for all Quota-
" tions.

" IF the *Italians* are deficient, we can
" expect little from others; *Heinſius*, *Gro-*
" *tius*, *Buchanan* and *Milton*, have per-
" formed in little Pieces excellently well;
" but the Number of all good ones,
" that I have ſeen, is ſo ſmall in Compa-
" riſon of the *few Ancients*, that it is ſuf-
" ficient to mention the Names of the
" Beſt.

" *ELEGY*, as practis'd with us, is im-
" properly ſo call'd, ſince it is bound to
" our *Heroick* Meaſure, yet the Nature of
" it is the ſame: And we may ſay of our
" Imitations, as *Horace* did of his Country-
" men's *Tragedy*, a little alter'd.——

Spirat Mollitiem ſatis, & feliciter audet.

" BE-

" BEFORE any Rules were laid down " in *England* for this kind of *Verſe*, as pecu- " liarly to be uſed by our Poets, we find " *Elegies* of the *Earl* of *Surrey*'s, Sir *P.* " *Sidney*'s, *Shakeſpear*'s, *Ben. Johnſon*'s, *Spen-* " *ſer*'s, *Daniel*'s, *Drayton*'s, and I don't " know but I may add *Chaucer*'s, ſince all " his *Complaints* are of the *Elegiac* Kind. " After theſe, came Dr. *Donne*, *Waller*, *Den-* " *ham*, Sir *Cha. Sedley*, not to mention " ſome others who deſerve an equal Praiſe. " If I well remember, there are but two " of theſe, *viz. Waller*, and Sir *Charles* " *Sedley*, who have writ the latter Species " of *Elegy*, of a ſucceſsful Love; *Ben.* " *Johnſon*, and Dr. *Donne*, who were by " far the greateſt Scholars (*Spenſer* only " excepted) confining themſelves to the " querulous Part only. In this I may be " miſtaken, and you by conſulting the Ori- " ginals, may ſet me Right.

" SINCE their Time, his Grace the *D.* " *of Buckingham*, in his incomparable *Eſſay*

" on

" on *Poetry*, has given us Rules for an *Eng-*
" *liſh Elegy*; which tho' they may ſeem to
" depart from the ancient Model, yet are
" certainly founded on a juſt Judgment,
" and an exquiſite Diſcernment of what
" an *Engliſh* Genius can bear, and an *Eng-*
" *liſh* Critic expects. I am ſorry I have
" not this *Eſſay* here; and for fear of of-
" fending, I dare not quote him from my
" Memory. Be it ſufficient, that his Pre-
" cepts are now as much a Guide to us, as
" *Ariſtotle*'s or *Horace*'s were in their Times.

" YET, Sir, there is one Thing which
" Mr. *Dryden* ſeems to commend *Ovid* for,
" and give him the Superiority over the
" reſt of his *Brother-Elegiaſts*, which I dare
" ſay, a Tranſlator of *Tibullus* will never
" conſent to; not but that it is true of
" *Ovid*, but not of *Elegy*.

" HE ſays, That OVID *laid down a*
" *Scheme before he wrote, and that one Thought*
" *naturally follows another, and all drive him*

" *to*

" *to the ſame Point, by which he gives him the* " *Preference to other* Elegiac *Writers*: A Rea-" ſon he ſeems to have taken rather from " the Conduct of Mr. *Waller*, and ſome of " his Contemporaries, than from the Pra-" ctice of the Ancients, of whom none but " *Ovid*, and he very ſeldom, obſerved that " Rule. I don't affirm, but that an In-" ſtance or two may be given from many of " them, ſuch as the *Sulpitia* of *Tibullus*, and " others, yet, in moſt the Tranſitions are ſo " frequent, that they remain glaring In-" ſtances againſt this Aſſertion.

" INDEED the Nature of the Subject " is ſuch, as not to be treated of without " it: For I can't ſuppoſe theſe Poets ſate " down to ſtudy fine Things, like our " *Cowley*; but that they writ from the " Heart, and if ſo, their Pens muſt be " under the Guidance of their Paſſions, " not of their Wit. Wantonneſs of Ima-" gination is fit for Deſcription, Turns of

" Thought

" Thought and Images, which the Heart " is not at Leiſure to think of, much leſs to " affect, when the Paſſions are ſincere, and " the whole Man in earneſt. Mr. *Walſh*, " in the Preface to his Poems, has touch'd " this Subject with great Delicacy, which " may be of Uſe to your Deſign.

SIR,

" You ſee with what Haſte I write, and " therefore I hope that an *Hour*'s Amuſe- " ment will not call upon me the ſtu- " died Labours of *Criticks*; for the firſt " Part of my Opinion, however rudely ex- " preſs'd, I think, I have the Ancients on " my Side. For the laſt, as I have no " Opportunity now, to recur to Evidence, " I ſhall not care what is ſaid of it: But if " there be an Adverſary, who imagines it " worth his while to make me re-conſider " this Subject, I ſhall be at his Service, " who am always at

YOURS,

HIGH-GATE,
April the 10th, 1720.

G. Sewell.

THAT the Original Deſign of Elegy was Love, is plainly proved, contrary to what *Scaliger* and others have ſaid of its earlieſt Uſe at Funerals, from *Horace*'s Meaning explain'd. And the chief Reaſon they can gather from *Ovid*, I think will not anſwer the End for which they produce it; I mean the Elegy upon *Tibullus*' Death, ſince the

Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit

Relates only to the Word ἐλεγος, in Oppoſition to the then frequent Uſe in Matters of Joy; but in this, which was truly Matter of Complaint and Love, ſhe anſwer'd the juſt Meaning of her Name; beſides, this Piece is really of the Elegiack Kind, ſince in it the *tenerorum Mater amorum*, her Son, Elegy, and the two Miſtreſſes are introduc'd, the one reflecting upon his early Paſſion, the other upon his laſt Expreſſions.

THAT

THAT the *Querimonia* of *Horace* relates to Love, may be further gather'd from another Place, where he gives the true Etimology of the Word Elegy, and applies it to a Matter truly ſo.

——*Neu miſerabiles*
Decantes elegos, cur tibi Junior
Læſa pæniteat fide.

NOW the Occaſion here, being the Loſs of a Miſtreſs, and the Perſon written to, a Poet, whoſe Works turn intirely upon that Paſſion, it may reaſonably be ſuppos'd that that was the Acceptation of the Word. *Ovid*, whoſe Excellency lay the ſame way, uſes it in the like Senſe, when *Sappho* writing to *Phaon*, ſays,

Flendus amor meus eſt: Elegeïa flebile carmen.

COULD we but know the Inventor, as has been before obſerv'd; (a Doubt in

Horace's

Horace's Time, and now to be ſolv'd) or had we any thing material remaining of thoſe Perſons ſuppos'd to be the Inventors, as *Callinous*, *Terpander*, *&c.* we could the better doubtleſs clear up the Diſpute; but I believe it to have been of as early an Original, as to matter, as ſince Men could write, and expreſs their Sentiments of Love. I think one of the firſt Love-Complaints and Petitions, as to Fabulous Hiſtory, is that of *Apollo* to *Daphne*; and if I might be allow'd the Liberty, I ſhould think it of his Invention. The Patron God of Verſe was more amorous than any other; and the Story of *Daphne* and *Alceſte* may give us Reaſon to believe he had Occaſion ſufficient for theſe *Queremoniæ*, to which I may add what *Tibullus* ſays,

Nec proſunt Elegi, nec carminis auctor Apollo.

Where I am apt to think he alludes to *Apollo*, being the Inventor of Elegy in particular, and not of Poetry in general, ſince

his Aſſiſtance in no other kind of Verſe could be of any Service to him. But tho' the Name of the Inventor of that Verſe is not to be recover'd, yet it is plain, the Earlieſt of the *Greek* Elegiaſt have chiefly applied it to Matters of Love, and been remarkable for that Paſſion, as *Mimnermus*, who flouriſh'd ſo early as the 47 *Olymp.* or as others indeed ſay in the Times of the Seven *Greek* Sages, of whom *Propertius* ſays,

Plus in amore valet Mimnermi verſus Homero.

Callimachus, whom *Quintilian* reckons the beſt, and *Philetus*, whom he places the ſecond in that Rank, were remarkable for the ſame Uſe of Elegy; both were Claſſicks in *Ovid*'s School, and the *Corinna* and *Cynthia* of *Ovid* and *Propertius*, were Copies from the *Lyde* of the one, and the *Battis* of the other.

It is not to be deny'd, that Eligiack Verſe amongſt the *Greeks* is often applied to other Matters than Love, as the precep-

tive

tive Pieces of *Tyrteus*, the Pieces of *Mimnermus*, which *Pauſanius* mentions on the Battles of the *Smyrneans*, againſt *Gyges* and *Lydus*, and ſome others; but theſe are by none allow'd to be Elegiack Matter. And as the Writings of the *Greek Elegaiſts* turn intirely upon *Love*, ſo the *Latins* continu'd the ſame Verſe to that Deſign as *Gallus*, who tranſlated the Twelve Books of *Euphorion*, *Propertius* who imitated the *Greek*, and calls himſelf the *Roman Callimachus*, *Ovid*, and our Author; and *Ovid* in deſcribing Elegy, ſays,

Sum levis & levis mecum eſt mea cura Cupido.

And makes *Venus* the Patroneſs of the *Roman* Elegiaſts, when reſolving to leave off that Verſe, ſays,

Quære novum vatem tenerorum Mater amorum:
Raditur hic Elegis ultima meta meis.

AND in another Place, after defining Tragick and Jambick Verſe, he defines Elegiack Verſe, as deſign'd for Love, and nothing elſe.

AND thus much as to the Nature and Uſe of Elegy among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; it will not in the next place be improper to obſerve what Sentiments the Moderns have had of this Verſe, in what Senſe they have accepted it, and how they have us'd it.

Boileau, one of the fineſt *Imitators of the Ancients*, and *Judges among the Moderns*, ſeems, in laying down Rules to his Countrymen for this Verſe, to have the exacteſt Eye upon the Writings of the *Roman Elegiaſts*, which ſeem to include all the Turns and Paſſions of Love which this Verſe is capable of expreſſing.

Elle peint des amans la joye, & la triſteſſe,
Flate, menace, irrite, apais une Maitreſſe.

His Deſcription of it is admirably fine, and includes all that is neceſſary to be ſaid on that Subject.

My Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, to whoſe Opinions the *Engliſh* Writers pay an implicit Reverence, has thus defin'd it in Rules to his Countrymen.

Next Elegy of ſweet and ſolemn Voice,
But of a Subject rais'd, demands our Choice.
The Praiſe of Virtue, Valour, Wit contains,
And here too oft deſpairing Love complains.

In which latter Part his Lordſhip ſeems to have an Eye, as well to the early Deſign of it, the *Querimonia* of *Horace*, as to the preſent Uſe: But in the firſt Part ſeems to

give a larger Scope than any other, in Ranking under it *the Praiſes of great Men*, inſtancing the *Panegyrick* of Mr. *Waller* upon *Cromwell*, and Sir *John Denham*'s, *Cooper's-Hill*, and ſays, that *tho' the Sound was ſoft and ſolemn, yet the Subject is rais'd*: His Lordſhip here ſeems to think in a different Manner from *Ovid*.

Blanda Pharetratros Elegïa cantet amores.
Et levis arbitrio ludat amico ſuo,
Callimachi numeris non eſt dicendus Achilles:
Cydippe non eſt oris Homere tui.

And the *Sum levis* of Elegy in another Place; but perhaps *Ovid* here alludes to the *Pentameter*, which was ſo, and therefore when he is going upon *Epicks*, and the Praiſe of great Men, he ſays *Ovid*, ſtole a Foot from every other Verſe, and made them fall too ſoft for the Subject: But the *Engliſh*, who have no Meaſure but *Heroicks* for their *Elegy*, may apply it to *Praiſe* as well as

Peti-

Petition. But I offend, and ſhall only preſume thus far, that the Complaint of Love was gathered from the ancient Deſign, and the other Subjects from the *Engliſh* Practice. I ſhall add, that his Lordſhip's Judgment is extenſive, and we had been infinitely indebted to him, had he farther explain'd theſe Rules which he almoſt as abſolute a Power to lay down to us as the Ancients had.

NO Moderns have better ſucceeded than thoſe who have been Obſervers of the Rules and Writings of the Ancients: And I could wiſh, among all the *Engliſh*, that we had had an exact Model for Elegy, and a better cannot be drawn than from the Writings of the *Latin* Elegiaſts, whoſe natural Way of Expreſſion ſeems to us ſo Beautiful, and different from the forc'd Rant of moſt of our Occaſion Poems.

THE Matter and Sentiments of Elegy ought to be ſoft, natural, moving, and paſ-

paſſionate; not lofty, nor ſublime, but low, humble and eaſie, yet not abject or groveling; nothing ſatyrical, biting, or ridiculing; nothing jocoſe, ſportive, or merry; nothing obſcene or indecent ought to be admitted; it ought to be free from dark and obſcure Phraſes, or fabulous Stories, neat and clean, without artificial Dreſs or Affectation of Learning, no forc'd unnatural Compariſon uſual with the Writers of the laſt Age, no Philoſophical Notions, or Syllogiſtical Turns of Argument, no playing with Words, or quibbling upon Terms; it ought to conſiſt of Complaint, Expoſtulation, Petitions, Vows, ſometimes Rejoycing, Exulting, Taxing with Infidelity, and immediately recanting Suſpicion, railing at Love, wiſhing for Death, &c.

And the Stile ought to be ſuitable to the Subject, ſoft, ſmooth, fluent, eaſie, and harmonious, of ſweet and ſolemn Voice, not ſwelling, ſounding, nor harſh, not too many Exclamations, nor too frequent Repetitions,

Pra-

Practices, frequent common among ſome late Writers, to ſupply the Defect of natural paſſionate Thoughts, and hide the Want of Numbers, looſe and unerv'd Writings, which may pleaſe ſome, but can never ſuit with the Taſte of a Perſon, who has a true Reliſh of Elegy.

THIS Verſe is more beautiful, if there are interſper'd in it Rural Deſcriptions and Cuſtoms, Diſdain of Wealth; an Obſervation which *Scaliger* makes upon *Tibullus*, and calls them Beauties in Elegy.

IT has been obſerv'd, that fine moral Reflections are not infrequent in the ancient Elegaiſts, and the Piece of *Mimnermus* is particularly inſtanc'd; the ſame may be found in the *Roman* Elegiaſts, in almoſt every Piece: And indeed it is impoſſible to write Elegy, but theſe Reflections will neceſſarily occur; as for Inſtance, if the Miſtreſs is ſcornful and unkind, ſhe is put in

Mind of the ſhortneſs of Life, and the haſty Approach of Old Age.

——Tranſiet Ætas
Quam cito!

THE Change of Beauty, Fortune, and the near Approach of Death.

Nec forma æternum nec cuiquam eſt fortuna per-
(remis
Longius aut proprius mors ſua quemque manet.

THE Trifling with theſe youthful Hours will be Matter of Trouble to them, when too late; and what the Elegiaſt ſays of Love, the Moraliſt may apply otherwiſe.

Vidi jam Juvenem, premeret cum ſerior ætas
Mærentem ſtultos præteriiſſe, dies.

IF the Favourite is treacherous,

Eſt Deus occultos qui vetat eſſe dolos.

AND

AND if perjur'd with an

Ah Miſer & ſi quis primò perjuria celat
Sera tamen tacitis pœna venit pedibus.

THE Vanity of Grandeur is frequently the Lover's Subject, to ſhow how his Paſſion is preferable to Greatneſs, and the Uncertainty of Wealth, to the more certain Enjoyment of Love.

——— *Falſo plurima vulgus amat.*

And,

Non opibus mentes hominum curæque levantur.
Nam fortuna ſua tempora lege regit.

MANY more Inſtances may be given, but theſe are ſufficiently to ſhow, that they will neceſſarily occur in Elegy; and a true Maſter of that Verſe will conſequently be led into them upon every Turn of Paſſion.

THESE Rules are drawn from *Tibullus* himſelf, to whom *Quintillian*, the fineſt

Judge

Judge both of the *Roman* Language and Writers, gives the Preference of all the other Writers of this Kind. *In Elegy* (ſays he) *we challenge the* Greek *Writers, of which the neateſt and moſt elegant Writer abundantly is, in my Opinion,* Tibullus; *ſome indeed prefer* Propertius *to him*; Ovid *is more laſcivious than either of them, and* Gallus *more rough and unpoliſh'd.*

THE Thoughts throughout his Pieces are inimitably ſoft and tender, melting and paſſionate, humble and ſubmiſſive, yet never grovelling, baſe, whining or mean, which Monſieur *Boileau* obſerves as his Beauty, where expoſing thoſe uſual Cants, he ſays,

Ce n' étoit pas jadis, ſur ce ton redicule
Qu' Amour dictoit les vers que ſoûperoit Tibulle.

And wherever he complains, it is not ſo wretchedly as gay and genteely; and generally the Supplication to his Miſtreſs is

turn'd

turn'd off with ſome Threat either of *Venus*' Diſpleaſure, his own Change of Mind, or her growing old and deſpicable: And in one place, after one of the earneſteſt of his Petitions, he gaily reſolves not to make himſelf any more uneaſie about her, we find him drinking to ſink his Paſſion; ſometimes taking another Miſtreſs to drive out the Thoughts of the firſt; ſometimes complaining to her Husband, and adviſing him to be watchful over her. Theſe we ſeldom find among our modern Whiners, who are talking of nothing but Dying and Wounds, Darts, Fire and Deſtruction, who think Love and Death are ſo near related, that it is impoſſible to write of one without ſuffering the other; and that unleſs the Wretch lies down and dies, he may as well lie down and and ſay nothing; whereas the Thoughts of *Tibullus* flow as if from a confus'd Mind, and an earneſt unfeign'd Love, ſometimes petitioning, then boaſting, now inſtructing his Miſtreſs; and before thoſe Inſtructions are

well

well given, blaming her for neglecting them, expoſtulating with *Venus*, praying to her, curſing *Cupid*, and then laying the Fault of thoſe Imprecations on his Miſeries, expoſtulating with the Gates, the Nurſe, the Husband, taxing with Crimes, recanting, *&c.* the whole intermix'd with beautiful Images and Deſcriptions, and never changing his Vein, but perpetually running the ſame Circle of Expreſſion.

His Deſcriptions are many of them as curious, and his Imagery, tho' ſmall, as is to be met with in the moſt famous Poets of that Time; for Inſtance, his Country Life, in the firſt Elegy, and the laſt of the firſt Book: The Deſcription of the Country, in the firſt of the ſecond Book, is, I think, as beautiful as any extant; and at the latter End of the fifth of the ſecond Book, and the fifth of the Firſt; the Magical Deſcription of Charms; that of the Old Man in Love in the Second, the Jilt grown old, at the End of the Sixth; and of the Faithful

Miſtreſs,

Miſtreſs, at the End of the fourth ſecond Book. The Sybilline Oracles gives us a fine conciſe Hiſtory of the Wars in *Latium*, and the Original of *Rome*; the ſecond Elegy of the third Book, is the beſt and fineſt Deſcription we have of the *Offilegium* at Funerals. The Deſcription of *Apollo* in the fourth of the third Book. Of *Bacchus*, in the ſeventh Elegy of the firſt Book. In the third of the firſt Book is the Deſcription of the Golden Age, and of the Tortures of Hell: But the moſt Curious and Beautiful in all his Works; or I believe in the Works of any Writer, in his Account of *Elyſium*, a Piece juſtly admir'd, and univerſally commended. To cloſe up this Character, there is this difference between the Elegies in *Ovid's Amorum*, and theſe; that the firſt ſeem to be writ looſe, and upon trifling Occaſions, intermix'd with Jokes, Banter, Humour, and entirely looſe and negligent; whereas thoſe of *Tibullus* are ſoft, paſſionate, eaſie, neat and polite, and withall curiouſly interſpers'd with Images

and

and Deſcriptions, as make them juſtly the Standards of the Elegiack Kind.

Scaliger, according to Cuſtom, has been very buſie in laying out ſeveral Faults, and that with Juſtice too, could he prove thoſe Pieces he blames to be genuine, and finiſh'd by *Tibullus*, but that is diſputable; and this may perhaps confirm the Opinion I have of their being at leaſt unfiniſh'd, for he finds but three Faults in the three firſt Books, which that ſharp-ey'd Critick would have done had there been Faults to find; but the Pieces he blames are the Panegyrick, and the ſmall Pieces in the fourth Book: Now theſe have been diſputable, whether written by our Author, or No; and for that Reaſon *Muretus* comments but upon the three firſt Books, confeſſes *he did not underſtand the Panegyrick.* *Joſ. Scaliger* is of the ſame Opinion, and ſays, *That if it was written by him, it was written while he was a Lad, or Boy, or elſe when he had ſpent his Eſtate, and was grown poor*; and with a ſort of Mirth, gives this

this Reaſon, *becauſe it had a poorneſs of Expreſſion in it.* The Critick might have gather'd from his ſurveying former Years, that he was not then a Boy, and the Notion of his Poverty, I have, I think, plainly refuted in his Life.

THE Judicious *Dacier* mentions it in his Notes to *Horace*, and admires at once *his Softneſs in Elegy, and yet his Majeſtick Stile in Epick Poetry* from this Piece, and hints at *Marſus*'s Epigram upon his Death; whereas the laſt Verſe in that, relates to *Virgil*, not to *Tibullus*, as *Broukhus* has rightly obſerv'd: But whether that Piece be written by him, or not; yet this is certain, the Stile is far from the Purity of his Language; and if written by him, it was, doubtleſs, unfiniſh'd, and only Fragments; as is plain, by the Want of Connection, and ſince patch'd up, and crouded among the reſt of his Works to preſerve it. The Want of Connection is plain, as *Scaliger* the Elder has mark'd; when as ſoon as he has pre-

the Eloquence of *Meſſala*, too that of *Uliſſes*, he immediately goes on

Nam te non alius belli tenet aptius artes.

Which Particle *Nam*, does not give the reaſon for that Eloquence, but goes on to War Affairs, this in the Tranſlation I have omitted, there are ſeveral other Places very poor and incorrect.

As to the ſmall Pieces at the End of the fourth Book (except the thirteenth) which *Scaliger* calls, hard, languid and rough; they are ſo poor and trifling that is impoſſible to make any Thing of them; they might, it's likely, be caſual Pieces from one to another, in a familiar way, but cannot make even a tolerable Figure at this time, and in our Language. And thus I have gone through his Works, it will not be amiſs to obſerve, that in the ſeveral Editions of him, his Elegies are differently plac'd and Printed, as in *Scaliger* and the *Paris Edit.* and *Broukhus*,

part

part of the ſecond is Printed in the firſt, the latter part of the fifth is made another Elegy, and part of the fifth is plac'd in the ſeventh, and the ſeventh of the third Book is included in the ſixth; this I thought requiſite, to obſerve, leaſt any one in comparing with the Original, may, by ſeveral Editions, be at a loſs: The Edition I have follow'd chiefly, is that of Mr. *Mattair* in the *Corpus poetarum*, which, I think the beſt Extant, and the Elegies plac'd, as in ſeveral of the ancienteſt Editions in *Paſſeratus Muretus*, &c.

THE Comentators I have chiefly made uſe of, are *Douza*, *Scaliger*, *Muretus*. *Achilles Statius*, *Heinſius* and *Paſſeratus*, but the fulleſt and moſt uſeful is *Broukhus*, who has labouriouſly explained and illuſtrated his meaning, as he has *Propertius*, and would be more valuable did he not ſo often bring trifling parrallel Places, from mean obſcure Pieces, as *Guzman*, &c. and compare ſeveral beautiful Places in *Tibullus* to perforformances of his Countrymen, in their

own ſoft polite Language; however he is certainly an excellent Comentator, and to him I owe conſiderably in this Performance.

SINCE my undertaking this Piece, I have ſeen ſome parts of our Poet, Tranſlated by Mr. *Charles Hopkins*, a Gentleman who bid fair (had not Fate prevented it) of making a conſiderable Figure in the polite World; he ſeems in his Writings to have a natural turn to ſoft eaſy Verſe, and his Pieces are very tender and moving, but if they have any Fault, it is that of a too Womaniſh ſoftneſs, and the Exclamations are frequent and violent, for the ſoft eaſy Tenor of Elegiack Verſe. And in ſeveral Places he takes too great a Licence in Paraphraſing rather then Tranſlating, and ſeems neither to have conſulted, nor follow'd the Original.

THE Tranſlations of *Major Pack*, have truly the gay gentile Spirit of his Author, and

and that of Mr. *Welſted* lately publiſhed, certainly deſerves the Character the Publiſher gives it, of an exact one, there is one publiſh'd in the Cenſors, which is truly *Tibullus*, and I could wiſh the Gentleman who Tranſlated it, had gone through to oblige the World with the reſt; and prevent me, as I once hop'd he would. As for my own, the World muſt Judge of that, and this I can aſſure them, that the ſevereſt cenſure they can give it will not be worſe than I am fearful it deſerves.

It may be objected by ſome of the graver ſort, that thoſe Pieces and thoſe of the other Eligiaſts, even in the Original, are not only *uſeleſs and inſignificant*, but *looſe Wanton and Obſcene, and therefore not fit to be Tranſlated*; the latter Part of this Charge it muſt be confeſt is true, and that perhaps proceeded from the too great Licence of the Age they wrote in, and I believe moſt of the Writers of that Age were guilty upon this Account, even Men of the ſtricteſt Morals.

Laſ-

Laſciva eſt nobis pagina vita proba.

And, *Nam caſtum decet eſſe pium Poetam*
Ipſum, verſiculos nihil neceſſe eſt.

But whatever right they might plead, yet this I am ſure of, an *Engliſh* Tranſlator is by no means excuſable to tranſplant the Crimes of other Countries into his own, when the ſoil is of its own accord too productive of that growth, this I can ſay for my ſelf, that I have with all the care I could, thrown a Veil over every Image of that kind, and if any Perſon through it can diſcover them, let him attribute that fault to the pleaſure he takes in looking too narrowly into what he ſhould rather paſs by.

As to the firſt Part of the Charge againſt the Latin Elegiaſts, *that they are uſeleſs and inſignificant*, it is intirely falſe and groundleſs; ſince in their Writings ſeveral of the *Roman* Cuſtoms are explain'd, which learned

Co-

Comentators, Grave, and Religious, have thought worthy their Notice, and I have before obſerved, and quoted from them beautiful Morals.

THE Beauty of their Writings, *Major Pack* in his curious *Eſſay upon the Latin Elegiaſts* has finely drawn, where, after laying down their Characters, he goes on, "One "*may Judge from this little Draught of their* "*Characters*, how *edefying* their Compoſitions muſt needs be to an elegant Underſtanding. And indeed what ſincerity in "*Friendſhip*, *what fondneſs* in Love, what "kindneſs to Relations, what *Inſtances* of "all the Social Virtues, do we not meet "*with in their Writings? Not* to *mention a* "*Thouſand Ornaments* of Wit, *a wonderful* "*ſweetneſs and eaſy cadence in* the *Numbers*, "*and ſo true a Picture of Life, that one can* "*ſcarce Fancy the Sence to lie at the Diſtance* "*it is plac'd.*

THE

THE LIFE OF A. TIBULLUS.

IT was the Obſervation of one of the Greateſt Men of the laſt Age, * *That he knew not by what Fate it came to paſs, that Hiſtorians, who give Immortality to others, ſhould be ſo ill requited by* POSTERITY, *that their* ACTIONS *and* FORTUNES *were uſually*

* Mr. DRYDEN's Life of Plutarch.

forgotten, neither themſelves encourag'd while they live, nor their Memory preſerv'd intire to future Ages: What he ſeems to complain of as the Misfortune of Hiſtorians, may, with the ſame Reaſon, be applied to Men of his own Character, the POETS, who have been as much diſregarded. The Lives of the *Greek* Poets are partly Fabulous and partly trifling Conjectures; and if an Account of their Lives hath in any place made Subject for a large Piece, it is owing to the Diſpute about the Particulars related of them, and the Doubts concerning the Materials are the Matter that enlarge the Diſcourſe.

THE Cauſe of this may be ſuppoſed to proceed from the miſtaken Taſt of Writers, who think nothing deſerves notice, but what muſt ſound great, and be attended with a vaſt Scene of Publick Affairs; they take all their Views from the Camp or Council, and think no Perſon worthy mention, unleſs he

has

has preſerv'd his own Country, or ruin'd his Neighbours.

BUT this Fault cannot be laid ſo much upon Hiſtorians in General, by reaſon that ſuch Particulars do not come properly under their Care, and are too low for a publick Account; but it is the Misfortune that ſome Men have turn'd their Minds and Studies altogether to the Hiſtory of Nations and have not in ſome Meaſure employ'd them in Biography, or the Lives of particular Men, remarkable for their wiſe Conduct of Life, for the Improvement, or their gay eaſy Actions, for the Diverſion of others.

PUBLICK Scenes are not always pleaſing to the Sight, nor are the Views of Courts, or Fields of War, at all Times agreeable; we love to ſhift thoſe ſometimes, for the Green Landskape and Country Proſpect: And as all Writing ought to be adapted as well to the Pleaſure as to the Improving of Men; ſo there are little

trifling Particulars, which cannot well come under the Latter, and yet may very much conduce to the former. Such are the Lives of thoſe, whoſe Tempers have led them to Retirement and Eaſe, and by having no Share in publick Affairs, have eſcap'd the publick Notice. Could we ſee an Account of the happy Life and Retirement of *Pomponius Atticus*, it would, doubtleſs, afford abundantly more Pleaſure than the buſie, hurry'd, and confus'd Affairs of his Friend *Cicero*. The Great *Scipio* would make as pleaſing a Figure in the little Houſe in his Woods near *Linternum*, as in his Triumphal Entries, and the more exalted Stations of his Life. The Curioſity that led *Seneca* to ſee that Houſe ſome Years after his Death, would have been prodigiouſly encreas'd, could he have receiv'd an Account of the Life ſpent in it. For my part, I muſt confeſs, every little Hint and Conjecture I can gather of the Humours and private Actions of great Men affords me greater Pleaſure than the more ſounding

Part

Part of their Characters; and I had rather trace (*a*) *Horace* careleſs about the Market, follow him to (*b*) *Tarentum* from *Rome*, (*c*) or meet him with *Virgil*, *Varius* and *Mecænas*, in his Journey to *Brunduſium*, than ſee him at *Auguſtus*' Elbow in deep Debate; or View him running away from the Fields of (*d*) *Phillippi*.

THE Objection lies cheifly here, That the Lives of theſe Men were gay and unactive, or retir'd and unknown: That the Firſt would make no tolerable Figure in Story; and the Latter could not be recover'd to hand down.

UNDER both theſe Difficulties our Poet labours, inſomuch that his *Prænomen* is intirely loſt; and were it not for his mentioning *Meſſala*, and the obliging Characters given of him, by Two of his Contemporaries, *Horace* and *Ovid*, we ſhould ſcarce know when he

(*a*) *L. 1. Sat. 6.* (*b*) *Ib.* (*c*) L. 1. Sat. 5. (*d*) L. 3. Od. 4.

liv'd, did not the Politeneſs of his Language diſcover the Happineſs of *Auguſtus*' Age.

BUT if in the firſt Place we may blame the Neglect of ſome in not Writing, ſo we may of others, in not Enquiring into the Truth of thoſe few Particulars they meet with, but implicitely, to receive the groſſeſt Errors, and falſe Inſertions, without comparing one Incident with another; and as one has trod out of the Path, the others have taken no trouble to enquire the Way, but have followed in the ſame Courſe of Error.

UNDER theſe Difficulties much cannot be expected from a Life in the Dark, of which the Firſt Part muſt conſiſt of Objections, and overturning receiv'd Errors, and the Latter of ſmall Hints, and bare Conjectures.

BUT in the Manner we can, we will proceed: Firſt then his *Prænomen*, as I obſerv'd before, is intirely wip'd out by the Hand of Time; There is indeed, in the eldeſt Manuſcript extant, ſome Remains of a Letter *A*. from which it might be *Aulus*. And *Broukhus* is of Opinion, that in the Tranſcript they have added it to the other, as *AGellius* inſtead of *Aulus Gellius*; and *Tampius* inſtead of *T. Ampius*. To theſe he adds ſeveral other Proofs of the Confuſion of Words, which are needleſs here to mention, ſince the *Prænomen* is loſt, and that in all Probability paſt any Recovery.

OF the Nomen *Albius*, it is ſuppoſed to be taken from his Country *Albia*, of which Name, we meet with ſeveral, as *Albius Carrenas*, *Statius* (a) *Albius Oppianicus*, of vile Memory, mention'd by *Cicero*, likewiſe (*a*) *Albius Sabinus*, and ſeveral others; ſome

(*a*) Cic. *in* Cluent.

have Conjectur'd, that he receiv'd his Name from the Beauty of his Complexion, as it was common from any particular Feature, as *Rubrus è Rubro*, *Aquilius ab Aquilo*, *Flavius à Flavo*, *à Fulvo Fulvius*, *a Rubello Rubellius*, ſo *ab Albo Albius*: And *Tacitus* ſpeaking of *Atrius*, ſays, *Infelix nomen militis Atrius in ſeditione tumultuq; caſtrenſi*; *Horace* ſeems to give another Turn to it, when, whether deſign'd or accidental, he plays upon his Name, (*b*) *Albi noſtrorum Sermonum candide Judex*. As for the Name *Tibullus*, we meet with *Flaccus Tibullus* a Writer of Comedies, and ſome others. (*c*)

THE Time of his Birth is by moſt who have writ his Life, placed in the Year of the Coſs. of *Hirtius* and *Panſa*, remarkable for the Death of both thoſe Conſuls in one Day at the Seige of *Mutina*, againſt *Anthony*, the manner of which is thus related; *Hirtius* was ſlain in Battle, and *Panſa* died ſome Days

(*a*) *L.* 13. *ad Att. Ep.* 14. Broukhus. (*b*) *L.* 1. *Epiſt.* 4.
(*c*) *Diomed. Gramat.*

Days after, of the Wounds he received in it, in whoſe Room was choſen *Octavius*, 14 *Cal. Sept.* This Battle happen'd in the (a) *Quinquatria* of *Minerva*, 10*th Cal.* of *April*, and according to our Computation, on the 23*d* of *March* A. V. C. 710. on which Day, or at leaſt, in which Year, *Ovid* was born; as is plain from his own Words; this, could it be prov'd, would be remarkable, nor would I prevent the agreeable Deluſion of ſuch a Story, were it not ſo palpably Falſe, that it would bring this Life under the Character of a Novel, rather than a Relation. This they gather from 2 Lines in the Fifth Elegy of the Third Book:

Natalem primò noſtrum videre Parentes,
Cum cecidit fato Conſul uterque pari.

Which laſt Line *Ovid* makes uſe of exactly in the ſame Words, when he ſpeaks of his own

(a) Girald.

own Birth; but theſe Lines were added in *Tibullus* by ſome later Hand, and could not be genuine, as we ſhall prove; this was the Contrivance of the Polite Men of that Age of Darkneſs and Ignorance, who ſtruck out what did not ſuit their *Gothick* Taſtes; and addedwhat thoſe better Judges thought fit, where they imagin'd the Author was deficient.

THIS was the occaſion of the Miſtake which has ſince been with no ſmall Pleaſure foſter'd by ſeveral, who have receiv'd it, upon what View I know not, unleſs they would have two Men, excellent in the ſame kind, born on the ſame Day, and that the prodigeous Cryers up of *Ovid*, encourage it, for the ſake of his Birth and Death, being attended ſeverally by Great Men, *Tibullus* waiting upon the firſt, and *Lucan* attending him in the latter.

THE Folly of this Conjecture we ſhall endeavour to ſet aſide, and that with the Aſ-

ſiſtance

ſiſtance of a (*a*) Great Man, who firſt began to clear up this Miſtake. And that we may go on without Confuſion, we ſhall make uſe of the Authority of *Horace*, of *Ovid*, and laſtly of our Author himſelf, to diſprove it. And firſt, we find (*b*) *Horace* writing to him as a particular Friend, and paying him a Compliment, paid to no other, by calling him the Fineſt JUDGE of his Writings, and this to a Youth of 22 Years of Age; for our Poet could not well be more at the Writing that Epiſtle, ſince, by this Account, he died in his 24*th* Year, and that Epiſtle ſeems written at the ſame Time when *M. Lollius* and *Q. Lepidus* were Conſuls, to the firſt of which *Horace* has wrote an Epiſtle in the ſame Book: Another Reaſon is this: in the (*c*) Ode written to our Poet, he mentions the Elegies of his Writing, and bids him not be concern'd for that *Glycera* had forfeited her Faith to one Younger than him; how this could be, that he ſhould write Elegies, and ſhe

(*a*) *Janus Douza.* (*b*) L. 1. Epiſt. 4. (*c*) L. 1. Od. 23.

ſhe eſteem a Younger than him, when by their Account he could not at that time be Eighteen Years of Age; ſince *Horace* in the (*a*) next Book after this, declares himſelf to be Forty; now *Horace* was born in the Coſs. of *L. Cotta* and *M. Torquato*, A. V. 688.

THE next Reaſons we may gather from *Ovid*, it is ſtrange that he being ſo Popular a Man, a Pleader at the Bar, and in publick Eſteem almoſt from his Childhood, who had ſo great a Value for our Poet, and mentions him ſo often, who had certainly read all his Works, and in them theſe Lines (had they been there) and who never fails of ſaying all he can of himſelf, ſhould no where hint at this, or boaſt of the ſame Birth-Day with him; but on the contrary ſeems to ſpeak of him at a Diſtance, and confeſſes that he had a very ſmall Intimacy with him: And it will not be amiſs to obſerve the Mention *Ovid* has made of the great Men of his

(*a*) L. 2. Od. 4.

his Time, among whom he ranks our Author, where after mentioning *Macer*, *Horace*, &c. he goes on, (*a*) *Virgil* I have only ſeen, and the Fates were ſo unkind as to take away *Tibullus* before I could contract a Friendſhip with him; he ſucceeded *Gallus*, and *Propertius* ſucceeded him; and myſelf was the Fourth in Diſtance of Time. Thus ſee here a familiar Account of *Ovid*'s Acquaintance, and he confeſſes, that he was born after them all: But the plaineſt Proofs, to overturn this Opinion, may be gather'd from our Poet himſelf; it is evident from his (*b*) writing that he attended *Meſſala* in his Expedition to *Syria*: Now *Meſſala* went on that Expedition, (*c*) A. V. 724. at which Time our Poet could be but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, by

(*a*) L. 4. Trift. El. 9.

Virgilium vidi tantum, nec avara Tibullo.
Tempus Amicitiæ fata dedere meæ.
Succeſſor fuit hic tibi Galle, Propertius illi,
Quartus ab his ſerie temporis ipſe fui

(*b*) *L. 1. El. 3. El. 8. Chap. 16. §. 7. vid. Broukh. in,* (*c*) Noriſ. Cenotaph. Piſan. Diſſert. 2.

their Computation, and yet a Lover of *Delia* ſome time. He likewiſe attended *Meſſala* during his War in *Aquitain*; in which War, ſays the ancienteſt Writer of his (*a*) Life, he was preſented with Military Honours: Now this ſeems intirely improbable, that ſuch Honours ſhould be confer'd upon a Lad of ſixteen Years of Age; for *Meſſala* triumph'd for his Conqueſt in *Aquitain*, A. V. 726, as is plain from an ancient (*b*) Marble.

THE *Panegyrick* to *Meſſala*, if written by our Poet, will further overturn this Opinion, where he ſays, he was Witneſs of the War in *Japidia*, and deſcribes the Old Man he ſaw at *Aruſinum*: That Inſurrection began, A. V. DCC XVII. at which Time he could be but Eight Years of Age; and this *Panegyrick* was written in the Coſs. of *Meſſala*, as is evident, which was in

(*a*) Mſs. vid. Scal. (*b*) M. *Valerius*. M. F. N. *Meſſala*, A. DCCXXVI. CORVINUS. Pro. Coſ. Ex. Gallia. VII. K. Oct.
Vid. Pighius Annal. Genotaph. Piſan Diſert 2. C. 16. §. 7.

in DCCXXII. at which Time he complains of the Trouble and Grief, which the Survey of his paſt Years gave him, and talks of his former Wealth, which Fortune, by degrees, had deprived him of. Now what mighty Number of Years he could have to review, and what Time muſt be allow'd for theſe Misfortunes, I would aſk any one, when by their Computation he could at this Time be but Twelve Years of Age: Theſe Arguments are ſo plain and convincing, that who ſhall ſtill be of Opinion, that *Ovid* and *Tibullus* were born in one Day, may with as much Reaſon believe the ſame of *Lucilius* and *Horace*.

IF it ſhall be objected that he died Young, and therefore the Time of his Death being known, he is then ſtil'd (*a*) *Juvenis*; I anſwer, that he might ſo, and yet have liv'd a plentiful Number of Years, ſince *Salluſt* calls (*b*) *Cæſar*, at Thirty Six Years

(*a*) *Domit. Marſus.* (*b*) Janus Douza Sched. Succid.

Years of Age, *Adoleſcentulus*; and *Cicero* ſpeaking of *Curio*, or *Craſſus*, or *Servius Sulpicius*, being more than Thirty; ſometimes makes uſe of the Word *Juvenis*, ſometimes *Adoleſcens*: And *A. Gellius* tells us, that it was decreed by *Servius Tullius*, that Men ſhould be call'd *Juniores* to the Year 46, and afterwards *Seniores*.

BUT ſince it is plain, that the Notion of his being born at the ſame Time with *Ovid* is groundleſs, we muſt proceed to fix, as probably as we can, the Time of his Birth, which *Ovid* points to us to be between the Birth of *Gallus* and *Propertius*, and this will ſet all to right, and will anſwer to every Time of his Cotemporaries and his Actions. *C. Gallus* was born A. V. 681; and tho' we cannot be exact in the Time of *Propertius*'s Birth, yet he receiv'd the Manly Gown, (*a*) A. V. 712. which Gown was put on at the Age of Seventeen

(*a*) Douza.

teen Years, which being computed, will bring his to Six Hundred Ninty Four or Five; which Five Years, if we allow, (as we reaſonably may) for Diſtance between this Date and the Birth of *Cornelius Gallus*, will fix the Time of his Birth to A. V. 690, Twenty Years before *Ovid*; and this I think is beyond Diſpute. Then to proceed.

Albius Tibullus, the Prince of the Elegiack Writers, was born at *Rome*, A. V. 690. his Parents of the (*a*) Equeſtrian Order, Illuſtrious both in Peace and War. To the Advantages of a Noble Birth, he receiv'd the additional Bleſſings of a (*b*) plentiful Eſtate, and the peculiar Advantages of a (*c*) beautiful and comly Perſonage.

HE ſcarce began to be known to the World before he found the Favour and Friendſhip of *Meſſala Corvinus*, one of the

(*a*) *Giraldus*, Cruit. Voſs. de Poet. (*b*) Hor. L. 1. Ep. 4. (*c*) *Ibm*,

(*a*) braveſt and politeſt Men among the *Romans*; a Patron worthy our Poet; famous as to Martial Affairs; an admirable Judge of Learning, and a Curious (*b*) Orator, for which he was ſo remarkable, that (*c*) *Cicero* had an extraordinary Value for him even when but Young. To this Great Man *Virgil* dedicated his *Ciris*; (*d*) *Horace* mentions him with great Reſpect; and *Quintilian* Ranks him among his Maſters of Oratory. (*e*)

THE Advantages of Wealth and Beauty, added to a gay Temper, led our Poet very early into a Purſuit of all thoſe Pleaſures and Extravagancies whereto Youth are uſually inclin'd; among which, the Eſteem of Women, and the Purſuits of Love, were the chief. The firſt Miſtreſs that engag'd his Mind, was that Lady whom he Addreſſes

(*a*) Vell. Paterc. L. 2. (*b*) *Ovid*, L. 2. *Pont.* Ep. 2. *Tacit.* L. 11. C. 6. L. 3. C. 34. (*c*) Epiſt. to *Brutus*. 15. (*d*) L. 1. Sat. 10. (*e*) *Quintil.* L. 10. C. 1. & L. 12. C. 10.

dreſſes under the Name of (*a*) *Delia*, which *Bernardinus Cyllenius* will have taken from Δηλοῦν, *Appariere*, by reaſon ſhe more remarkable than all the other *Roman* Ladies for her Excellence of Form and Beauty; but *Apuleijus* has oblig'd us with her right Name, which was *Plania* (*b*); whether ſhe was married during the Time of his Amours with her, or before, is doubtful: He in ſome Places writing to her, and (*c*) inviting her into the Country, as if diſingag'd from any Confinement; and in others railing at the (*d*) ſtrict Watch kept over her, and adviſing her to deceive them; Arts which ſhe preſently learn'd, and to that Perfection, as to deceive even her Inſtructor; and notwithſtanding his Fondneſs for her, ſhe had more (*e*) Favourites than ſuited with the Quiet of *Tibullus*.

(*a*) L. 1. El 1. (*b*) *Apol.* Hic illud etiam reprehendi animadverti-ſti, quod cum aliis nominibus pueri vocentur ego illos Charinum & Chritiam appellitarim. Eadêm igitur opera accuſent C. Catullum, quod Lesbiam pro Clodia nominarit: Et Ticidam ſimiliter, quod quæ Metella erat Perillam ſcripſerit; & Propertium qui Cynthiam dicat, Hoſtiam diſſimulet: Et Tibullum quod ei ſit Plania in animo; Delia in verſu. (*c*) *Lib. 1. El. 5.* (*d*) Lib. 1, El. 2. (*e*) Lib. 1. *El. 5.*

THE Second Miſtreſs was ſhe who is call'd by the Name of *Neæra*, tho' plac'd the Third in his Works; but ſince *Ovid* has told us (*f*) *Nemeſis* was the Laſt, it is to be ſuppos'd, this Lady was between *Delia* and ſhe; the Name is by *Fabricius* ſaid to be generally applied to a Common Woman of the Town, but I think without the leaſt Reaſon, ſince we find it frequently mention'd of Perſons not bearing that Character: Thus (*g*) *Homer* uſes it, (*i*) and *Flaccus* reckons it among the Names of the chief Women of *Lemnos*; to which we may add the faithful Attendant upon *Cleopatra* at her Death: Nor can it be imagin'd that ſhe was a Woman of a looſe Character, ſince he addreſſes her at a greater Diſtance than the reſt, ſeems to expoſtulate with her upon her Unkindneſs in diſliking him, rather than her Baſeneſs in deceiving him; and by calling

(*f*) *Lib.* 3. Am. El. 9. (*g*) *Hom.* Odyſſ. Lib. 12. (*i*) L. 2.

calling her (*k*) Chaſt, has remov'd all Cauſe for ſuch Suſpicion; he ſeems to have a Deſire of Marrying her; but upon being diſappionted, we hear no more Mention of her: And *Ovid* is ſilent upon this Account, when he reckons up his other Miſtreſſes; I ſuppoſe, having a Regard to her, as a Woman of Quality and Character: It is not unlikely that this is the ſame with that (*l*) *Glycera*, whom *Horace* mentions to our Poet, when he bids him *not be over troubled at her eſteeming another more than him*; tho' (*m*) ſome think it is ſpoken of *Nemeſis*.

HIS Third and Laſt Miſtreſs was (*n*) *Nemeſis*, a Perſon for whom he ſeems to expreſs the greateſt Paſſion; a Woman of a covetous and mercenary Temper, which he frequently (*o*) complains of. (*p*) *Ovid* makes Mention of this Lady,

(*k*) Lib. 3. El. 1. (*l*) Od. Lib. 1. 33. (*m*) Giraldus, &c.
(*n*) Lib. 2. El. 3. (*o*) Lib. 2. El. 3 & 4. (*p*) Arte Amandi, Lib. 3.

as much celebrated by him, as does (*q*) *Martial* likewiſe, and gives her a Character not very commendable. As for (*r*) *Sulpicia*, whom he has likewiſe celebrated, ſhe ſeems to be no otherwiſe a Favourite of his, than as ſhe was eſteem'd by *Meſſala* and *Cerinthus*, tho' there are (*ſ*) ſome who deny that Piece in Praiſe of *Sulpicia*, to be writ by him, but take it to be written by ſome Perſon in the Time of *Domitian*; and that ſhe was the ſame whom (*t*) *Martial* celebrates likewiſe, Wife of *Calenus*: But tho' there is ſuch a Perſon mention'd by *Martial*, it is by no means to be infer'd from thence, that there was no other fine Woman of that Name but ſhe; nor was it worth the While of any other Poet to invent all thoſe little Pieces in the Fourth Book, and fix the Names of *Meſſala* and *Cerinthus* to them; they rather ſeem to be the gay Effect of ſome little Incidents in their Acquaintance: She is here in one (*u*) place

(*q*) Lib. 8. Epigram 7. & Lib. 14. Ep. 193. (*r*) L. 4.
(*ſ*) *Broukhus.* (*t*) Lib. 10. Epig. 35. Sidon. Apollinar. Carm. 9.
(*u*) *Lib. 4.* Carm.

place call'd the Daughter of *Servius Sulpicius*; which *Servius Sulpicius* was Conſul, and kill'd at *Mutina*, being ſent thither by the Senate againſt *Anthony*. Whoever ſhe was, ſhe is ſuppos'd to be a ſingular Favourite of *Meſſala*, and celebrated by him in his Poems, which (*x*) *Virgil* hints at in writing to *Meſſala*.

THUS *Tibullus* gaily trifled away the early Part of his Life, and made uſe of the Advice he frequently gives others to employ their Time, and ſeize every Pleaſure as it comes. But however he might value the Ladies, there lies a heavy Charge againſt him of a deteſtable Crime, too common at that Time, as it is at this: And indeed ſome part of his Writings gives too much Cauſe of Suſpicion, which tho' I could not chuſe but tranſlate, yet I have paſs'd the Arguments over in ſilence; but this perhaps may rather proceed from the raſh Con-

(*x*) *Ciris.* Vide *Silvius.*

Conjecture of his Readers, than from any Deſign, or real Inclination of his. The Notions of Platonick Love were common at that Time, and it was no ſtrange thing to write in a Stile expreſſive of Terms too amorous for our Ears. *Plato* framed his Notions, to wean the World, by degrees, from the curſed and deteſtable Practices which the *Pœnicians* had ſpread over the World, wherein was allow'd a Way of Addreſs, which would ſeem very indecent in our Time: Thus *Plato* himſelf eſteem'd *Alexis*, *Socrates Alcibiades*, and *Horace Ligurine*; but it will be too raſh of us to imagine they were from that guilty of the like Crime: *Virgil* has been evidently clear'd from it, and I think there is no Room to judge *Horace* guilty; but however, *Tibullus* ſtands charg'd upon this Account, I ſhall think favourably, and leave the reſt of the World to have what Sentiments they pleaſe.

THE Perſons he is ſaid to eſteem were *Marathus*, *Tytius*, and *Cerinthus*: The Firſt *Marathus*, *Broukhus* takes to be a *Phœnician*, and call'd ſo, as is ſuppos'd, from a City in that Country, call'd *Marathon*, mention'd by *Mela*, (*c*) his true Name being *Cyrus*; as it was common to call Captives or Slaves by the Name of Kings, and Perſons of former Note. Thus *Cicero* (*d*) mentions one *Antiachus*, Servant to *Sex Æbutius*; and in another place (*e*) *Athamantes* and *Tiſamenus*, Servants to *Pomponius Atticus*: And ſome *Grecians* volantarily took thoſe Names, as *Cyrus* the Architect, Familiar with *Cicero* and *Clodius*, both which he made Heirs of his Will; and another, whoſe Name is extant, in a Marble from *Gruter*; and thus our *Marathus* had his Name *Cyrus* given him by his Parents, from the famous Emperor of that Name, which at *Rome* was chang'd to *Marathus*: This is that *Cyrus*, whom *Horace* (*f*) ſpeaks of, as *a Sutor of Pholoë*;

(*c*) *Lib.* 1. *C.* 12. (*d*) Orat pro Cæcinna, C. 8 & 9. (*e*) Lib. 12. *Ep.* 12. (*f*) *Hor.* L. 1. Od. 33.

Pholoë; which *Pholoë*, (*g*) *Tibullus* addreſſes likewiſe on his Behalf: He was a Rival to *Horace*, and that a dangerous one too; for *Horace* (*h*) repreſents him as *a proud haughty Perſon, and a raſh Puniſher of a filting Miſtreſs.* I ſuppoſe he was no great Favourite of *Horace* upon this Score; and therefore to this Character, he in another place adds that, of a *baſe inconſtant Man.*

Titius is (*i*) ſuppos'd to be that *Septimius*, or (*k*) *Septiminus Titius*, a *Lyrick* Poet, who was familiar with (*l*) *Horace*; he wrote likewiſe Tragedies and Comedies, but his Works are loſt: He has, ſays (*m*) the old Scholiaſt upon *Horace*, a famous Monument by the *Via Appia* at *Aricia*, a Town in *Latium*.

As to the Third, *Cerinthus*, or according to ſome, *Cherinthus*, *Broukhus* is of Opinion,

(*g*) Lib. 1. El. 8. (*h*) Lib. Od. 17. (*i*) *Brcukhus.*
(*k*) *Torrentius* on *Hor.* *Cruquius* on *Hor.* (*l*) *Horace*, Lib. 1. Epiſt. 3. (*m*) Vid.

nion, that it is a Name given to Servants after Manumiſſion, and therefore ſuppoſes him ſome Noble Youth at *Rome*, veil'd under that Name. This is not unlikely the ſame (*n*) *Horace* mentions: He was a Friend of our Poets, and a Favourite of *Sulpicia*'s: But why the Writers of (*o*) *Tibullus*'s Life have mention'd him upon another Account, I know not; there being nothing relating to him in all *Tibullus*'s Writings which tends that way.

BUT his Life was not intirely taken up with Eaſe and Indolence; for about the 28th Year of his Age the (*p*) *Pannonians* began to rebel, againſt whom *Meſſala* went, and with him our Poet; in which Expedition, he ſays, he ſaw a Man at *Arupinum* above a Hundred Years of Age, and even then a vigorous active Souldier.

HIS Second Expediton was with *Meſſala* into *Syria*, of which he grievouſly complains

(*n*) Lib. 1. Sat. 2. (*o*) Crinitus, Gyraldus. (*p*) Sueton. *Auguſt.* C. 21. *Strabo*, L. 4 & 7.

plains in his laſt Elegy of the firſt Book: (a) *Meſſala* was ſent with an extraordinary Power into *Syria*, A. V. DCCXXIV, in which Expedition *Tibullus* attended him; but touching at (b) *Corfu*, he was taken with a dangerous Fit to Illneſs, and was forc'd to ſtay behind upon that Iſland; but afterwards recovering, he follow'd him into *Cilicia*, *Syria* and *Egypt*.

HIS laſt Appearance in publick Affairs, was his Attendance upon *Meſſala*, in the Expedition to (c) *Aquitain*, whether *Meſſala* went Proconſul, which was A. V. C. DCCXXVI, as is evident from an ancient Inſcription: In this War, he was rewarded with Military Honours and Dignities.

AFTER which, returning to *Rome*, and being weary of a Courſe of Life, ſpent partly in Folly, and partly in publick Diſtractions,

(a) *Noriſ.* Cenotaph. *Piſan.* diſſert. C. 16. (b) Lib. 1. El. 3.
(c) L. 1. El. 8.

ſtractions, he began to think of devoting the reſt of his Days to Eaſe and Quiet; and tho' his Eſtate was much impair'd, yet having enough left to live retir'd with Dignity, he withdrew to his ancient and pleaſant Seat in (*d*) *Pedana*, not far from *Rome*, where he apply'd himſelf chiefly to Philoſophy, intermingling thoſe Studies with the eaſier Amuſemens of Poetry, living ſuitable to the Dignity of a *Roman* Nobleman, who knew the Conduct of publick Affairs, and when to leave them, and be more greatly retir'd.

THIS Courſe of Life had the additional Advantage of contracting an intimate Friendſhip with the greateſt Men of that Age, as *Virgil*, whom he Copies exactly in his Prodigies, and therefore 'tis probable had been familiar with his Works. The ingenious Men of that Age held an exact and friendly Correſpondence one with another, and conſulted each other's Judg-

(*d*) *Hor.* L. 1. Epiſt. 4.

Judgment of their Writings: Thus (*e*) *Virgil* thought it no Loſs of Time to peruſe the Works of *Catullus*; and our *Tibullus* the Pieces of *Horace*; and *Varo* and *Tucca* the *Æneis* of *Virgil*; their Reſentments were againſt none but ſuch as were generally ſcandalous; and nothing but a *Mævius* or a *Cœlrus* ever felt the Laſh of their Satyr, and it was owing to this Harmony among them; that they were all great in their different Ways, ſtriving to improve rather than to expoſe each other.

WITH *Horace* he had an extraordinary Familiarity, the fitteſt Perſon to engage as a Friend; being, as (*f*) Sir *William Temple* has obſerv'd, *the greateſt Maſter of Life, and of true Senſe in the Conduct of it*; from him our Poet has receiv'd a Complement, greater perhaps than he has paid to any other Perſon, when he calls him *a Polite and Curious Judge of his Works*,

(*e*) Mart. L. 4. Ep. 14.

(*f*) Sir *William Temple*'s Miſcellan. P. 2. Eſſay 2.

Works, and attributes to him *a fine and true Reliſh of his Writings*: That whole Epiſtle is full of the free and eaſie familiar Humour of that excellent Man.

WE find in his Works the Name of *Macer*, with whom he was doubtleſs familiar; (*g*) whom ſome will have to be *Pompejus Macer*, (*h*) Library-Keeper to *Auguſtus*; but this is groundleſs, ſince without doubt the Perſon here meant was the Famous *Æmilius Macer*, who was likewiſe intimate with *Virgil*, and by him mention'd, under the Name of (*i*) *Mopſus*, as *Servius* has obſerv'd: This Famous Man was born at *Verona*, remarkable for producing three great Men, *Catullus*, *Vitruvius* the Architect, and *Macer*; he wrote of Birds, Serpents and Herbs; he likewiſe tranſlated *Homer*'s *Iliad* into *Latin*, and is frequently mention'd by *Ovid* —he died (*k*) in *Aſia* after *Tibullus*.

THEIR

(*g*) *Achilles Statius. ad Ecl.* 5. (*h*) *Sueton. Jul.* C. 56. (*i*) Servius (*k*) Hieronim. in Chronic. Euſeb.

THEIR Equality in Birth, and the ſoft gay Bent of their Tempers being the ſame, could not but point out a Friendſhip between him and *Corn. Gallus*, whom Mr. *Prior* joins with him, *as the two remarkable Noblemen of* Rome *who wrote Poetry*. *Gallus* was ten Years before our Poet in Age; and tho' we have no Mention made of him in his Works, yet there being ſuch an Intimacy between (*a*) *Virgil* and *Gallus*, and at the ſame Time between *Virgil*, (*b*) *Horace*, and our Poet, it is highly probable. This unhappy Gentleman was at firſt an intimate Friend of *Auguſtus*, and by him ſent into *Ægypt*; but upon falling under Suſpicion and Diſpleaſure of the Emperor, he ſlew himſelf in his 48 Year.

IT has caus'd an Enquiry among ſome Men, what could be the Reaſon that *Tibullus* and *Propertius* make no Mention of each other, they being the two famous Men at that

(*a*) *Ecl.* 10. (*b*) Lib. 1. Od. 3. L. 1. Sat. 5.

that Time for the ſame Studies. Some have imagin'd there was Emulation in them, and that occaſion'd it; if it is true, it ſhows, that Emulation did not carry them to ill Manners and Reflection, but that they choſe, ſince they could not praiſe, not to ſpeak of each other. To this we may add, that *Propertius* is not a little full of himſelf, vainly oſtentatious of his Learning, and boaſts that he was the firſt ſucceſsful in Elegy among the *Romans*: The Vanity of which, *Tibullus*, who was far ſuperior both in Quality and Learning, ſaw with a ſilent Scorn, as doubtleſs did *Horace*, who never mentions him, tho' he was a Retainer to *Mæcenas*, his Patron. (*a*) and *Horace* boaſts of the Friendſhip and Unanimity throughout all *Mecenas*'s Retainers: But this is Conjecture only.

To his Acquaintance we may add (*b*) *T. Valgius* the Poet, whom (*c*) *Horace*

(*a*) *Lib. 1. Satyr 9.* (*b*) Paneg. to *Meſſala.* (*c*) *Lib. 2. Od. 9.*

likewiſe mentions, (*d*) famous for Epick Poetry: Beſides which, he wrote (*e*) Paſtorals, (*f*) Elegies, (*g*) and Epigrams; (*h*) *Meſſalinus*, the Son of *Meſſala*, an excellent (*i*) Orator; and (*k*) *Cornutus*, who *Broukhus* takes to be Prætor in the Coſs. of *Hirtius* and *Panſa*, and the ſame as is mention'd by (*l*) *Cicero*.

HAPPY in ſuch a Circle of Acquaintance, he liv'd univerſally reſpected, avoiding publick Affairs, as ſeeing the Vanity of them; but there may be another Reaſon given for that, for I take him to be no great Admirer of the publick State of Affairs; he was a profeſs'd Enemy to Pomp and Grandeur, and ſo frequently dwells upon the Praiſe of the Old *Commonwealth and Primitive* Roman *Simplicity*; that we may reaſonably ſuppoſe he was no great Friend to a *Court, conſiſting of Pride and Luxury*: We do

(*d*) L. 1. Sat. 10. (*e*) *Junius Philargyrius*, ad. *Virg.* Geo. L. 3. v. 176. (*f*) *Servius* ad Ecl. 7. (*g*) *Chariſius*. *L. 1. inſt. grammat.* p. 84. (*h*) L. 2. El. 4. (*i*) *Corn. Tacitus*. (*k*) *L. 2. E. 3.* (*l*) L. 10. Famil. Ep. 12. Phillip. 14. C. 14.

do not in all his Works find him either praiſe the Government of *Auguſtus*, or the Generous Miniſtration of *Mæcenas*, tho' all his Cotemporaries have, and he could ſometimes ſcarce avoid it; but as he had the rigid Pride not to value them, ſo he had the diſcreet Caution not to ſhow his Diſlike, but rather is ſilent: Nay, when he has recited all the (*m*) Prodigies, fore-running the Death of *Cæſar*, he never mentions the Occaſion of their appearing, and rather puts a Conſtraint upon his own Opinion, by paſſing over in Silence, what no other but himſelf would. As a plentiful Eſtate ſecur'd him from Flattery, in order for a Support; ſo his avoiding publick Affairs, ſecur'd him from Envy and Malice.

As to his Opinion otherwiſe, there are different Conjectures, ſome aſſerting him to be of the Sect of the *Epicureans*, among whom is one quoted by (*n*) *Barthius*, who

(*m*) L. 2. El. 4. (*n*) L. 37. Adv. C. 19.

will needs have it, that the Epiſtle from *Horace* to him, is all Banter; and that where he uſes the Expreſſion, *Epicuri de grege Porcus*, it is intirely a Fleer upon him. This Curious Commentator, has an uncommon Scope of Fancy, ſince I believe no one but himſelf, could have underſtood *Horace's* Meaning after that manner; but this is ſo ſilly and barefac'd a Falſhood, that it is not worth the Pains of being confuted. *Tibullus* was ſo far from being an *Epicurean*, that I know not a Poet among the *Romans*, in whoſe Works more Religion is mention'd: If he were of a Sect who intirely deny'd the Divine Providence, who attributed every thing to the Courſe of Nature, and imagin'd the Gods to ſit unconcern'd at Humane Affairs, neither rewarding the Good, nor puniſhing the Bad; neither hearing the Prayers, nor heeding the Profaneſs of Mankind, and at a Word, intirely diſintereſted in all our Actions; if (I ſay) he was of this Opinion, I would ask any one, what can be the Meaning of his addreſſing

dreſſing the Heathen Deities in ſuch a Religious Manner? To this perhaps, it will be anſwer'd, That *Lucretius* addreſſes and invokes (*o*) *Venus* in the like Manner, yet at the ſame Time denies her Concern at ſuch Invocations; that the Machinary is the Life of Poetry, and that it is only Matter of Cuſtom.

BUT how far Matter of Cuſtom would prevail, when a Man is almoſt at the Point of Death, as in Elegy 3. of the Firſt Book, when he ſo earneſtly intreats the Pity and Aſſiſtance of *Jove*; and in ſeveral other Caſes, may be queſtion'd. That good Things came from Above, he expreſly ſays, and that his Care in Religious Duties aſſur'd him of a plentiful (*p*) Harveſt, a Proof that he believ'd the Gods Rewarded; and in Elegy 5. he expoſtulates with (*q*) *Venus*, for what Offence he ſuffer'd, a Proof, that he believ'd they Puniſh'd. If it has by ſome been thought, that

(*o*) *Firſt Book.* (*p*) Lib. 1. El. 1. (*q*) L. 1. El. 5.

Virgil was of that Sect for uſing this Expreſſion,

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas.

We may gather that our Poet was not, by the ſame Reaſon, for he expreſly ſays,

Nec refero ſoliſque vias, & qualis, ubi orbem
Complevit, verſis luna recurrit equis.

But *Horace* plainly clears him from this, when writing to him he ſays, *Dij tibi divitias dederunt*, which he would hardly have ſaid to one who believ'd nothing of the Matter; and again tells him, that when he came to Town, he would, with a grave Smile, ſee him fat and ſleek like one of *Epicurus*'s Herd: But as it is plain he was no *Epicurean*, ſo it is likely he was of the Academick Sect, or the Paripatetick; for *Horace* writes to him, *as Studying among the Woods*; which Studying in Groves and Gardens was common to both thoſe Sects. In theſe Woods, or Walks, our Poet ſpent the remainder of his Days, which he had reſcu'd from

from Vanity and Noiſe, in ſtudying Virtue, and improving himſelf in the Knowledge of what was ſuitable to the Dignity of a rational Creature, the Improvements of Learning, and the Practice of Virtue: But ſeveral Writers of his Life, among whom is (r) *Scaliger*, are of Opinion, that he having ſpent his Eſtate in Extravagancies in his Youth, and being reduc'd to very mean Circumſtances, was oblig'd to conceal himſelf in the Country, for fear of his Creditors in the City; but this *Scaliger* ſays, is Conjecture (and I think a very wrong one) for the Critick overlooks himſelf, when in the *Panegyrick* he ſays, he believes it to be written by *Tibullus*, when a Boy, from the poorneſs of the Verſe; if ſo, he could have no Room to ſuppoſe he had Time to ſquander it away: But *Tibullus* points out to us the Means whereby his Eſtate came to be impair'd, and thoſe, he ſays, proceeded from adverſe Fortune; and though he had

(r) *Joſ. Scaliger* on L. 1. E. 1.

ſo much Reſpect to the Power then in being, and a cautious Regard of his own Safety, as not to charge it upon the Civil Wars and Diſturbances, yet we may reaſonably ſuppoſe thoſe to be the Occaſion. But notwithſtanding this, his Eſtate was not ſo much leſſen'd, as to bring his Condition down to the low Name of Poverty, ſince as (ſ) *Torrentius* has obſerv'd, the Expreſſion of *paupertas vitæ*, ſuppoſes a moderate Share of Wealth, and as much as ſuits the Deſires of a reaſonable Man: And *Tibullus*, in the very (t) Elegy whence they gather this Notion, ſays expreſly, that he, in his Retirement, was ſecure in a ſufficient Competence; and that as he deſpis'd ſuperfluous Wealth, ſo he likewiſe deſpis'd the Thoughts of Want; thus he withdrew upon honourable Terms, and his Retirement was truly *otium cum dignitate*.

BUT eight Years were ſcarcely ſpent in this happy Station, and he but juſt had Time

(ſ) Notes on *Hor*. L. 1. Ep. 4. (t) Lib. 1. El. 1.

Time to fix his Scheme of Life, and taſte the Pleaſures of Eaſe, and gather a true Notion what it was to live, when Death, eager for ſo valuable a Prize, ſeiz'd him, and put an End to all his Deſigns: This happen'd in the 44th Year of his Age, A. V. 735, in the Coſs. of *C. Sent. Saturninus*, and *Q. Lucretius, Veſpillo*, the ſame Year on which *Virgil* died; whereupon *Domitius Marſus*, a Poet of that Time, has written this Epigram.

Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua Tibulle
Mors Juvenem campos miſit ad Elyſios:
Ne foret, aut Elegis molles qui fleret amores,
Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

And you, *Tibullus*, Death conſtrain'd to go
Too ſoon with *Virgil*, to the Fields below,
Leſt any Poet ſhould with us remain,
To weep ſoft Loves in Elegiack Vein,
Or ſing of Battles in a lofty Strain.

THE

THE Commendations given him by Ancient and Moderns, are numerous, as *Brukbus* has inſerted them, which I ſhall barely Name. Beſides *Horace* and *Ovid*, he reckons up *Velejus*, *Paterculus*, *Quintilian*, *Statius*, *Martial*, *Angelus Politianus*, *Scaliger* the Elder; *Turnebus*, *Sanazarius*, *Cauſabon*, *Heinſius*, *Grotius*, *Rapin*, *&c.* But the fineſt is in the Elegy which *Ovid* wrote upon his Death; a Tranſlation of which follows.

OVID AMORUM, L. III.

ELEGY IX.

On the Death of TIBULLUS.

IF fair *Aurora* wept for *Memnon* dead,
And *Thetis* Tears for her *Achilles* ſhed;
If mighty Goddeſſes to Grief muſt bow,
And be affected by inferior woe;
Then weeping *Elegy* thy Locks unbind,
And throw thy Treſſes careleſs to the Wind;
The mournful Title now you truly claim,
And too, too juſtly now demand the Name:
See the ſoft Maſter of thy moving Strain,
The eaſie, tender, Elegiack Vein!
See thy *Tibullus'* breathleſs Body laid,
With Flames ſurrounded on the Funeral Bed.

SEE! VENUS' Son expreſs the utmoſt Mourn,
Revers'd his Quiver, and his Arrows gone;
He droops with Torch extinct, and flagging Wing,
And breaks his Bow and ſnaps the uſeleſs String:
See! his Concern unfeignedly expreſt!
See! with his Hand he ſtrikes his troubled Breaſt!
The graceful Curls whoſe wanton Ringlets deck
His Shoulders, and adorn his beauteous Neck,
All wet with Tears, in looſe Diſorder flow,
And ſobs, and quivering Lips, expreſs his Woe:
His Heart beats high, he ſwells with throbbing (Breath,
And mourns no leſs, than for *Æneas'* Death;
Venus herſelf, cannot her Sorrow hide,
But grieves as much, as when *Adonis* dy'd.

POETS! the glorious Name of Sacred ſhare,
Allow'd by all, the God's peculiar Care;
Nay, there are ſome, who firmly think that We
Can boaſt the Pow'r of a Divinity;

Yet

Yet all that's Sacred eager Death profanes,
And ſeizes all with black oblivious Hands:
What help had *Orpheus* from his Heavenly Race,
Or taming Savage Tygers with his Lays?
The great *Apollo* wail'd his *Linus'* Death
With mournful Lyre, but cou'd not ſave his (Breath;
To theſe, great HOMER join, whoſe Works ſup- (ply
A Spring for future Poets, never dry:
Theſe all! the Fates reluctant did invade,
And ſwept, to the dark Country of the Dead!
Their Fame alone could above Death aſpire,
And nothing but their Works eſcape the Funeral (Fire.

THE Poets Works ſhall every thing ſurvive,
Thus the fam'd Battles of the *Trojans* live:
Such *Nemeſis* and *Delia's* Names ſhall prove,
This, his laſt Fav'rite, That, his earlieſt Love.

WHAT

WHAT now avails your Care and pious Rites,
Ægyptian Siſtrums and Religious Nights?

WHEN good Men are oppreſt by evil Fate,
Spare the raſh Thought, I doubt the Heavenly State:
Lead a calm Life of blameleſs Piety,
Tread Virtue's ſtricteſt Paths, we ſtill muſt die:
Let the good Man revere the Pow'rs Divine,
Yet while Religious he attends the Shrine,
Fierce Death will even to the Altar come,
And drag him from the Temple to the Tomb:
Fancy, fond Man, that Verſe will give thee Breath,
But ſee TIBULLUS! in the Hands of Death!
Of that Great Man, remark the ſmall Remains,
The Aſhes which a narrow Urn contains!
The Funeral Flame which durſt prophanely ſpread
Around thy Sacred Breaſt, may even invade
The Hallow'd Capital with Tow'rs ſublime,
Nor think the raſh, preſumptuous Act, a Crime:

Venus

Venus the Sight of ſuch Deſtruction fears,
Averts her mournful Looks, and hides her Tears.

YET better here he'd dy'd, than when alone,
In vile *Phæacia*, and a Coaſt unknown;
Here ſure his Mother clos'd his dying Eyes,
And gave a Preſent at his Obſequies;
Here his fond Siſter ſhar'd her Mother's Woe,
While down her Back her careleſs Treſſes flow;
With theſe to grace the mournful Obſequies,
A lovely Pair attend with weeping Eyes,
Both cloſe the Pile where the Pale Lover lies.

WHEN *Delia* thus, as Grief unbound her (Tongue,
" Happy were we, when warm Deſire was young;
" When *Delia* was the Celebrated Name,
" You liv'd while *Delia* was your only Flame:
" To whom the weeping *Nemeſis* replies
" What Share have you to wail theſe Obſequies?

" Tibullus

" *Tibullus'* Love was all at my Command,
" Dying he held me with a feeble Hand.

IF after Death we any Title claim,
Except a fleeting Shade, or empty Name,
Tibullus ſhall unite the happy Train
In flow'ry Meadows and th' *Elyſian* Plain;
There famous *Calvus* ſhall with Joy attend,
Glad at the Sight of his departed Friend;
To theſe, the learn'd *Catullus* ſhall be joyn'd,
With Ivy round his youthful Temples twin'd;
There *Gallus*, thou, if guiltleſs, ſhalt attend,
Of Crimes againſt thy violated Friend;
Gallus, with Sword deciſive of the Strife,
Profuſe of Blood, and laviſh of thy Life;
With theſe pleas'd Shades, ſhall glad *Tibullus* go,
If Shades know any thing of Friends below;
Thou ſoft *Tibullus*, on the happy Plain,
Shalt ſwell the Number of the ſacred Train;
Whilſt here in-urn'd may thy ſafe Aſhes reſt,
Nor may that Urn with weighty Earth be preſt.

HORACE L. I.

ODE 33.

To *A. TIBULLUS.*

ALBIUS deſiſt, deſiſt to mourn,
Too mindful of fair *Glycera*'s Scorn;
Nor farther urge the mournful Strain,
Nor ſing ſoft Elegies in vain;
Since She, for one more Young than you,
Forgets her Faith, and breaks her Vow.
Conſider, fair *Lycoris*' Pain
For *Cyrus*, meets a cold Diſdain:
While *Cyrus* with a diff'rent view,
Does proud *Pholoë*'s Love purſue;
But Wolves with Goats ſhall join, e'er ſhe,
Conſent to one ſo vile as he;
Thus *Venus* often takes delight,
Ill ſuited Vot'ries to unite;

And join them in her brazen Yoak,
  Diverted at the cruel Joke:
While fairer Beauties pin'd for me,
  Fair *Myrtale* ſeiz'd my Liberty;
Tho' fierce as *Adria*'s Floods which roar,
  And laſh *Calabria*'s winding Shore.

HORACE L. I.

EPIST. IV.

To *A. TIBULLUS.*

ALBIUS! the fineſt Judge of all I write,
In what Amuſements do you take de-(light?
Do you at *Pedan* the ſoft Minutes uſe,
In writing what exceeds *Parmenſis'* Muſe?
Or do you walk the ſilent healthy Wood,
Studying what's Worthy of the Wiſe and Good?
For thou'rt not all a Body void of Mind,
The Gods to Thee, a Beauteous Form aſſign'd;
They gave thee Riches with a Hand profuſe,
And gave the generous Pow'r and Art to uſe:
What fonder Wiſhes could a Nurſe employ,
For Heaven's Indulgence on her fav'rite Boy;
Then for a Bounteous Share of Wit and Senſe,
And Pow'r of Words, and ready Eloquence;

Favour

Favour and Fame, and a continu'd Health,
And cleanly Diet, and ſufficient Wealth?
Amidſt a Life of Hopes and anxious Cares,
Of varying Paſſions, and diſturbing Fears,
Think every Day thy laſt: that Time is beſt
Eſteem'd; which comes when we expect it leaſt:
When Jolly, Plump, and Fat, and Sleekly, Skin'd,
You next ſhall chance to ſee your thoughtleſs (Friend;
It needs a grave and eaſie Smile muſt move,
To ſee a Swine of *Epicurus'* drove.

THE

WORKS

OF

A. TIBULLUS.

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.

ET the rich Miſer gather (golden Gain,
And live the large Poſſeſſor (of the Plain:
Whom Fears perpetual ſcare (with neighb'ring Foes,
And ſounding Trumpets wake his ſoft Repoſe.
To me the Fates with ſparing Hand diſpence,
The humbler Sweets of Eaſe, and Innocence;

Pleas'd in the Pleaſures of a ſtill Retreat,
While conſtant Fires ſupply the cheerful Seat.
Here I a Countryman, with ready Hand,
When Seaſons call, and proper Times demand,
With tender Vines my Vineyard will recruit,
And plant my Orchard with the choiceſt Fruit;
Nor one ungrateful Produce of the Year
Shall baulk my Labour, or elude my Care,
While bending Boughs their Golden Weight pro-
(duce,
And frothy Vats o'erflow with purple Juice.
For I revere the Guardian Pow'rs that bound
My ſhady Limits, and confine my Ground;
To whom an ancient Stock or Stone is plac'd,
With Rites ador'd, and flow'ry Garlands grac'd;
And the firſt Fruit that mellows on my Boughs,
The Rural God receives for granted Vows.
To thee, bright *Ceres*, of our Harveſt-Store,
Be Wreaths ſuſpended at thy Temple Door.

Ruddy

Ruddy *Priapus* is my Orchard Guard,
He whirls his Cycle, and the Birds are ſcar'd.
And you kind *Lares* whoſe indulgent Care
Was large, when larger my Poſſeſſions were,
Now ſmall receive the little we prefer.
Then for my numerous Flocks a Heifer dy'd,
A Lamb is all that I can now provide;
A Lamb ſhall fall, while the ſurrounding Throng
Of Country Youth ſhall as they paſs along
Repeated Io's ſing, *Ye Pow'rs aſſign*
A plenteous Store of Corn, and generous Wine.

Now I can live on little, free from Strife,
Nor walk the high fatiguing Road of Life:
But to avoid the Summer Dog-ſtars Heat,
I ſeek the Thickwood Shade, and cool Retreat;
There, on the eaſie Graſs extended lie,
While ſome clear River rolls his Waters by.
Nor ſhall I think it mean to uſe the Prong;
Or drive the Cattle with the Goad along;

Or when I find a Kid or bleating Lamb
Loſt in the Field, and mourn its abſent Dam;
I take it in my Arms, nor bluſh to bear
The Off-ſpring home, and houſe the tender Care.
Ye Wolves and Thieves, my little Flock deſpiſe,
A larger Farm will yield a larger Prize.
Here I Luſtrations annually prepare
To purge my Swain, and ask kind *Pales* Care;
Due Pray'rs prefer, and Bowls of Milk I pour,
A glad Libation to the ſmiling Pow'r.
Hither, ye Gods, nor ſcorn our homely Board,
Nor Off'rings mean which earthen Plates afford;
The inoffenſive Ruſtick found the Way,
And form'd his Veſſels firſt of yielding Clay.

I nor paternal Wealth, nor Fields require,
Nor Harveſts, bounteous to my wealthy Sire;
A ſmall Eſtate has ſafer Ways to pleaſe,
And a ſmall Bed to ſtretch my Limbs at Eaſe.

How

How does it pleaſe to hear ſurrounding Storms,
And claſp my *Delia* in my folding Arms!
Or when cold Show'rs drive o'er the wint'ry Plain,
Indulge my Sleep lull'd by the ruſling Rain!
This be my Fate, let others Wealth injoy,
They merit well the dearly purchas'd Toy;
Who for the Trifle quit their Health and Eaſe,
Tempting the ſtormy Show'rs, and angry Seas.
Sooner let Wealth of ev'ry Foreign Shore,
Em'ralds, and Gold, and all the ſhining Store
Periſh, than any Fair of mine ſhould mourn,
Or when I'm abſent ſigh for my Return.

Meſſalla, War is yours, and Hoſtile Toils,
Through foreign Lands in Queſt of foreign Spoils;
To firm your Conqueſts, and your Palace grace
With Trophies worthy your illuſtrious Race.
I wear the Chain, and ſcorning Glory wait
The conſtant Porter at my Miſtreſs's Gate.

Honour is an indiff'rent Thing to me,
I Sleight it, *Delia*, while poſſeſs'd of thee;
Cenſure may rail, and call me what ſhe can,
I would be counted an inglorious Man.
Thee let me have for ever in my Eye,
Ev'n when my lateſt Hour of Life draws nigh,
Gaze o'er thy lovely Form, and as you ſtand,
I'll dying graſp thee with a feeble Hand.
You'll weep, and when the pale extended Spoil
Lies ſtretch'd out, ready for the Funeral Pile;
With Flouds of Tears repeated Kiſſes fix
On my cold Lips, and Tears and Kiſſes mix:
You'll weep, I know you will; no Iron Chains
Confine thy Heart, thy Breaſt no Oak retains.
No Youth unmov'd ſhall leave thoſe Obſequies,
Nor tender Maid return with Tearleſs Eyes.
But moderate your Grief, nor move my Shade,
Nor with your Hands your lovely Cheeks invade;
That heav'nly Face from Sorrow's Fury ſpare,
Nor rend the dangling Treſſes of your Hair.

BUT now, while Fates allow, let's join our Love,
Enjoy each Day, and ev'ry Hour improve,
For Death, with Darkneſs veil'd, comes on a-pace;
And helpleſs Age, when *Love* is out of Place;
He then no more his tender Things will ſay,
And the Gray Head forbids the am'rous Play.
Now condeſcending *Venus* grants Delight,
While Youth, and Strength, and vig'rous Thoughts (invite,
To ſtorm a Door, and hold our Revels all the (Night;
Theſe are the Wars and Conqueſts I purſue,
Here I'm a Captain, and a Soldier too:
But, O! ye Trumpets, and ye Enſigns gay,
With all the Pomp of War be far away;
Your dang'rous Wounds for greedy Men prepare,
And give them Wealth, a Prize below my Care;
For I contented with my little Store,
Nor leſs expect, nor wiſh to make it more.

ELEGY II.

BRING Wine, my preſent Griefs with Wine (compoſe,
To eaſy Sleep my weary Eye-lids cloſe;
Whilſt thus diſſolv'd, may no Intruder preſs,
To wake my hapleſs Love, and injure my Receſs.
For pond'rous Gates, and unrelenting Spies,
Conceal my *Delia* from my longing Eyes.
Obdurate Gates, may Show'rs of Rain deſcend,
May *Jove* his Rage in blaſting Light'ning ſend,
Your Hinges break, and ev'ry Faſt'ning rend.
Ye Gates, be mov'd for once by my Complaint,
O'ercome by my Requeſt and Pray'rs relent;
With eaſy Turn unfold, without a Noiſe,
My Paſſage favour, and conceal my Joys;
And if my Madneſs any Ill hath ſaid,
On me alone be all the Curſes laid.
Nor ought you to forget how often I,
With many a Pray'r, and many a ſuppliant Cry,
Have to your Poſts my Chaplets hung on high.

AND

AND you, my *Delia*, ſtrive your Guards to (cheat,
And fearleſs, learn from me the cloſe Deceit;
Nor doubt the kind aſſiſting *Venus* Aid,
She always favours the advent'rous Maid;
She favours when the eager Lover waits,
And the expecting Girl unlocks the Gates;
Urges the am'rous Theft, and ſhows the Bed.
The ſilent Foot directs, and cautious Tread.
She teaches, how before the Husband's Eyes,
By Signs to talk, the Courtſhip in Diſguiſe;
But 'tis not ev'ry one thoſe Secrets knows,
The Goddeſs only teaches 'em to thoſe
Whom Eaſe cou'd ne'er perſwade to ſlight Amours,
Nor Fear of riſing, tho' at Mid-night Hours.
Lo! I, when Dark, all round the City ſtray,
Anxious and thoughtful, and neglect my Way;
Fearleſs I ev'ry threat'ning Danger ſlight,
Secur'd by *Venus* in the darkſome Night;

Nor ſuffers ſhe the Sword to ſtop my Way,
Nor Mid-night Robbers to attain their Prey;
Whom *Love* defends is ſacred by his Care,
And, free from Ill may travel any where,
Nor ought he apprehenſive Dangers fear.
Not me, the Froſt of wintry Nights reſtrains;
Not me, the ratling Show'rs and chilly Rains:
Tis Toil too ſmall, if *Delia* does but wait
With kind Impatience to unfold the Gate;
Whilſt ſhe with tim'rous Silence takes her Stand,
I hear the well-known Signal of her Hand:
May no one paſſing by afford a Light,
To hide her Thefts cloſe *Venus* takes Delight;
Nor fright with trampling Feet, nor ask my Name,
Nor glare my Viſage with a Candle's Flame.
If any one imprudently ſhould ſpy,
May he forget it, and the Sight deny.
Love by the Babler ne'er was underſtood,
His *Venus* ſprung from raging Seas and Blood.

NOR ſhall thy Husband th' Aſſignation gueſs,
Nor doubtful Fears his jealous Head poſſeſs:
An ancient Crone expert in Magick Charms,
Aſſures a ſafe Defence from future Harms.
Her have I ſeen call down the Stars from high,
And force their glowing Orbits from the Sky;
Her Songs oppoſe the River's rapid Speed,
And roll its Waters backward to their Head;
Can ſhake the Earth, and rend its lab'ring Womb,
And fetch the ſhaddowy *Manes* from the Tomb:
Can from the burning Pile the Body call,
Reſtore it Life, and ſtop the Funeral.
In Magick Strains from the *Tartarëan* Coaſts,
Invoke (with Milk appeas'd) the bloodleſs Ghoſts:
She, when ſhe pleaſes, ſweeps the Clouds away,
Relieves the lab'ring Sky, and clears the Face of (Day.
She in the Summer Time, by Magick Pow'rs,
Can fill the ſultry Day with ſnowy Show'rs;

To

To her alone *Medea*'s Herbs are known,
And *Hecate*'s Dogs are tam'd by her alone.
She fram'd for me the all-deceiving Verſe,
Spit thrice, and thrice the pow'rful Charm rehearſe;
No Tales he'll credit, nay, although he ſpies
Us both in Bed, he'll not believe his Eyes,
But other Sutors ſhun, for they'll be known,
The ſaving Magick ſerves for me alone.
What can I think? She once affirm'd that ſhe,
With Songs and Herbs, could ſet my Paſſion free;
With Torches purg'd me, and in Mid-night Hours
Slew a black Victim to th' Infernal Pow'rs.
I did not ask to have my Flame expire,
But only pray'd a mutual Deſire;
Pleas'd with a Paſſion I ſhall ne'er remove,
I would not have the Pow'r to change my Love.

THAT Man is Steel who quits my *Delia*'s Charms,
Strange Fool to tempt the Camp and dang'rous (Arms!

Let

Let him his Conqueſt boaſt, and gain the Field,
And teach the proud *Cilicians* how to yield:
His labour'd Veſts, with rich Embroid'ry wear,
And preſs the manag'd Steed conſpicuous from afar.
Let me my Life with lovely *Delia* lead,
And on the quiet Hills my Cattle feed;
There cloſe encircling thee with fond Embrace,
Take Noon-tide Slumbers on the eaſie Graſs.
When Love's averſe, what Quiet can afford
The Purple Couch to its diſtracted Lord?
When Midnight Fears diſturb the lonely Hours,
And Tears deſcend on Tears in conſtant Show'rs:
Then not the coſtly Cov'rings of the Bed,
With Studs of Gold, and rough Embroid'ry ſpread;
Nor drowſy Waterfals can then compoſe
The watchful Eye-lids to a ſoft Repoſe.

HAVE I with daring Inſolence profan'd
Great *Venus*, or her mighty Pow'r diſdain'd;

That

That thus ſeverely ſhe repays the Wrong,
And takes Revenge upon my impious Tongue?
Or madly injur'd any Pow'r Divine,
Rifling the Garlands from the ſacred Shrine?
I'd readily appeaſe their Deities,
And wear the Pavement with my ſuppliant Knees;
With proſtrate Veneration preſs the Floors,
And kiſs the hallow'd Marble of the Doors.

BUT you who laugh at all my Woes beware,
Look to your ſelf, and dread an equal Share:
For the ſame God his Fury will aſſwage,
I ſhall grow cold, when you begin to rage.
Oft have I ſeen the Man, whoſe ſcornful Pride
Did once the ſuppliant Lover's Woes deride:
When Old, gay Thoughts of Courtſhip entertain,
And bend his ſtubborn Neck to *Venus* Chain.
With wither'd Throat ſoft tender Talk prepare,
And hide the Gray Diſcov'ries of his Hair;

With ſhameleſs Impudence purſue th' Amour,
Lurking and ſaunt'ring at the fair One's Door:
Watch for the Servant Maid, and ſtop her Walk
Before the Gate, to keep her there in Talk;
Whilſt round him all the Youth repair and ſcoff,
Spitting to keep the Faſcination off.

BUT thou, O *Venus*, ſpare! thou Pow'r Divine!
To thee devoted is this Breaſt of mine;
Why wilt thou burn the Off'ring that is thine?

ELEGY III.

WHile you *Meſſala* tempt th' *Ægean* Sea,
I am prevented to attend your Way.
But, O! I wiſh you ſtill may condeſcend
To bear a kind Remembrance of your Friend.

OPPRESS'D with Sickneſs, weary'd out with (Pains,
Phæacia me in unknown Lands detains:

Sick,

Sick, and a Stranger in a foreign Land,
Black Death withdraw thy dire rapacious Hand;
Black Death keep off I pray, no Mother here
Can gather up my Duſt with pious Care.
No Siſter here with decent Grief can come
To pleaſe my Shade, and off'ring rich Perfume,
With flowing Hair lament before my Tomb.
No *Delia* who at every Shrine did wait,
Before our Parting, to conſult my Fate.
Thrice into *Fortune*'s Cheſt the Lotts ſhe threw,
And thrice the Boy undoubted Anſwers drew;
All promis'd a Return, yet the fond Maid
Still wept, and of the Journey ſtill afraid:
Nor Gods could ſatisfie, nor Fates appeaſe,
'Twas I alone could give the wiſh'd-for Eaſe.
When going, I ſome new Pretence would raiſe,
To put the Journey off, and frame Delays;
Some inauſpicious Bird is ſeen to fly,
Or ſome malignant *Omen* ſets it by;

Or elſe perhaps 'tis *Saturn*'s evil Day,
Or any thing that ſerves to uſe Delay.
How often have I ſtumbl'd at the Gate?
Then ſaid the Voyage was ill-deſign'd by Fate.
Let none when *Love*'s averſe their Journey take,
Or dare proceed when he commands them back.

WHAT now avails thy *Iſis* Pow'r to thee?
Or what Advantage, *Delia*, reaches me?
From jingling Siſtrums you unweary'd ſhake,
And all the kind religious Care you take.
Or what avail thy purifying Rites,
Thy frequent Bathings, and thy lonely Nights?
Now, Goddeſs! now aſſiſt, for in thy Shrine
Suſpended Tablets prove thy Help Divine;
That by my *Delia*, for thy pow'rful Aid,
Repeated Thanks and grateful Vows be paid;
And all in Linnen veil'd, a Vot'ry wait,
Watching inceſſantly before thy Gate;

And ſing thy mighty Praiſes twice a-Day,
With Hair unbound in the *Egyptian* way.
But may I worſhip at my known Abodes,
Paternal *Lares* and familiar Gods.

How bleſt the Life in old *Saturnian* Days,
E'er tireſome Journies mark'd out tedious Ways;
Or Pines deſcending from the Mountain's Brow,
Diſturb'd the Azure-main with brazen Prow;
E'er to aſſiſt their Way, they ſpread their Sails,
And ſwelling Canvaſs caught the flying Gales:
No Merchants then their dang'rous Coaſtings made,
To fill their Veſſels with a foreign Trade.
No ſturdy Bull had wore the Yoke as yet,
Nor Horſe (with Mouth reſtrain'd) had champ'd (the Bitt.
No Doors their Bow'rs ſecur'd, and in their Grounds,
No Landmark ſtood, to parcel out the Bounds;
Nor Rage was then, nor furious Wars alarms,
Nor Smiths with barb'rous Art had faſhion'd Arms.

Now

NOw, *Jove* an Age by far unhappier ſways,
Now, dang'rous Battles, and tempeſtuous Seas
Have open'd unto Death a thouſand Ways.
Spare Father, ſpare, for (piouſly inclin'd)
No conſcious Perjuries diſtract my Mind,
Or evil Words in ſacred Fanes deſign'd.

BUT if the *Fates* will lead my Clue no more,
And my unhappy Share of Years are o'er;
Upon the Earth, where my cold Aſhes lie,
A Stone erect, and write this Elegy;
Here lies TIBULLUS, *ſtop'd by Death, while he*
MESSALA *follow'd, over Land and Sea.*

BUT me, ſince Love was ſtill my tender Vow,
Venus ſhall lead to happy Meads below;
There Songs perpetual charm the liſt'ning Ear,
Whilſt all the Feather'd Wand'rers of the Air,
To join *the Sound, their* warbling Throats prepare.

Caſſia from ev'ry Hedge unbidden breaths,
And to the Gales its fragrant Sweets bequeaths;
The bounteous Earth its purple Product yields,
And od'rous Roſes paint the bluſhing Fields:
There Trains of blooming Youths, and tender Maids,
Sport on the Green, and wanton in the Shades;
While buſie *Love* attends them all the Way,
Joins in the Conflict, and provokes the Fray:
There ev'ry one by haſty Death betray'd,
The faithful Lover, and the conſtant Maid,
Above the reſt diſtinguiſh'd, all repair,
And bind with Myrtle Wreaths their flowing Hair.

BUT impious Souls ſhall lie in Night profound,
Where muddy Waters flow with ſullen Sound;
Snake-hair'd *Tiſiphone* rages about,
And laſhes here, and there, the impious Rout;
There *Hydra* horrid, at the Portal waits,
And barking *Cerb'rus* guards the brazen Gates:

There

There *Ixion*'s whirl'd around th' inceſſant Wheel,
For tempting *Juno*, and th' intended Ill:
There *Tityus* lies over nine Acres ſpread,
While his Black Intrails hung'ry Vultures feed:
Tantalus inclos'd with Streams, yet ever dry,
While from his Lips th' eluding Waters fly;
And *Danaus*'s Daughter, impious to profane
Great *Venus* Rites, are doom'd a fruitleſs Pain,
To fill with *Lethe*'s Streams a Tun in vain:
There all that wiſh'd this Journey ſhall remove,
And every Violater of my Love.

BUT you continue chaſt, let Nurſe with Care
Secure your Modeſty and pious Fear;
By Lamp-light tell thee Tales, and Fleeces cull,
Or from the Diſtaff lead the twiſted Wooll;
Let her the Servant cloſe to Labour keep,
Till Nature tir'd, requires Supplies of Sleep.

THEN, if the *Fates* this feeble Life ſuſtain,
And I am bleſt to ſee my Dear again:
I unexpected come, nor Slave employ
To ſpeak me near, and moderate your Joy;
You'll think my Viſit made as from the Skies,
And I ſhall ſee, and Share the dear Surprize;
With naked Feet you'll run to meet my Arms,
Your Hair unbound, in all your native Charms,
O! may *Aurora* bring this happy Light
With Roſy Steeds, and make the Morning bright.

TO PRIAPUS.

ELEGY IV.

SO may the Trees extend their ſpreading Boughs,
And guard thy Head from Heat and chilly Snows;
As you reſolve me, for what Arts acquir'd,
Or for what beauteous Features you're admir'd?

Thy

Thy ſhaſty Locks are matted to thy Head,
And o'er thy Face thy ſhaggy Beard is ſpread.
Naked, you ſtand the Cold of wint'ry Days,
And naked, feel the Dog-ſtar's parching Rays.
Thus I; and thus (to *Bacchus* near ally'd,)
The God that holds the crooked Scyth reply'd;

FAR from the tender Tribe of Boys remove,
For they've a thouſand ways to kindle Love.
This, pleaſes as he ſtrides the manag'd Horſe,
And holds the taughten'd Rein with early Force;
This, as he ſwims, delights thy Fancy beſt,
Raiſing the ſmiling Wave with ſnowy Breaſt:
This, with a comely Look and manly Airs;
And that with Virgin Modeſty enſnares.
But if at firſt you find him not inclin'd
To Love, have Patience, Time will change his (Mind.
Twas Time that firſt inſtructed Man to tame
The Lyon, and the ſavage Race reclaim:

Time eats the ſolid Stone where Rain diſtills,
And ripens Cluſters on the ſunny Hills.
The Sun, as he approaches or declines,
Wheels round the Year, and ſhifts the radiant Signs.
Nor fear to ſwear, for *Venus* Perjuries
Throws in the Wind, or ſcatters o'er the Seas;
Great Thanks to *Jove*, ev'n he the Cheat allows,
Nor once inſiſts on eager Lovers Vows.
Diana by her Arrows lets us ſwear,
And *Pallas* by the Glories of her Hair.

BUT if you wave your Hopes and uſe Delays
You're wrong, for happy Youth decays a-pace,
Alas, how ſwiftly flies away the Light!
Nor ſlowly moves the Day, nor wheels the Night!
How quickly fades the Earth as Seaſons ſlide!
Loſing its flow'ry Grace, and purple Pride!
How quickly does the tow'ring Poplar ſhed
The leafy Honours of its beauteous Head!

Un-nerv'd by Age, how ſlothful lies the Horſe
Which flew when Young in the *Olympick* Courſe!
I've ſeen the Old deſire their youthful Prime,
And wail their fooliſh Hours, and ill-ſpent Time.
Ye cruel Gods! the Serpent can renew
His ſpeckled Luſter, and his ſhining Hue;
But Beauty loſt, our Art and Pow'r is vain
E'er to renew the precious Prize again.
The only Pow'rs whoſe Youth can ne'er decay,
Are *Bacchus*, and the God that rules the Day;
Their laſting Beauties Time can ne'er impair,
Nor ſtrip the growing Honours of their Hair.

AND you, whate'er your Fav'rite does, approve,
For Condeſcenſion leads the Way to love.
Go with him where he goes, tho' long the Way,
And the fierce Dog-ſtar fires the ſultry Day;
Or the gay Rainbow girds the bluiſh Sky,
And threatens ratling Show'rs of Rain are nigh.

If ſailing on the Water be his Will,
Then ſteer the Wherry with a dext'rous Skill;
Nor think it hard Fatigues and Pains to bear,
But ſtill be ready with a willing Chear.
If he'll incloſe the Vales for ſavage Spoils,
Then on thy Shoulders bear the Netts and Tolls;
If Fencing be the Fav'rite Sport he'll uſe,
Take up the Files, and artleſly oppoſe;
Seem as intent, yet oft expoſe your Breaſt,
Neglect your Guard, and let him get the beſt;
Then he'll be mild, then you a Kiſs may ſeize,
He'll ſtruggle, but at length comply with eaſe;
Reluctant, tho' at firſt you'll find him grow
Ev'n fond, when round your Neck his Arms he'll (throw,

BUT ah, theſe Times pernicious Cuſtoms uſe!
And without Gifts they'll ev'ry one refuſe.
Who e'r at firſt on Preſents fix'd his Eye
Upon his Grave, may weighty Ruins lie.

Let

Let Learning and the Muſes fav'rite Care,
Who Wealth deſpiſe, thy fondeſt Kindneſs ſhare;
In Verſe the purple Lock of *Niſus* ſhines,
And *Pelops* Iv'ry Shoulder lives in Lines:
Whate'er the Muſe recites, while Oaks ſhall grow
Will laſt, or Stars ſhall ſhine, or Rivers flow.
But who neglects the Muſe, and prizes Gain?
May he unite himſelf to *Cybel*'s Train;
And through three hundred ſcatter'd Cities ſtray,
Emaſculated in the *Phrygian* Way.
But *Venus* ſelf will guard the Lover's Cares,
And favour ſoft Complaints and melting Tears.

THESE things *Priapus* ſaid, which I again
To *Titius* ſung, but ſung them all in Vain;
His Wife forbids to learn ſuch Rules as theſe,
Let him be govern'd by her if he pleaſe.

ME Honour as your Maſter who employ
Your Arts to gain ſome lovely blooming Boy.

Each Man his Praiſe, let Lovers when deſpis'd,
Repair to me where they may be adviſ'd.
The time ſhall be when I ſhall teach the Young,
My ſelf grown Old, and all the liſt'ning throng,
Shall gather *Venus* Precepts from my Tongue.

ALAS how *Marathus* a thouſand ways,
Diſtracts my Soul and kills me with Delays;
No Rules or Precepts ſerve to gain his Love,
Nor Arts avail, nor any means can move;
Indulge my Love, leſt I in time ſhall grow,
A common Town-talk, and a pointed Show;
Scorn'd and derided by the youthful Train,
For teaching Rules myſelf muſt own are vain.

ELEGY V.

TO bear our parting I when angry ſwore,
But now my boaſted Courage is no more;
I'm hurry'd like a Top which Boys for Sport,
Laſh on the Pavement of ſome level Court;

Do

Do rage and tame my Proud licentious Tongue,
And teach me patiently to bear my wrong;
Yet ſpare I beg you, by thy conſcious Bed,
By *Venus* and by our united Head.
I when with Sickneſs ſpent, you Fainting lay,
Your Beauties to the pale Diſeaſe a Prey,
With Pray'rs unweary'd did the Gods appeaſe,
And ſnatch'd you dying from the dire Diſeaſe;
My ſelf with Sulphur purify'd you round,
Whilſt the old Woman grov'ling on the Ground,
With Incantations the Luſtration bound;
Leaſt in your Sleep pernicious Dreams ſhould (ſteal,
I made the Off'ring of the ſalted Meal;
In Linnen veil'd my Head with Fillets bound,
And Garments looſly flowing on the Ground;
In Midnight hours when ſilence reign'd below,
I made to *Trivia* Three times Thrice my Vow;
All dues I paid, yet now another ſhares,
The ſweet Effects of all my labour'd Pray'rs;

BUT I, if you recover'd Health again,
Fancy'd this happy Scheme of Life, in vain.
I'll to the Country and my *Delia* there,
Will make my Corn and Garden-Fruits her Care;
Or watch the heap'd up cluſters of my Vines
Stand by the Vat and ſee 'em preſs the Wines;
Tunn'd up with care the frothy Liquor ſee,
And ſave the choiceſt of the Juice for me;
To count my Sheep ſhe will her time employ,
Or dandle on her Knee the pratling Boy;
She'll Offer to the Pow'rs that guard the Fields,
For Vines the Cluſters that my Vineyard yields;
For yellow Harveſts bearded Sheaves preferr,
And rural Banquets for my fleecy Care;
She ſhall intirely govern all Affairs,
Whilſt I am pleas'd to be excus'd from Cares;
Hither *Meſſala*'ll come, whom *Delia*'ll pleaſe,
With Fruits Selected from my choiceſt Trees;

Uſe all the ſweeteſt Carriage that ſhe can
To ſhow Reſpect to the illuſtrious Man;
Her ſelf, with buſie Hands, prepare the Treat,
Proud to attend him while he ſits at Meat:
With ſuch Deſigns I ſtrove my ſelf to pleaſe,
And fill'd my Head with fancy'd Joys like theſe.
But now, no more alas, thoſe Hopes I mind,
Toſt by the Air, and ſcatter'd in the Wind.

OFT have I ſtrove with Wine to drown my Cares,
But powerful Grief converts the Juice to Tears:
Oft for another have my Paſſion nurſt,
In hopes to drown the Mem'ry of the firſt;
But when I'd rais'd my Paſſion to the height,
Juſt ready to receive the wiſh'd delight,
Venus ſtraight Images my *Delia*'s Charms,
And leaves me languid in the Woman's Arms;
Then ſpringing from the Bed the angry Fair
Says I'm devoted by ſome Woman's Pray'r;

And ſo I am, but 'tis by *Delia's* Charms,
Her Neck, her flowing Hair, and winding Arms;
So on rein'd Dolphins thro' the azure Sea,
To mighty *Peleus*, *Thetis* took her way.

BUT that which chiefly moves me to deſpair,
Is that a wealthy Fool enjoys my Fair:
While ſome vile Bawd has brought the Plot to (beat.

As for the Bawd, may *Carion* fill her Board,
And bloody Morſels baneful Meals afford;
May ſhe with gory Lips attempt the Cup
Of Gall, and quaff the bitter Potion up;
May Ghoſts ſurround her with their hollow cries,
And Owls, and Ravens fright her from the Skies;
May ſhe of ev'ry kind of Food bereft,
Rob Graves, and gnaw the Bones that Wolves (have left;
May ſhe run Naked, howling up and down,
And barking Hell-hounds courſe her through the (Town;

This

This be her Fate, this may the Gods approve,
For ſurely there are Pow'rs that favour Love;
And *Venus* will eſpouſe her Votry's Cauſe,
And rage at the Infringement of her Laws.

BUT you, my Dear, the Bawd's Directions hate;
Take care of Gold, 'tis a perſwaſive Bait.
Let the poor Lover be thy near Ally'd,
Still at thy Hand, and faithful to thy Side;
He'll cloſe your Arm, his cautious Hand diſplay,
And lead you ſafely through the crouded Way:
Wou'd you another Man's Embraces meet,
He'll bear it, nay untie your ſandal'd Feet.
Alas, in vain I ſing, my Words are vain,
Nothing will force the Door but pow'rful Gain.

BUT you who now poſſeſs the treach'rous Fair,
Suſpect your Footing, and by me beware:
For light fantaſtick *Fortune* never ſtill,
Nor conſtant, ſwiftly drives the rolling Wheel.

Ev'n at this time that buſie Fellow waits
With ſome Deſign, and lurks before the Gates;
Now this, now that way caſts his watchful Eyes,
And if diſcover'd, in Confuſion flies,
And feigns to paſs the Door in wond'rous Haſte,
And hurries back again as ſoon as paſt;
Impatiently expects the cloſe Amour,
And hem's to give the Signal at the Door.
I know not what to think of theſe Affairs,
But ſure inventive Love ſome Plot prepares;
Endeavour to ſecure the Time you have,
Your Pinnace floats on an uncertain Wave.

ELEGY VI.

O Love! When e'er you meditate your Wiles
To draw me in, you ſhow attractive Smiles;
But when intangl'd in the dang'rous Snare,
Browns cloud your Brow, and I'm no more your Care.

Why

Why all this Rage to me! What Glory can
Ariſe to Gods who frame Deceits for Man?
For me the Traps and artful Snares are laid,
I know not who, ev'n now, in bliſsful Bed
Enjoys my treach'rous *Delia* with Delight,
And fills with ſtolen Joys the ſilent Night;
Tis true, ſhe Ign'rance pleads in thoſe Affairs,
But who can credit her ev'n when ſhe ſwears?
By the ſame Rule, ſhe all my Plots denies,
And bears her cred'lous Husband down with Lyes.

WRETCH that I was! I taught her to betray
Her Guardian's Truſt, and firſt propos'd the Way.
Experienc'd now, ſhe tries thoſe ſubtle Wiles,
And me (by my own Art oppos'd) beguiles.
By me a thouſand Reaſons feign'd were ſhown,
To ſhun her watchful Spies, and lie alone.
Then taught to clear the Way to ſilent Joys,
And turn the Hinge without a jarring Noiſe.

Next, Preparations I of Herbs convey'd,
To heal the livid Marks the eager Tooth had made.

BUT you poor cred'lous Husband of the Fair,
Me too confine, and ſhe ſhall be my Care;
Leſt ſhe in praiſing Sparks be too profuſe,
Or lie with Boſom bare, or Garments looſe:
Or with her Finger-talk her Plots diſguiſe,
Or cheat thee with the ſilent Speech of Eyes;
Or on the Table with the ſcatter'd Wine,
In liquid Notes convey the cloſe Deſign:
Suſpect her ev'ry time ſhe Viſits pays,
Take no Excuſes whatſoe'er ſhe ſays;
Although ſhe goes to the *Good-Goddeſs'* Fane,
And Myſt'ries ſacred unreveal'd to Men.
But if you'll credit me, through ev'ry Street,
Nay to the very Shrine I'll track her Feet:
Fearleſs I'll watch her at the Myſteries,
Nor fear a Curſe on my forbidden Eyes.

How oft would I deſire her Rings to view,
And prais'd the Diamond's Caſt, and Ruby's Hue;
And gaily trifling with her Fingers ſtand,
Intent on nothing but to ſqueeze her Hand.
Oft under Friendſhip veiling my Deſign,
I've dos'd you with repeated Cups of Wine;
Shifted my Glaſs, and watch'd your ſleepy Hour,
Made wakeful by the ſober Water's Pow'r.

I would not vex you, pardon what is ſaid,
Twas Love, and *Love* you know will be obey'd.
I'm he at whom the Dog before your Gate
Has bark'd all Night, 'tis true what I relate.
What ſerves it you to have a Wife ſo fair,
If ign'rant to ſecure your precious Ware:
For while ſhe has thoſe Tricks her Ends to gain,
Your Locks and Keys, and all your Bars are vain,
When ſhe embraces you with circling Charms,
Her Thoughts are rambling on ſome others Arms;

For him ſhe ſighs, then ſtudies ſome Diſeaſe,
Her Head's diſorder'd, and ſhe's ill at Eaſe.

BUT truſt your Charge with me, I'll not diſ-
(dain
The ſervile Whip, but wear the willing Chain.
Stand clear then all ye Fops that court the Fair
By means of artful Dreſs, and powder'd Hair;
Or the looſe airy Spark, whoſe Plaights let down,
The duſty Pavement ſweeps with flowing Gown;
Nay ſhould we meet a Stranger as we go,
Who does, nor Plots, nor Aſſignations know;
I'd call aloud, and by Prevention ſay,
Stand further off, or go ſome other Way:
'Tis fierce *Bellona's* Will her furious Prieſt,
With Voice Divine, the firm Command confeſt;
She by the Goddeſs mov'd with Madneſs glows,
Nor flaming Firebrands fears, nor torturing Blows;
Launcing her Arms, inſpir'd with Heat divine,
Unhurt ſhe ſtains with Blood the Goddeſs' Shrine:

Dread-

Dreadful with Knives infixt ſhe ſtands confeſt,
And bares her gory Side and bloody Breaſt;
And by the Goddeſs fir'd with holy Rage,
Thus ſpeaks the fix'd Event and ſure Preſage:
" Fear to offend the Fair whom *Love* defends,
" Leſt Vengeance due ſuch raſh Deſigns attends.
" If any one attempts to urge his Way,
" Thus, thus, *She cries*, may all his Wealth decay:
" As from this Wound you ſee the flowing Gore,
" And as theſe thrown-up Aſhes are no more.

AND her prophetick Rage has threaten'd you
With ſpeedy Ill; if you this Courſe purſue;
But ſhould you, rather than I wiſh the Pain
She threatens, may her Oracles be vain:
Not for your ſake, but Nurſes reverend Age,
The good old Woman charms my haſty Rage.
When I reflect how often by her Aid
You've been to me at Mid-night Hours convey'd:

She join'd our Hands, trembling with Age and Fright,
Aſſiſted by the Silence of the Night:
Oft when the Ev'ning came, before the Gate,
Fix'd to expect my coming, us'd to wait;
Turning to every Noiſe with liſt'ning Ear,
And knew me by my Footſteps from afar.
Long may'ſt thou live old Woman, and to thine,
If I had Pow'r, I'd add ſome Years of mine.
Thou, whilſt I breath, ſhalt be eſteem'd by me,
As ſhall my *Delia* for the ſake of thee;
Although ſhe oft attempts a baſe Deſign,
I ſtill forgive, and love, becauſe ſhe's thine.
Only inſtill chaſt Rules with conſtant Care,
Chaſt, tho' no Fillets bind her lovely Hair,
Nor Virgin Stola decorates the Fair.

AND me confine to Laws and Rules ſevere,
And may my Eyes be fix'd on none but Her:

And if suspected to offend the Fair,
May I be dragg'd o'er Mountains by my Hair.
I would not strike you, but if Rage commands,
I may, some time or other, curse my Hands:
Rather continue chast through Love than Fear,—
And in your Faith, though absent, persevere.

FOR the designing faithless Jilt shall be
Reduc'd to wrinkled Age and Poverty;
Constrain'd by mean Employ to gain her Bread,
To spin and draw with Palsy Hand the Thread:
Hir'd to attend the Labours of the Loom,
Or else to Card the Wooll shall be her Doom.
The gay insulting Youth shall come to view
The Wretch, and cry, she meets a Vengeance due.
Venus shall see the Object from the Skies,
While Flouds of Tears o'erflow her fading Eyes;
Raise the Remembrance of her former Ill,
And show the Plagues perfidious Lovers feel.

These Things let others suffer who deserve,
Let us a mutual changeless Faith preserve;
While we, my *Delia*, both grown Gray shall prove
A noted Patron of un-alter'd Love.

ELEGY VII.

THE *Sisters-Fates* on this auspicious Day,
Who rule with uncontrol'd extensive Sway,
In Songs prophetick, future Acts divine,
And Singing, drew thy Length of vital Twine.

THEY sang the Day with future Glories fill'd,
Of *Gallick* Conquests, and a vanquish'd Field;
Where flowing *Atur* wanders through the Lands,
And Flies affrighted at the hostile Bands:
This destin'd Day for Triumphs that should come,
When (fir'd with Martial Sights) the Youth of *Rome*,

Should

Should ſee the Chiefs of conquer'd Armies led
With fetter'd Arms, and with dejected Head;
And thee, *Meſſala*, bearing through the Show,
Freſh Victor Lawrels on thy conqu'ring Brow;
High on an Iv'ry Chariot, aweful Sight,
And drawn by pamper'd Horſes, ſnowy White.

MY Name ſhall in thoſe Honours bear a Share,
Witneſs *Tarballa* and the *Gallick* War:
Witneſs the Land where *Arar*'s Current goes,
Where the ſwift *Rhone* and great *Garumna* flows;
Where *Liger* wanders, o'er *Carnutus* bounds,
And leads his fair Blue Waters through the Grounds.

THE Time ſhall be, when for *Iſauria* won,
Thou *Cydnus*, thou ſhalt grace my flowing Song;
Whoſe eaſie Waves, in ſilent Currents ſtray,
And through the Meadows eat their eaſie Way.
How *Taurus* in the Clouds his Forehead hides,
And how *Cilicians* Till his ſhaggy Sides.

OR ſhall I ſing, how ſafely through the Skies
The ſacred Dove through *Paleſtina* flies:
Or how the *Tyrian* firſt diſclos'd the Way,
In Ships, to view from ſailing Tow'rs the Sea:
Or how when *Syrius* chaps the ſcorching Grounds,
The fertile *Nile* in Summer Floods abounds.

OLD Father *Nile*, ſay whether ſhall I lead
Thy Courſe, or where diſcloſe thy hidden Head:
By thee refreſh'd, thy Land no Rain requires,
Nor fading Graſs deſcending *Jove* deſires.
The barb'rous Youth their *Apis* taught to moan,
Shall honour thee, and their *Oſiris* own.

OSIRIS firſt to frame the Culture found,
And firſt with Vexing Steel, diſturb'd the Ground.
Firſt in th' unpractis'd Earth the Seed he threw,
And firſt from Trees unknown ripe Apples drew:

Firſt propt the flexile Branches of the Vine,
And taught the claſping Tendrills where to twine;
To prune the ſhooting Trees with timely Care,
And ſtop the wild Luxuriance of the Year.
He to expreſs the Wine firſt taught the Uſe,
And make the Vat o'erflow with gen'rous Juice.
He taught the Limbs (unpractis'd) to advance
In changing Order, and the figur'd Dance.

BACCHUS to Country Swains oppreſt with Cares,
Gives Courage and diſſolves th' invading Fears.
Bacchus gives Reſpite to the Wretch's Pains,
Although with Fetters gall'd and ratling Chains.
You neither Cares nor Grief, but Mirth approve;
The Song, the ſprightly Dance, and laughing *Love:*
The flow'ry Chaplet, and the Ivy Crown,
And Saffron Mantle looſely flowing down.
The Purple Veſt, the Flute's melodious Sound,
And Myſtick Rites in ſacred Silence bound.

COME,

COME, to the *Genius* of this happy Day,
Frequent the Games we to his Honour pay;
And ſportive Rites; you in the Dances join.
And load thy Roſy Cheek with Purple Wine.
The *Genius'* lovely Locks with Ointment fill,
Diffuſing Odours as the Drops diſtill;
Soft flow'ry Bandage weave, and gaily deck
With blooming Flow'rs, his Temples and his Neck.

So may'ſt thou join us on this happy Day,
As I intend in ſpicy Fumes to pay,
The grateful Rites I owe, and Off'rings pour
Of luſcious Honey, thy invented Store.

On you, *Meſſala*, may the Gods beſtow
A Son, whoſe Actions may his Father ſhow,
Bright'ning the Honours of thy ancient Brow.
The publick way ſhall ſpeak thy great Deſigns,
Which *Tuſculum* to white-wall'd *Alba* joins:

For

For by thy lib'ral Charge the Track of Ground
Is pav'd with level Stones, in Terras bound.
Thou ſhalt receive the Bleſſings of the Clown,
When he with eaſie Footſteps leaves the Town.

BUT thou! Auſpicious Day deſign'd to be,
Tho' many changing Years obſerv'd by me:
May Glories add to each revolving Day,
And ev'ry Morn a brighter Light diſplay.

ELEGY VIII.

FROM my quick Sight the Lover ſtrives in vain
To hide his Paſſion, and conceal his Pain.
I know when Eyes the ſecret Thoughts convey,
And what ſoft whiſpering Things fond Lovers ſay.
Not in the ſecret Fates thoſe Rules I ſpy,
Nor in the Southſay'rs Art nor Augury;
But bound by *Venus* in a Magick Nooſe,
She all thoſe Arts impreſt with cruel Blows.

CEASE

CEASE to diſſemble! *Love's* a God ſevere
To thoſe who ſhun his Laws through Shame or (Fear.
What now avails to dreſs with artful Care,
To force in waving Curls thy ſilken Hair,
And place the flowing Ringlets here and there.
To pare your Nails, or with Coſmeticks place
And fix an artful Bluſh upon your Face.
In vain your Cloaths are chang'd to pleaſe her (Mind,
In vain your Feet in pinching Shoes confin'd:
The Arts of Dreſs are vain Efforts to move,
'Tis vain to think that thoſe can kindle Love.
You find your Miſtreſs fires you, tho' her Face
Nor Fucus Stains, tho' careleſs be her Grace.

HAS any Beldam, with her Magick Powers,
Devoted thee with Herbs in Mid-night Hours.
Charms can remove the Harveſt as it ſtands,
And bear large Crops of Corn to neighb'ring Lands:

Charms

Charms ſtop the Serpent as he bounds along,
Confine his Rage, and quell his hiſſing Tongue:
Charms oft attempt to force the lab'ring Moon,
And from her ſilent Orb would bring her down,
Did not aſſiſting Cymbals interpoſe,
And Braſs kept tink'ling with repeated Blows.
But why muſt Songs or Herbs perform the Ill?
Beauty, alas, requires no Magick Skill:
Itſelf can boaſt the more prevailing Charms,
Of cloſe Embracings in the folding Arms;
Of tender, melting, ſtifl'ing Kiſſes fixt,
And winding Limbs in wanton Curlings mixt.

NOR you, the am'rous Boy unkindly uſe,
For angry *Venus* haughty Scorn purſues:
Nor ask a Price; let ancient Leachers pay,
To thaw their Ice, and actuate their Clay:
More dear than Gold's the Boy with blooming Face,
E're the rough Beard diſturbs the ſoft Embrace;

Thy ſnowy Arms around his Shoulders throw,
And view with Scorn the Riches Kings can ſhow;
But *Venus* will her ſubtile Arts employ,
To bring you ſlily to the am'rous Boy;
Whilſt tim'rous he, ſhe works the cloſe Deſign,
In cloſe Embrace your lovely Breaſts to join,
To breathleſs Lovers gives the ſtrugling Kiſs,
And marks the Neck in Extaſies of Bliſs.
Nor Gems can pleaſe, nor ſhining Pearls delight
The Maid who ſighs away the Winter's Night;
Who long deſires the Queſtion ask'd, in vain,
Laugh'd at and ſlighted by the am'rous Train.

Too late we wiſh for Love, too late require
Our early Spring of Life and young Deſire:
When all-deforming Age begins to ſpread
His ſnowy Curls upon the hoary Head:
Then all our Study tends to mend the Dreſs,
And give the Air a youthful Careleſneſs.

Then

Then to diſguiſe the Hair begins the Uſe,
With the brown Tincture of the Walnut's Juice;
To ſtrip the grey Diſcoverers from their Place,
And new repair the Ruins of the Face.

BUT you, while Youth enjoys its happieſt Time,
When Thoughts are gay, and Pleaſures in their Prime:
Improve the Hours of every happy Day,
For nimble Time walks unobſerv'd away.
Nor with Unkindneſs *Marathus* deſtroy.
What Glory riſes from a conquer'd Boy?
Rather your haughty Cruelty diſpence,
To feeble Luſt, and aged Impotence.
Indulge the tender Youth, his Beauties fade
Neither by Sickneſs, nor by Time decay'd;
But *Love* has ting'd him with a yellow Hue,
His wan Complexion comes by loving you.

UNHAPPY Wretch! How often when alone,
Unheard, has he repeated all his Moan?
While from his Boſom flew repeated Sighs,
And Flouds of Tears deſcended from his Eyes.
Do you deſpiſe me then? oft wou'd he ſay,
To cheat your Guards you'll find an eaſie Way:
Inventive *Love* aſſiſts Deſigns like theſe,
And works th' impatient Lover's Plot with Eaſe.
I know the ſecret Way to gain the Bliſs,
The glowing Whiſper, and the ſilent Kiſs;
To ſteal at Night to the expecting Fair,
And cautious turn the Hinge without a Jarr.
But what avail thoſe Arts if ſhe diſdains
Her wretched Lover, and reviles his Pains?
Or if a Promiſe I by Chance attain,
Treach'rous ſhe makes me wait all Night in Pain;
While I, impatient, liſten all around,
And think I hear her Feet in every Sound.

FOND

FOND Youth deſiſt to weep, ſhe heedleſs hears,
And thy red Eyes are ſwell'd with frequent Tears.

Pholoë (truſt me) Heaven abhors Diſdain,
And all your Pray'rs and Incenſe giv'n are vain.
This *Marathis* once mock'd at Miſery,
Unthinking that a vengeful Pow'r was nigh:
With laughing Scorn derided Lover's Tears,
And rackt them in Suſpence 'twixt Hopes and Fears;
But now he trembles at the Name of Hate,
And changes at the faſt'ning of a Gate.
And you an equal Puniſhment will find,
Unleſs you ſhift your Scorn, and change your Mind;
When you with fruitleſs Pray'rs ſhall ask in vain,
The Youth to love, and wiſh the Day again.

ELEGY IX.

WHY if design'd by treacherous Arts to (prove
A Violater of our hapleſs Love,
Did you ſuch ſolemn Proteſtations make,
And Vows, which you in Secret meant to break?
Ah, wretch! tho' firſt you veil a cloſe Deceit,
A late Revenge ſucceeds with ſilent Feet.
Pardon ye Pow'rs, can it to you belong
To be profan'd, yet bear th' unpuniſh'd Wrong?

IN Hopes of Gain they Oxen reconcile,
Experienc'd to the Plow, and urge the Toil;
In Hopes of Wealth the Sailor tempts the Main,
Invoking fav'ring Winds, and all for Gain:
Dares the precarious Sea devoid of Fears,
Guiding th' unſtable Bark by well-known Stars;
And 'tis for Guifts my faithleſs Boy betrays;
Ye Gods diſperſe thoſe Gifts to Flames and Seas.

Severely

Severely shall you pay this Breach of Truſt,
With your admir'd Beauties ſoil'd in Duſt;
All ruffled by th' inſulting wind your Hair
Your Visage Sun-burnt by the ſcorching Air;
Your lively Graces all on the Decay,
Fatigu'd and tir'd in the laborious Way.

How oft have I adviſ'd you, but in vain!
Not to pollute that Form for ſordid Gain.
Oft have I ſaid that ſhining Gold conceals,
Beneath its tempting Luſter many Ills.
If Wealth by pow'rful Skill the Youth can move
To break his Vows, and violate his Love,
He'll find, too ſurely find in little time,
Venus averſe, and angry at his Crime.
Firſt, e're I'll be from Honour's Paths miſled,
May Flames devour this devoted Head;
The Sword its Blade within my Boſom hide,
And tort'ring Scourges tear my wounded Side.

Nor hope, unſeen, to break your Word with eaſe,
The God forbids concealing Crimes like theſe.
You'll find the Man where you your Soul enlarge,
Well warm'd with Cups, divulge the ſecret Charge:
The God will raiſe his Voice in Sleep oppreſt,
And force th' unguarded Secrets from his Breaſt.
All this I ſaid, now glowing Bluſhes riſe,
When I reflect how with o'erflowing Eyes,
How mean, how ſuppliant, how much like a Slave,
With low Submiſſion, I thoſe Cautions gave.
'Twas then you ſwore your Faith ſhould ne'er be ſold,
For coſtly Gems, nor wealthy Heaps of Gold:
Not for the Price of rich *Campania*'s Field,
Nor all the fair *Falernian* Vineyards yield.
Too cred'lous I by Vows like theſe deceiv'd,
Had any thing, tho' ne'er ſo wrong, believ'd;
Tho' you had ſwore, no Stars illum'd the Sky,
Or that 'twas ſafe to walk a-croſs the Sea.

You wept, and I unpractis'd to betray,
Wip'd your wet Cheeks, and dry'd the Tears away.
What could this Treachery in your Boſom move,
Unleſs the Girl had link'd you to her Love?
Ah! may ſhe, taught by you, unconſtant prove.
Leaſt any ſhould o'er hear the Words we ſaid,
My ſelf by Night have light you to the Maid.
Oft through my Means you've ſeen the admir'd Fair,
When little you expected her ſo near;
Who with a ſeeming coy affected Mein,
Conceal'd her ſelf, yet wiſh'd ſhe might be ſeen.
Wretch that I am! then was I firſt undone,
Thinking fond Fool, your Love was mine alone,
For elſe I could your cloſe Intrigues eſpy,
And watch your Actions with a nearer Eye.
Then in my ſtupid Lines I ſang your Praiſe,
Now at my Folly bluſh, and curſe my Lays.
May *Vulcane* to his Flames the Lines convey,
And Waters waſh the hated Words away.

HENCE

HENCE ye deteſted mercenary Train,
Who ſell ineſtimable Love for Gain.

BUT you, who all your tempting Wealth employ,
And ſtrive with Preſents to ſeduce the Boy:
May your laſcivious Wife elude your Care,
And bring repleated Plots of Luſt to bear;
When tir'd with all the Stallions of the Town,
To hide it, Anger feign, and lie alone,
Around your Bed may Strangers Footings be,
And may your Houſe to ev'ry Rake be free.

AND for thy drunken Siſter, may the Crowd
In railing Arguments diſpute aloud;
Whether ſhe quaffs more Bowls of Liquor down,
Or lies with more rank Bullies of the Town:
Although 'tis ſaid ſhe'll revel all the Night,
Till *Phoſpher*'s Orb provokes the Morning's Light.

To this alone does all her Fancy tend,
She knows no other way the Night to ſpend:
But your experienc'd Wife with Cunning ſteals
Her luſtful Hours, and dark Deſigns conceals;
While you unthinking Fool can never gueſs,
When ſhe *Love*'s Rites performs with Carefulneſs.
Can you ſuppoſe for you ſhe decks her Head?
Or that for you the ſhining Locks are ſpread?
Is it alone to you ſhe has Reſpect
When dreſs'd in Scarlet, and with Bracelets deck't?
Not for your ſake thoſe dreſſing Arts ſhe tries,
But to oblige ſome other Favrite's Eyes;
To whom ſhe proſtitutes your injur'd Fame,
Her ſelf, your Houſe, and all that you can name;
Nor does ſhe practiſe this for Lechery,
But from a ſtrong Averſion toward thee;
She ſhuns thy Limbs with ſwelling Gout unſound,
With Ointments ſtinking, and in Swathings bound,
She flies the Touch of thy decaying Face,
And all the Terrors of thy foul Embrace.

Yet

Yet vile however, my Boy does this approve,
And I believe can ſavage Monſters love.

DURST you on others all my Love confer?
Durſt you to others all my Kiſſes bear?
Then how you'll weep when you another ſee
Reign o'er that Boſom once poſſeſs'd by thee:
Then I ſhall pleaſe my ſelf at thy unreſt,
And on a Golden Shield theſe Lines impreſt;
Shall hang an Off'ring in the publick View,
To well-deſerving *Venus* juſtly due.

TIBULLUS *from the treach'rous Boy ſet free,*
Suſpends this votive Tablet unto thee,
And begs, O Goddeſs! your indulgent Care,
And that you'll be propitious to his Pray'r.

ELEGY X.

WHO was it firſt began the dang'rous Trade,
To work the Sword, and whet the ſhin-
(ing Blade?
How ſavage muſt he be to learn ſuch Ill!
And ſure his very Soul it ſelf was Steel.
Then Wars began, then roſe the murd'ring Trade,
Then for fierce Death a ſhorter Way was made.
But he! unthinking Wretch, no Harm deſign'd,
We took the curſed Hint to Ills inclin'd;
And what he made to tame the ſavage Beaſt,
We baſely turn againſt each other's Breaſt.
This Vice proceeds from greedy Thirſt of Gold,
For Wars and Tumults were unknown of Old,
When cheerful Draughts were quaff'd from com-
(mon Wood,
And Beechen Bowls on homely Tables ſtood.
No need was then of Tow'rs their Wealth to keep,
The Shepherd ſlept ſecure amidſt his Sheep.

Had

Had I liv'd then, I ne'er had us'd the Dart,
Nor heard the Trumpets ſound with trembling (Heart,
But now Im forc'd to War, perhaps ev'n now
Some dang'rous Man amongſt the num'rous Foe,
The Jav'lin gripes that muſt my Breaſt invade,
And in my Boſom hide its pointed Head.
But you paternal *Lares* ſtill be near,
My Infant Years confeſt your foſt'ring Care.
Nor let your Deities be once aſham'd,
Becauſe of Wood and common Timber fram'd;
Mean as you are, my Anceſtors thought fit
To place you in their Hall and ancient Seat.
Then better was religious Truth maintain'd,
And Piety a larger Footing gain'd;
When Gods were meanly carv'd from common (Wood,
And unadorn'd the Temples where they ſtood;
When cluſt'ring Grapes, if giv'n, or round their (Hair
A Wreath of Corn, engag'd their fav'ring Care:

And

And if the Swain in hopes of being heard,
Himſelf the humble Rural Gifts preferr'd;
With him his little Daughter brought from home
The luſcious Off'ring of the Honey Comb.
But you kind *Lares*, turn the Dart away,
And from the Herd a Victim Swine I'll pay;
And I my ſelf will in Proceſſion go,
Rob'd in pure Veſtments to attend the Show;
And Caniſters entwin'd with Myrtle bear,
And round my Temples Myrtle Foliage wear.
So let me pleaſure you, let others boaſt
Succeſs in Arms, and a defeated Hoſt.
To me may Souldiers talk o'er Cups of Wine,
And on the Table draw the Wars deſign.

WHAT Madneſs is it in diſtracted Broils
To end our happy Days by Martial Tolls!
Or gain fierce Death with ſeeking high Renown,
Uncall'd with ſilent Pace he comes too ſoon.

No cheerful Corn the Fields below produce,
Nor cluſt'ring Vines, nor brisk enliv'ning Juice:
But daring *Cerbrus* with his tripple Roar,
And the old Wherry on the *Stygian* Shore;
There the pale Crowd to dreary Lakes repair,
With blaſted Cheeks, and ſcorch'd diſorder'd Hair.

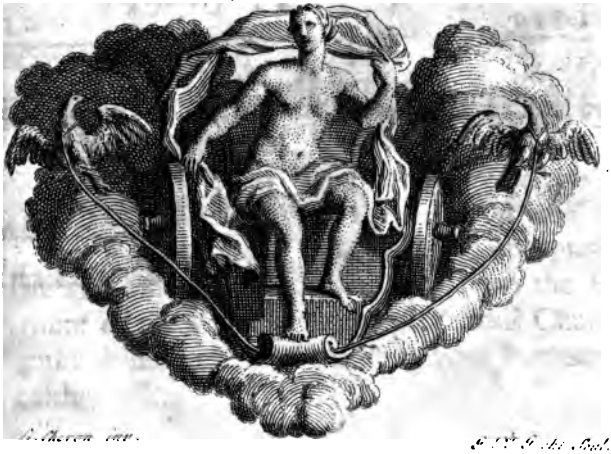
How much more wiſe the Man who ſpends his Days
In ſome ſtill Country Cottage, bleſt with Eaſe!
Himſelf the Sheep, his Son the Lambs attends,
At Home his buſie Wife induſtrious ſpends
Her Time, to gather Herbs, and Water heat,
To bath his Limbs, and eaſe his weary Feet.
Such may I be, and when old Age had ſpread
His ſnowy Honours on my hoary Head,
May I ſecure with pleaſing View declare
Strange Revolutions in the Times that were.

MEAN while fair Peace ſecures the quiet Plain;
Fair Peace, in whoſe auſpicious eaſie Reign,
They firſt inſtructed ſtubborn Steers to bow
Their Necks, to wear the Yoak, and draw the (Plow,
Peace glads the Vines to yield a large Produce;
And ſwells the rip'ning Grape with kindly Juice;
That the pleas'd Peaſant from paternal Bowl,
May pour large Flouds of Wine to chear his Soul.
Peace plies the Prong, and brights the ſhining (Share,
Let eating Ruſt deſtroy the Tools of War.
The Farmer warm'd with Wine, when Rites are (paid
In the thick Grove, and conſecrated Shade;
And all the brisk religious Sports are done,
Home in his Cart conveys his Wife and Son:
Then Love his Battles tries, and ſportive War,
Then Maids lament for their diſorder'd Hair:

For beat-up Lodgings, and aſſaulted Doors,
And gay Diſtractions of the Mid-night Hours;
While from the Eyes the Tears deſcend a-pace,
And moiſt'ning Dew o'erſpreads the lovely Face;
That ev'n the Victor weeps to ſee her moan,
And blames the mad Extravagancies done:
But wanton Love in little Wrang'lings tries
Their Rage, and urging Words to both ſupplies;
In ſecret Smiles to think when Anger's o'er,
They love with greater Ardour than before.
But ſure that Man of Steel or Flint is made,
Who angry, durſt with Blows the Fair invade;
And impious Hands in raging Madneſs ſtretch,
May all the Gods confound th' inhumane Wretch:
Let it ſuffice him to undreſs the Fair,
And eagerly th' oppoſing Veſtments tear;
With rifling Hand the ruffled Treſſes ſpread,
And diſcompoſe the Dreſſings of the Head.

But he, whoſe Hands with Cruelty are fill'd,
Let him the Jav'lin gripe, and heave the Shield;
And far from *Venus'* ſofter Rites remove,
And all the moving Tenderneſs of Love.

BUT you kind foſt'ring Peace attend, and bear
In thy fair Hand the Harveſt' weighty Ear:
And from thy Lap with laviſh Plenty pour
Ripe Apples, and the Garden's bounteous Store.



NOTES

ON THE

FIRST BOOK.

ELEGY I.

OUR Poet being at his pleaſant Seat in *Pedana*, not far from *Rome*, in this Elegy deſcribes the Pleaſures of his Obſcurity, the Religion and Innocence of the Country; and prefers a ſafe and undiſturb'd Retirement, with the Enjoyment of his Miſtreſs, to the precarious Chance of publick Buſineſs, and the dangerous Purſuits of Wealth.

While conſtant Fires ſupply the cheerful Seat.] This was reckon'd no ſmall Pleaſure by the Ancients,

cients, inſomuch, that *Martial* makes it one of the Bleſſings to be requir'd in a happy Life,

Non ingratus ager, focus perennis.

A grateful Field and a continual Fire.

Statius ſpeaking of our Poet, calls him, *Dives foco lucente*, and *Virgil*, Ecl. 7. where one Shepheard praiſes the Springs, the ſoft Graſs and Buſhes, the other in his Anſwer, dwells with no leſs Pleaſure upon the Deſcription of a good Fire, *hic focus*, &c.

For I revere,] The Reaſon he gives for the Aſſurance he had of a plenteous Return, is taken from the pious Care he firſt took to engage the Gods; ſo neceſſary a means of Succeſs, thought by the very Heathens, that *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* gives it as his firſt Advice to the Husbandman, *Imprimis venerare deos.*

——*the Guardian Pow'rs that bound.*

Numa to prevent litigious Diſputes among the *Romans*, us'd the ſame Religious Method as in other Laws; obliging them to circumſcribe their Lands; and at the extream Bounds, to place Stones, or Trunks of Trees, for Land-marks; which were conſecrated *Jovi Terminali:* Theſe Land-marks had Divine Honours paid them, being anointed with Oil, and Crown'd with Flowers: It was Death by the *Roman* Law to remove them. *Vide Roſin. Antiq. Rom.*

And

And the firſt Fruit that mellows on my Boughs,
The Rural God receives——

Vertumnus, to whom the *Romans* offer'd part of their Firſt-Fruits, giving him the ſame Honours with *Pomona*, who always receiv'd them according to *Ovid Met. L.* 14.

To thee bright Ceres *of our Harveſt-Store,*
Be Wreaths ſuſpended round thy Temple Door.

Ceres was the firſt Inventreſs of Agriculture; See *Ovid Met. L.* 6. to her therefore they offer'd part of the Harveſt. They crown'd with Corn ſeveral other Deities: See *laſt El. of this Book*; but our Poet here only intimates the hanging Garlands of ſhe Corn, to diſtinguiſh the Rural Temple; as *Propert. L.* 3. *El.* 15. ſpeaking of *Bacchus*.

Ante fores Templi crater antiſtitis auro,
Libatum fundens in tua ſacra merum.

A Golden Goblet whence the Prieſt ſhall pour
Of Wine libations thy admir'd Store,
Shall ſtand conſpicious at thy Temple Door.

And that of *Mars* ſays *Ovid L.* 5. *Faſtor* was diſtinguiſh'd by the Variety of Arms and Trophies. *Vid. Broukhus.*

Ruddy Priapus *is my Orchard Guard.*] The Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, God of the Gardens. *Virg. Ecl.* 7.

Sinum lactis & hæc te liba Priape quotannis
Expectare ſat eſt, cuſtos es pauperis horti.

This Bowl of Milk, theſe Cakes, our Country (Fare,
For thee, *Priapus*, Yearly we prepare,
Becauſe a little Garden is thy Care.

Mr. DRYDEN.

In which his Statue was plac'd with a Sickle in his Hand; which being put in Motion by the Wind, with its Noiſe, affrighted the Birds and Thieves.

Nam fures dextra cœrcet. Hor.

And you kind Lares.] They were Pow'rs preſiding over Families and Houſes, ſome over Cities and High-ways, thence call'd *Compitales*; others there were entruſted with the Care of Farms and Fields, which are thoſe here mentioned: The Offering made to them is here a Lamb; beſides which were offer'd, ſometimes Frankinſence, the ſalted Cake, yearly Fruits, a Heifer, a Lamb and a Swine: Thus *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 23.

Cœlo ſupinas ſi tuleris manus
Naſcente luna, ruſtica Phidile,
Si ture placaris, & horna
Fruge Lares, avidaque porca, &c.

If Country *Phidile*, you raiſe
At each new Moon a pious Pray'r,
And Strive by ſuch religious Ways
T' engage the Guardian *Lares'* Care.

If Frankinſence or Garden Fruits you bring,
Or make a greedy Swine the Offering, *&c.*

Here I Luſtrations annually prepare
To purge my Swain, and ask kind Pales' *Care.*

The Feaſts of *Pales*, call'd *Palilia*, or *Parilia*, were celebrated 21ſt of *April*, on which Day the City of *Rome* was built; *vide* Propert. *L.* 4. *El.* 4.

Urbi feſtus erat, dixere Palilia patres:
Hic primus cœpit mœnibus eſſe dies.

The Celebration of theſe Feaſts is deſcrib'd by *Ovid. Faſt.*

Hither ye Gods, nor ſcorn our humble Board.] Meaning the *Lares* who receiv'd Offerings from the Table,

Nor Off'rings mean which earthen Plates afford.] Suitable to the Primitive Simplicity of the *Romans*, when their Veſſels were either of Wood or Earth, *Ovid. Faſt.* L. 5.

Terra rubens crater, pocula fagus erat.

The Bowl of Earth, of Beech the Cup was made.

Cicero Paradox 1. *c.* 3. takes Notice of *Numa*'s uſing the ſame in his Sacrifices, as does *Juv. Sat.* 6.

Meſſala, *War is yours.*] *Meſſala Corvinus*, of whom we have ſpoken in the Life, was at the Time

Time of writing this Elegy on his Expedition into *Cilicia*. *Cilicia* was a Part of the *Leſſer Aſia*, now, call'd *Caramania*.

I wear the Chain and ſcorning Glory wait,
The conſtant Porter at my Miſtreſs Gate.

The Poet here not only means the Chain of Love, but alludes to the *Roman* Cuſtom of chaining their Porters to their Gates: See Elegy 6, of this Book; and *Ovid Am.* L. 1. El. 6.

Janitor indignum dura religate catena,
Difficilem moto cardine pande forem.

I ſlight it, Delia.] Under the feign'd Name of *Delia*, as has been obſerv'd in the Life, is meant *Plania*.

And dying, hold thee with a feeble Hand.] This Deſire of *Tibullus*, *Ovid* in his Elegy upon his Death makes uſe of in the ſame Words, but with this difference, *Nemeſis* lays claim to that parting Favour, in Oppoſition to *Delia*.

But moderate your Grief, nor move my Shade.] It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that exceſſive Grief upon the Death of Friends diſturb'd their *Manes*; from which Thought our Poet takes Occaſion to ſay one of the tendereſt Things imaginable.

But now while Fates allow let's join our Love.] After having mov'd his Miſtreſs's Paſſions, by *theſe Images*, he gaily ſhifts the Scene to pre-

ſent

ſent Pleaſures, adviſes her to join with him in Love that little time they were allow'd to enjoy it, ſhows her how near Death is, when all will be in Oblivion; and that even before it, Age interupts Enjoyment, and is an unfit Companion for Love, Grey Hair ill ſuits ſoft Tenderneſs; and agreeable to this, is his Deſcription of the Old Lover, at the End of the next Elegy.

Here I'm a Captain and a Soldier too.] *Cupid* has his Camp as well as *Mars*, ſays *Ovid*, *Am.* which our Author, in the laſt Elegy of this Book, compares together very beautifully: So here, after he has declar'd a ſtrong Averſion to the Fields of *Mars*, he profeſs'd himſelf not only a Soldier, but an experienc'd one too, under the Banners of *Love*.

ELEGY II.

IN this Elegy TIBULLUS complains of the ſtrict Eye and Guards plac'd over his Miſtreſs, gives her Directions and Encouragement to out-wit 'em, promiſes her Magick Aſſiſtance, and endeavours to move her more by aſſuring her how much he preferr'd her Love to the Honour of *Meſſala*'s Conqueſts, and in a ſeeming Jealouſy, threatens her with the Diſpleaſure of *Venus*, unleſs ſhe perform'd his Requeſt.

Obdurate Gates.] Nothing is more frequent than thoſe Expoſtulations with the Doors of their Miſtreſſes

Miſtreſſes among the *Roman* Lovers: *Catullus* has a long Dialogue with the Gate of one of his Miſtreſſes; And *Ovid* often uſes the like Expreſſions.

——*My Chaplets hung on high.*] A common Cuſtom to hang Garlands upon the Door-Poſts of thoſe they courted: So *Ovid* Met. L. 14.

Sæpe ferenda dedit blandis ſua verba tabellis
Interdam madidas lacrymarum rore coronas
Poſtibus intendit; poſuitque in limine duro
Molle latus: triſtiſque ſeræ convicia fecit.

And you, my Delia, *ſtrive your Guards to cheat.*] That is, thoſe Spies whom your jealous Husband has plac'd over you: The Confinement of the *Roman* Ladies was ſo ſtrict, that it required all the Reſolution of the Woman, and all the Invention of the Man to break through it; and as it was the chief Study of the Lover, we find frequently laid down Directions how to bring it to bear.

She teaches how, before the Husband's Eyes,
By Signs to talk.] ——
The Courting by Dumb-ſhow, we find no modern Invention, for I doubt not but the *Roman* Women were as expert at it, as thoſe in *Spain* are at this time: *Tibullus* is full of Expreſſions to this purpoſe; and *Ovid* has wrote an Elegy to his Miſtreſs, how to manage this Art at Supper, her Husband being preſent: See *Am.* L. 1. El. 4.

An

An ancient Crone expert in Magick Charms.] The Aſſiſtance of old Women vers'd in Sorcery was generally made uſe of in Affairs of this Kind: Inſtances are to be met with in almoſt ev'ry Poet.

And call the ſhaddowy Manes *from the Tomb.*] Thus *Lucan*, L. 6. in the Story of *Erictho*: And of this Opinion was *Saul*, when he deſir'd the old Woman of *Endor* to call up *Samuel*.

To her alone Medea's *Herbs are known.*] The Story of the Sorcereſs *Medea*, almoſt every one is acquainted with. The Herbs here mentioned, were not only thoſe poiſonous Simples, whereof the expreſt Juice was given either to provoke or diſſolve Love: But all the Plants uſed in Magick Incantations, as in *Horace*, where *Canidia* makes uſe of the *Wild Fig-tree* pluck'd from Graves and *Cypreſs-boughs*, to the Infernal Powers, and thoſe were chang'd as ſuited the different Occaſion, or the Fancy of the Poet, as in the *Diſpenſary* the Ingenious Sir *Samuel Garth* makes *Horoſcope*, in his Magick Rites, offer to *Diſeaſe* ſuch Herbs and Drugs as are moſt agreeable to that Fury.

Then Flow'rs in Caniſters he haſtes to bring
The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring;
With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*, &c.

And

And Hecate's *Dogs are tam'd by her alone.*] Here are meant thoſe Dogs which attended *Hecate*, or *Proſerpina*, and mention'd by *Virgil.*

——*Viſæque canes ululare per umbram*
Adventante dea.

Spit thrice.] A common Practice among the Ancients to prevent or enforce Magick, and in divers other Caſes and Affairs, *thrice* a Number pleaſing to the Gods thus, *Virg. in Ciris.*

—Ter in gremium mecum, inquit, deſpue, virgo:
Deſpue ter, virgo: numero deus impare gaudet.

—— *She once affirm'd that She*
With Songs and Herbs could ſet my Paſſions free.

Magick Incantations were either us'd to provoke or diſſolve Love. Of the firſt, ſee *Theoc. Pharm.* and *Virgil*, Ecl. 8. in both which, the Manner of the Charms are deſcrib'd. So *Dido* in *Virg.*

Inveni germana, viam (gratare ſorori)
Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me ſolvat amantem.

Rejoyce ſhe ſaid, inſtructed from above,
My Lover I ſhall gain, or loſe my Love.

Mr. DRYDEN.

Theſe Practiſes *Ovid* ridicules in his *Rem. am.* which I ſhall ſet down at length, becauſe it

touches

touches at ſeveral of the Powers of Magick mention'd in this Elegy.

Videret Hæmoniæ ſi quis mala pabula terræ,
Et magicas artes poſſe juvare putat,
Iſta veneficii vetus eſt via Noſter Apollo, &c.

You'll think when through *Hemonian* Fields you (rove,
That Magick Arts may yield a Cure for Love.
Old Tales of Witchcraft ſtrange Effects rehearſe;
The only Charms I bring is ſacred Verſe.
By my Advice, no Jargon ſhall be read,
Nor Midnight Hag, blaſpheming, raiſe the Dead;
No ſtanding Crop to other Fields ſhall range,
Nor ſick Eclipſe the Sun's Complexion change;
Old *Tyber* ſhall his ſacred Courſe retain,
And *Cynthia* unmoleſted Guide the wain.
No ſuff'ring Heart to Spells ſhall be oblig'd,
Nor Love reſign, by Sulphur Steams beſieg'd.

Mr. TATE.

THE Sulphur Steams, laſt mention'd, is the ſame Ceremony as that in the following Verſe of *Tibullus*; With Torches purge me round. In the Original it is, *Et me luſtravit tædis, i. e.* Torches made of Pine-Tree; they were us'd in Luſtrations for

for Love, and all other Diſeaſes; with Sulphur, and ſometimes Bitumen: Vide *Broukhus.*

Slew a black Victim to the Infernal Pow'rs.] *Turnebus Adverſ.* L. 16. c. 4. explains this Place, to ſignifie by theſe Pow'rs, *Pluto*, *Hecate*, and *Proſerpina*; but if we obſerve the Invocation in *Virgil*, Æn. L. 4.

——— *Crinis effuſa ſacerdos*
Tertentum tonat ore deos, Erebumque, chaoſque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

And the wild Extravagance of *Medea*. *Ovid* Met. L. 7. they include a much larger Number of thoſe Magick Deities: Vid. *Broukhus.* The Offering to thoſe Powers of Night was a Lamb with a black Fleece.

ELEGY III.

TIBULLUS attending *Meſſala* in his Expedition to *Syria*, fell ſick upon the Sea, and was oblig'd to be left at *Phæacia*; during which Sickneſs he wrote this Elegy.

——*Th' Ægean Sea,*] Part of the *Mediterranean*, near *Greece*, ſo nam'd from *Ægeus*, a Town in *Eubæa*, according to *Strabo*; 'tis now call'd the *Archipelago.*

Phæcia

Phæacia *me in unknown Lands detains.*] An Iſland in the *Ionian* Sea, ſo call'd from *Pheax*, a Son of *Neptune:* It was likewiſe call'd *Corcyra*, now *Corfu*.

Black Death keep off I pray.] This earneſt Interceſſion with Death is expreſs'd with that Horrour the *Romans* always had at the Apprehenſion of dying in ſtrange Countries, or without the Rites of Burial; a Caſe ſo miſerable, that contrary to the uſual Saying of the *Stoicks, Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam*, it was accounted one of the greateſt Misfortunes that could befall any one. Thus *Virgil* Æn. 6.

Inops, inhumataque turba.

And dead Perſons are frequently made with the greateſt Earneſtneſs to petition for thoſe Rites.

—— tu mihi terram.
Injice —— Virg.

And *Horace* makes it the Requeſt of *Archytas*, after his Shipwrack.

Quamquam feſtinas non eſt mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

Which Requeſt is beautifully paraphras'd by Mr. *Prior*, in his curious Poem on Col. *Villar*'s Death.

Cleanſe the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
From the polluting Weed and common Sand:

tors, inſomuch that the *Ægyptians* called the largeſt of their Ships by her Name, and had her Image in their Prows: See *Lucian Navigio, ſeu votis.* It was, I ſuppoſe, upon this account, that *Delia* made Application to her, that *Tibullus*'s Voyage might be proſperous: For although *Iſis* was the Goddeſs apply'd to in Sickneſs likewiſe, yet this could not be the reaſon, *Tibullus* falling ſick at Sea, and her Prayers put up from the firſt of his Voyage.

For jing'ling Siſtrums you unwearied ſhake.] The *Siſtrum* was a kind of muſical Inſtrument uſed in the Worſhip of *Iſis*; it was a thin narrow Plate, curv'd almoſt to an Oval, and through it ſeveral Wires paſs'd which were looſe; and being ſhook made a jingling Noiſe. *Apul.* deſcribes it, *L.* 11. *Met.* and ſays they were either of Braſs, Silver or Gold: The Deſcription of it is in *Gruter*, engrav'd upon an Altar of *Iſis*, and in Mr. *Miſſon*'s Travels.

Thy frequent Bathings, and thy lonely Nights.] In the Myſteries of *Iſis* it was the Cuſtom for the Votaries to lie alone ſeveral Nights ſucceſſively: This Cuſtom *Propertius* rails at, L. 2. El. 2, 2.

Triſtia jam redeunt iterum ſolennia nobis
Cynthia jam noctes eſt operata decem.
Atque utinam Nilo pereat quæ ſacra tepente
Miſit matronis Inachis auſonijs.
Quæ dea tam cupidos toties diviſit amantes,
Quæcunque illa fuit, ſemper amara fuit.

And

And now the melancholly Time draws on,
When *Cynthia* ten long Nights muſt lie alone;
And curſe on *Iſis* who the Rites ſhe claims,
From ſult'ry *Nile* has ſpread to *Roman* Dames.
The Goddeſs, who for ſuch a tireſome Date,
Could fond and eager Lovers ſeparate.
Who e'er ſhe was, although a Deity,
Yet a moſt cruel barb'rous Pow'r was ſhe.

Suſpended Tablets prove thy Pow'r divine.] It was uſual, as a Token of their Gratitude, after Eſcape from Shipwrack, or Recovery from Sickneſs, to hang up painted Tablets in the Temple of *Iſis*, expreſſing the Manner of the Deliverance.

And all in Linnen veil'd.] The Votaries upon this Occaſion were to pay their Vows veil'd in Linnen, and ſitting upon the Ground before the Doors of the Temple: See *Ovid* Am. L. 1. El. 2.

Nec tu linigeram fieri quid poſſit ad Iſin
Quæſieris.

And *Met.* L. 1.
Nunc dea linigera collitur celeberrima turba.

And *Martial* ſpeaking of that Linnen-Stealer *Hermogenes*, with a great deal of Mirth, tell us, he *ſtole Napkins* from the Table where he was

invited, 'till being warn'd they brought none, then he ſtole a Towel; if that could not be had, he'd plunder the Sheets from the Bed. The Sailors (ſays he) could not hang their Canvas Sails to dry, but if he came to the Water-ſide they fir'd them as faſt as poſſible: And if he came to worſhip at *Iſis*' Temple, away ran the Prieſts and Votaries, leaſt he ſhould filch the Linnen from their Backs.

Linigeri fugiunt calvi ſiſtrataque turba,
Inter adorantes cum ſtetit Hermogenes.

If at their Rites *Hermogenes* they 'ſpy
Mix'd in the Croud, they dread the Filcher nigh,
And thence the Jingling Crew, and Linnen
(Votries fly.

No Worſhip among the *Roman* Poets, *Juv.* and others, more ridicul'd than this.

And ſing thy mighty Praiſes twice a-Day,
With Hair unbound in the Ægyptian *Way.*

That is, Morning and Evening, cuſtomary on thoſe Occaſions. The Temple of *Iſis* ſtood in the *Campus Martius* at *Rome*, her Worſhip the ſame as in *Ægypt*: Hither the Women repair'd, more upon other Accounts than Religion, which made it almoſt one of the common Brothels of *Rome*: And *Ovid* marks it in his *Art. Am.* for one of the Places where a Man might be ſupply'd that way; and in another Place propoſes it as an Excuſe, whereby a Woman might, under the Notion of *this* Religion, bring about her Intrigues.

How

How bleſt the Life in Old Saturnian *Days.*] The *Saturnian*, or Golden Age, almoſt every Poet has deſcrib'd, and every School-Boy heard of.

Venus *ſhall lead to happy Meads below.*] The following Deſcription of *Elyſium* is reckon'd the fineſt of that Kind, and one of the greateſt Beauties in our Author.

And bind with Myrtle Wreaths their flowing Hair.] A Plant ſacred to *Venus*: 'Tis reported, that when firſt ſhe roſe from the Sea, ſhe lay conceal'd among ſome Myrtles, leaſt ſhe ſhould be ſeen naked. And *Virgil* places his unhappy Lovers in Shades of Myrtle. *Æ.* L. 6.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, & myrtea circum
Silva tegit.

Not far from hence the mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there;
The Souls whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In ſecret Solitude and Myrtle Shades
Make endleſs Moan.

Mr. DRYDEN.

Snake-hair'd Tiſiphone.] One of the Furies, they were ſuppos'd to have Serpents curling about their Head inſtead of Hair.

There Hydra *horrid at the Portal waits,*
And barking Cerb'rus *guards the brazen Gates.*

Hydra was a Serpent of *Lerna*, ſaid to have fifty Heads, of which if one was cut off two immediately ſprung. This Serpent *Virgil* likewiſe places at the Gates of *Hell*, and *Cerberus* the Fabl'd Dog with three Heads.

There Ixion's *whirl'd around th' inceſſant Wheel.*] He for attempting to lie with *Juno*, was Fabled to be bound on a Wheel in Hell, which perpetually turn'd round: This and that of *Tantalus* are known Stories.

And Danaus' *Daughters.*] There were Fifty, who in one Night ſlew their Husbands (one only excepted).

But you continue chaſt.] After he had artfully ſet before his Miſtreſs the Pleaſures of *Eliſium*, and the Puniſhments of the Wicked, more particularly the laſt faithleſs Crew, he from thence, leaſt ſhe ſhould fall into the ſame Miſeries, cautions her to avoid the like Crimes, Treachery and Infidelity.

ELEGY IV.

SO may the Trees extend their ſpreading Boughs.] *Priapus*, he is call'd here *Bacchi Proles*, Son to *Bacchus* and *Venus*: *Vide* Notes on El. 1.

Diana *by her Arrows lets us ſwear,*
And Pallas *by the Glories of her Hair.*

The Cuſtom of the Ancients was not only to ſwear by ſuch particular Deities, but by the Particulars of their Diſtinctions; as *Juv.* Sat. 13. *Per calamos venatricis pharetramque puellæ.*

Which flew when young in the Olympick Courſe.] This Thought ſeems eaſily to have fallen in from the former Simile, the Poplar being ſacred to *Hercules*; he thence ſprung the freſh Simile of the Racer in his Games; *Juvenal* is very pleaſant, when he compares a degenerate Perſon of Quality fallen from the former Honours of his Houſe to one of thoſe founder'd Racers.

Ye cruel Gods the Serpent can renew,
His ſpeckled Luſter, and his ſhining Hue.

'Tis reported by Naturaliſts, that the Serpent or Snake, upon eating a certain Herb call'd *Maratos*, caſt their Skin and renew their Age; a Thought like this *Ovid* has in his *Art. Am.* L. 3.

Anguibus exuitur tenui cum pelle vetuſtas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta ſenes.
Noſtra ſine auxilio fugiunt bona. ——

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may caſt,
And both renew their Youth and Vigour paſs'd:
But no Receipt can Humane-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decripid Age, without Reprieve.

Mr. CONGREVE.

Are Bacchus *and the God that rules the Day.*] Thoſe two Deities were always repreſented young, and with long flowing Hair: And when theſe Beauties are mention'd in deſcribing any Perſon, we find them compar'd to one of theſe Gods. So *Ovid Met.* L. 3. ſpeaking of *Narciſſus.*

Spectat humi poſitus geminum ſua lumina ſidus
Et dignos Baccho, dignos & Apolline crines,
Impubeſque genas, & eburnea colla, decuſque
Oris, & in niveo miſtum candore ruborem.

The well-turn'd Neck and Shoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious Forehead, and the ſpark'ling Eyes;
The Hands that *Bacchus* might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And Hair that round *Apollo*'s Head might flow;

With

With all the Purple Youthfulneſs of Face,
That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry Glaſs.

Mr. ADDISON.

In Verſe the Purple Lock of Niſus *ſhines,*
And Pelops' *Ivory Shoulder lives in Lines.*
He here intimates the prodigious Power of Verſe to preſerve even ſuch Trifles, theſe Stories are well known. *Niſus* was King of the *Megarenſes*, who among his ſnowy Locks had one of Purple, the Safety of his Reign: His Daughter *Sylla* falling in Love with *Minos* his Enemy, betray'd her Father by cutting off the Lock. The other is this; when the Gods came down on Earth and viſited *Tantalus*, he, to try their Divinities, ſlew his Son *Pelops*, dreſs'd him, and ſet him before them at a Banquet: From eating which the Gods abſtain'd, except *Ceres*, who eat part of his right Shoulder; *Jupiter* reſtor'd him to Life, and ſupplied the Deficiency with a Shoulder of Ivory: See theſe Fables *Ovid Met.* L. 8. & L. 6.

Let him unite himſelf to Cybele's *Train.*] *Cybele*, otherwiſe call'd *Rhea*, *Ops*, *Berecynthya*, Mother of the Gods, *&c.* had a moſt ſurprizing and ridiculous Worſhip among the *Romans*; her Prieſts were always *Phrygians* by Birth, and Eunuchs before they were admitted into her Myſteries; they were call'd *Coribantes*, *Galli*, &c. See *Catullus*, Carm. 61. on *Atys*.

In their Proceſſions they danc'd in Armour, Cutting and Lancing themſelves, toſſing their Heads

in

in a violent Motion, and making a confus'd Noiſe with *Cymbals*, *Timbrels* and *Pipes*. This Noiſe *Virgil* adviſes ſhould be made to ſettle Bees, Vide *Geo.* L. 4.

Matris quate cymbala circum.

To Titius *ſing.*] See the Life.

Alas, how Marathus.] Of him likewiſe, ſee in the Life.

ELEGY V.

TIBULLUS complains of his Miſtreſs's Treachery in entertaining a Rival, tells her his fond Endeavour for her Health in her late Sickneſs, and the pleaſing Scene of Life he propos'd to himſelf after her Recovery; curſes the Procurer, that for Intereſt had ſupplanted him; cautions *Delia* againſt her Inſinuations, and warns the new Favourite, by his Example, to expect the like Deceipt.

To bear our Parting, I when angry ſwore.] Upon a jealous Suſpicion, he had made a Breach with his Miſtreſs, who carried it on; but his Rage cooling, he now endeavours to recall his Words, and artfully inſinuates to her the former Fondneſs he has ſhown, which might induce her to pardon him, and come to a Reconciliation.

I'm

I'm hurried like a Top.] This Compariſon of a hurried and confus'd Mind is very beautiful: And *Virgil*, when he deſcribes the Rage of *Amata*, the Queen to *Livinus*, brings in the like Simile. *Æn.* L. 7.

Ceu quondam torto volitans ſub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent: ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur ſpatiis: ſtupet inſcia ſupra
Impubeſque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ.

As when young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,
On the ſmooth Pavement of an empty Court;
The wooden Engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with Clamours of the Beardleſs rout;
They laſh aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke.

Mr. DRYDEN.

In Linnen veil'd, my Head with Fillets bound.] *Turnebus* is of Opinion, that the Original Expreſſion, *velatus filo*, ſignifies the Head bound with Fillets; others that by it is meant the Linnen Veil us'd in Sacrifices, as thoſe of *Iſis*, mention'd El. 3. I have taken the Liberty to expreſs both in the Tranſlation, the firſt being always worn upon

upon thoſe Occaſions, as was frequently the latter. See *Virg. Æ.* 12.

——— *Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant*
Velati lino, & verbena tempora vincti.

Others the Fire to load the Altars bring,
Or pure unſully'd Waters from the Spring,
In Linnen veil'd, their Heads with Vervain bound,

And Garments looſly flowing on the Ground.] Nothing was bound in Sacrifices, ſays *Broukhus*; neither the Victim nor the Hair, the Veſtments nor Feet; to back which Opinion, he brings *Servius*' Notes on *Virgil*, from which Commentator he likewiſe gives the Reaſon. Notwithſtanding which Opinion, I queſtion whether the Vervain, mention'd in the laſt Notes, and Fillets, were not binding to the Hair. The Victim likewiſe wore the *Infulæ* or *Vittæ*; and as to the Feet, we ſee *Æn. L.* 4. that *Dido* is ſaid to ſacrifice with one Foot bare only.

I made to Trivia *three times thrice my Vow.*] *Diana*, who was uſually apply'd to in Diſeaſes, and frequently in Love. See *Theoc. Pharm.*

Oft have I ſtrove with Wine to drown my Cares.] This is in moſt of the Editions of *Tibullus* made the beginning of another Elegy, but I think without the leaſt Reaſon, [*To drown my Cares.*] Suitable to his Requeſt, at the beginning of the ſecond Elegy, where he calls for Wine to quiet his Grief; but

but now declares it ineffectual. Thus Hor. *Nunc vino pellite curas.*

Says I'm devoted.] A Practice not only among the Ancients, but in ſome Countries us'd even now, to interrupt the Rites of *Venus*, by Spells, *&c.* vid. *Apul. Celſus lib. de medicamin. herb. c.* 7. *Scal. Epiſt. & Ovid*, L. 3. Am. E. 7. where the diſappointed Miſtreſs upbraids him in the ſame manner.

Aut te trajectis Ææe venefica lanis
Devovet: aut alio laſſus amore venis.

So on reind Dolphins through the Azure Sea,
To mighty Peleus, Thetis *took her way.*

Thetis, Mother of *Achilles*, by *Peleus*. Vide *Ovid*, Met. L. 11. *& Val. Flaccus*, L. 1.

Hic inſpiratos Tyrrhenem tergore piſcis
Peleos in thalamos vehetur Thetis: æquora (delphin.
Corripit.

Rob Graves, and gnaw the Bones that Wolves have left.] It is doubtful among the Comentators what the Original ſhould be; ſome aſſerting it to be *Eſcas*, and ſome, particularly *Scaliger*, *Herbas*, who adds, that it is expreſſive of the Height of Miſery to feed upon Herbs gather'd from old Monuments. I take it the true Meaning is this; the *Romans* had private Feaſts upon the Death of their Friends, call'd the *Silicernia*, from *Silex & cæna*, Suppers upon a Stone; part of which

which they eat, and left the reſt upon the Tomb for the Ghoſts to feed on: It was common, when they would expreſs the extreme Poverty of any Perſon, to ſay, he got his Victuals from the Tomb; ſays Dr. *Baſ. Kennet*, and quotes this Place.

He'll cloſe your Arm, his cautious Hand diſplay,
And lead you ſafely through the crouded Way.

He artfully endeavours to diſwade his Miſtreſs from the Direction of the Bawd, by ſhowing her how dangerous it is to give Ear to her, ſince Gold is ſo powerful a Bait: That the only Advantage the rich Gallant brings, is his Wealth; whereas the real Lover, though in meaner Circumſtances, brings the more agreeable Qualifications of a ſincere Affection, an obliging Aſſiduity and Attendance; and even not only an intire Submiſſion to his Miſtreſs in all her Humours, but a ready Compliance and Aſſiſtance, to bring them to bear, even in the Caſe of a Rival. As to the Care and Attendance in the Croud: See a Parallel in *Ovid Am.* L. 3. E. 11.

Quando ego non fixus lateri ſpatiantis adhæſi,
Ipſe tuus cuſtos, ipſe vir, ipſe comes?

ELEGY VI.

HE complains of the Deceits of *Love*, and of his Miſtreſs's Treachery; adviſes her Husband to be more watchful over her, or to intruſt him with her; dwells upon the Praiſe of her Mother or Nurſe, charges her to inſtruct *Delia* in Rules of Conſtancy, and lays before her the Puniſhment due to Perfidy and Baſeneſs.

But who can credit her?] How is it reaſonable I ſhould believe her, when to my Knowledge ſhe has told the ſame Lyes to her Husband, to conceal her Intrigues with me, as ſhe now frames to blind me from perceiving her Plots with another? *Ovid* hints at this Incredulity. *Triſt.* L. 2.

Credere juranti durum putat eſſe Tibullus, &c.

Wretch that I was! I taught her to betray
Her Guardian's Truſt. ——

He in the following Lines hints at the Directions given her in *El.* 2. of this Book.

Next Preparations I of Herbs convey'd, &c.] Almoſt every one that has read the Claſſicks, has met with the Expreſſions in the following Verſe frequently; *Prop.* L. 4. E. 3. & E. 6. *Catullus Carm.* 65. *Hor.* and ſeveral other places. *Broukhus* has taken pains to ſum up from *Plin.* I think Ten or Eleven *Recipe*'s for this purpoſe.

Or on the Table with the ſcatter'd Wine.] A Cuſtom among the *Roman* Lovers to convey their Minds, by ſpilling Liquor upon the Table, and drawing it into Notes. Thus *Ovid* Am. L. 1. El. 4. tells his Miſtreſs at a publick Supper.

Verba ſupercilis ſine voce loquentia dicam:
Verba leges digitis, verba notata mero.

By Winks you'll quickly gueſs at my Deſign,
You'll read my Fingers, and a Note in Wine.

Although ſhe goes to the Good-Goddeſs *Fane.*] This Goddeſs, call'd by the *Romans*, *bona Dea*, had her Rites in ſuch Privacy, that only Women attended, though ſeveral times Men in Diſguiſe, committed in her Temple the vileſt Adulteries, thus: *Cic.* Orat. de Haruſp. Reſp. *Sacrificium violavit quod ſit incredibili ceremonia, ſit ei deæ, cujus ne nomen quidem viros ſcire fas eſt, quam iſte* (Clodius) *Bonam dicit, quod in tanto ſcelere ſibi ignoverit.* And again ſpeaking of him, *Hominemque eum qui pulvinaribus Bonæ Deæ ſtuprum intulerit, eaque ſacra, quæ viri oculis ne imprudentes quidem aſpici fas eſt, non ſolum aſpectu virili, ſed flagitio ſtuproque violarit.*

What ſerves it you to have a Wife ſo fair,
If ignorant to ſecure your precious Ware.

He here ſums up to the Husband all the Ways he heretofore himſelf preached to deceive him, that he might be the better prepar'd to prevent any other

other ſucceeding by the ſame Means, and endeavours to urge him, by all the Agravations poſſible, to be more watchful over her. See *Ovid Am.* L. 2. E. 19.

The duſty Pavement ſweeps with flowing Gown.] When that part of the *Roman* Gown which coming under the right Arm was drawn over the left Shoulder, and cover'd the *Umbo*, or *Knot of Plaights*, keeping it together; when that was looſe the Gown flow'd about the Wearer's Feet: This was reckon'd a Mark of Effeminacy among the *Romans*, and *Mæcenas*, who generally went ſo, was frequently blam'd upon that account, as was *Jul. Cæſar.*

'Tis fierce Bellona's *Will.*] He here makes uſe of the Name of *Bellona* by way of Terror; her Prieſts generally went about the City propheſying, and in a furious manner cutting their Fleſh with Knives and Daggers, of which *Lactan.* L. 1. C. 21. *Eandem Bellonam vocant in quibus ipſi ſacerdotes non alieno, ſed ſuo cruore ſacrificant: ſectis namque humeris, & utraque manu, diſtrictos gladios exerentes, currunt efferuntur, inſaniunt:* Not unlike the Euthuſiaſtick Extravagance of the Prieſts of *Baal*; 1 Book of *Kings*, 18 C. *and they cried aloud, and cut themſelves after their manner, with Knives and Lancers, 'till the Blood guſhed out upon them.*

Only inſtill chaſt Rules with conſtant Care,
Chaſt, tho' no Fillets bind her Hair,
Nor Virgin Stola *decorates the Fair.*

That is ſo far chaſt, as to admit of but one Favourite beſides her Husband. The *Roman* Maids and Matrons were diſtinguiſh'd by the Fillets and *Stola* from married Women. So *Ovid* in his *Art. Am.* L. 1.

Eſte procul vitæ tenues, inſigne pudoris;
Quæque tegis medios, inſtita longa, pedes,
Nos venerem tutam conſeſſaque furta canemus:
Inque meo nullum carmine crimen erit.

ELEGY VII.

IN this Elegy our Poet celebrates the Birth-Day of *Meſſala*, mentions his ſeveral Conqueſts —— in which himſelf had attended him; then by a curious Tranſition, deſcribes the *Nile*, and dwells upon the Praiſes of *Oſiris*, or *Bacchus*.

Where flowing Atur *wanders through the Lands.*] A River in *Aquitain*, now call'd *l'Ador*.

And thee Meſſala *bearing through the Show*
Freſh Victor Laurels on thy conqu'ring Brow.

Meſſala triumph'd for his Conqueſts in *Aquitain*. AV. DCCXXVI.

Garumna.] Now calld *Garonne*, a River of *Aquitain*, coming from the *Pyranæan* Mountains.

Where

Where Liger *wanders o'er* Carnutus' *Bounds.*] Now call'd the *Loire.*

The Time ſhall be when for Iſauria *won,*
Thou Cydnus *thou ſhalt grace my flowing Song.*
The *Cydnus* is a ſmall River in *Cilicia,* now *Caramania,* in the Leſſer *Aſia,* joining to *Iſauria:* The Waters are clear, being undiſturb'd with any other Currents, and were anciently reckon'd of Effect again the Gout.

How Taurus *in the Clouds his Forehead hides,*
And how Cilicians *Till his ſhaggy Sides.*
The *Taurus,* a vaſt continu'd Mountain, running through ſeveral Countries, and bounds *Cilicia* on the *North.*

The ſacred Dove through Palæſtina *flies.*] *Palæſtina,* a Province of *Syria,* now call'd the *Holy Land;* the *Syrians* never eat Doves nor Fiſh. Vid. *Hyginus,* Fab. 197.

Or how the Tyrians, *&c.*] The Invention of Navigation has been generally attributed to the *Phœnicians.* Vid. *Plin.* Epiſt. L. 5. C. 12. *Tyrus* was a City of *Phœnicia.*

The fertile Nile *in Summer Floods abounds.*] There has no Subject caus'd more Diſputes among the Naturaliſts than that of the over-flowing of the River *Nile* in *Ægypt:* They are too long to be here recounted, but may be found in *Seneca* Nat. Queſt. *Mela,* L. 1. C. 9. See Mr. *Sandys'*

The barb'rous Youth, their Apis *taught to moan,*
Shall honour thee, and their Oſiris *own.*

Apis, or *Oſiris*, or *Nile*, the Ox worſhip'd by the *Ægyptians*, which was ſuffer'd to live but a certain Number of Years, and then drown'd by the Prieſts; after which they made Lamentations, and proceeded to find another with the ſame Marks. Vid. *Macrob.* Sat. L. 1. C. 21. *Sandys* Travels, *&c.*

Oſiris *firſt to frame the Culture found.*] *Oſiris* is the ſame with *Bacchus*, according to *Auſonius*.

Ogygiæ me Bacchum vocant
Oſirim Ægyptus putat, &c.

The Invention of Agriculture is generally aſcrib'd to *Ceres*. See *Virgil* Georg. L. 1. *Ovid* Met. L. 5. *&c.* *Ceres* was the ſame as *Iſis*, the Wife and Siſter of *Oſiris*, according to *Diod. Sicul.* L. 1. Rer. Antiq.

Come to the Genius of this happy Day.] *Roſin* has ſumm'd ſeveral different Deſcriptions of theſe Pow'rs. The Genius, that is here mention'd, is the Power which the *Romans* imagin'd took care of a Man from the Hour of his Birth to his Death. They were ſometimes repreſented in the Form of Serpents, ſometimes like Boys, or Young Men, and ſometimes like Old; they were crown'd with Leaves of the

Plane-

Plane-Tree, and in ſeveral Coins of *Trajan* and *Adrian*, a Genius is repreſented with a *Patera*, or drinking Veſſel in his right Hand, ſtretch'd over an Altar adorn'd with Flow'rs, and in his other, a Whip hanging down. Vid. *Roſin* Ant. L. 2. C. 14. The Offerings made were generally the ſalted Meal, Swine, Flowers, Wine, and Frankinſenſe: As to the Firſt, Vid. *Calphurn*, Sicul. Ecl. 5. to the 2 and 3 *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 17. and *Perſ.* Sat. 6. of Frankinçenſe. See *Tibullus* on the Birth-Day of *Cherinthus* in his Fourth Book.

Of luſcious Honey, thy invented Store.] The Sacrifices to ſeveral Pow'rs were reckon'd moſt acceptable, if they offer'd the Fruits or Product of the particular Invention of ſuch Powers. Thus to *Ceres*, Corn, to *Pallas*, Olives; to *Oſiris*, or *Bacchus*, Spices, Wine; the *Libamen*, and here Honey; of which he was likewiſe the Inventor. See *Ovid Faſt.* Lib. 3.

The publick Way ſhall ſpeak thy great Deſigns.] There is nothing raiſes a higher Idea among Moderns of the Ancient *Roman* Greatneſs, than their publick Ways.——As the *Via Appia* reaching 305 Miles; the *Via Flaminia*, and others, deſcrib'd by moſt Modern Travellers; we may gueſs at the reſt, by what Dr. *Burnet*, the late Biſhop of *Salisbury*, has ſaid of the *Via Appia*; which as Dr. *Baſil Kennet* has done, I ſhall quote; he ſays 'tis twelve Foot broad, made of Blue Stone, generally a Foot and half large on all Sides; and obſerves, that tho' it has laſted above a thouſand and eight Years, yet in moſt places

'tis for ſeveral Miles as intire as when it was firſt made. Of this Sort was the Way here mention'd, ſtriking from the *Via Appia*, to the Left, at a ſmall Diſtance from *Rome*, and ſo over the *Tuſculan* Mountain, went between the Town of *Tuſculum*, and the *Albanian* Hills to *Alba Longa*, a City in *Latium*, built by *Aſcanius*: This Way was pav'd by *Meſſala*, and is mention'd by *Martial.* L. 8. Ep. 3.

Et cum rupta ſitu Meſſalæ ſaxa jacebunt.

ELEGY VIII.

IN this Elegy *Tibullus* adviſes *Pholoë* to be kind to his Friend *Marathus*, who lov'd her, and adviſes her not to refuſe the profer'd Kindneſs, ſince Age comes on a-pace, and that paſt Youth and Pleaſure is not to be retriev'd.

Charms can remove the Harveſt as it ſtands.] See Notes on El. 2.

Did not aſſiſting Cymbals interpoſe
And Braſs kept tink'ling with repeated Blows.
When the Moon was eclips'd the Ancients imagin'd ſhe ſtruggled with the Power of Witchcraft, and therefore made a Noiſe with beating Veſſels of Braſs and other Inſtruments, thinking thoſe Sounds reliev'd her. Alluding to this Cuſtom, *Ovid Metam.* L. 6. ſpeaks of the Bluſhes of *Hermaphroditus*.

Hic

Hic color aprica peridentibus arbore pomis,
Aut ebori tincto eſt, aut ſub candore rubenti,
Cum fruſtra reſonant æra auxiliaria, Lunæ.

A Red like this, the ripening Apple ſhows,
So with Vermilion dy'd, fair Iv'ry glows;
Fluſhes like theſe do ſtrug'ling *Cynthia* ſtain,
When aiding Braſs, and Cymbals ring in vain.

Mr. ADDISON.

And *Juv.* Sat 6. deſcribing a ſcolding Woman, ſays, that there was no need of that rat'ling Noiſe, for her Tongue was enough to eaſe the Labours of the Moon.

And give the Air a youthful Careleſſneſs.] Thoſe Arts we ſee endeavour'd after by every Woman who has out-liv'd her Charms: And *Horace* ſpeaking of his once ſcornful Miſtreſs, then grown Old, taxes her with the ſame.

Audivere Lyce, Dij mea vota, Dij
Audivere, Lyce ſis anus, & tamen
Vis formoſa videri, &c.

Lyce the Gods have bent their Ears,
Lyce the Gods have heard my Pray'r;
Your Charms are ſpoil'd by waſting Years,
Yet ſtill you'd have us think you fair, &c.

With

With the brown Tincture of the Walnut Juice.] The *Romans* made uſe of ſeveral Herbs and Juices to die their Hair. See *Plin.* L. 15. C. 12. *Earum, cortice tinguntur lanæ, & ruffatur capillus primum prodeuntibus nucleis.* & Ovid *Art. Am.* L. 3.

Fœmina canitiem Germanis inficit herbis;
Et melior vero quæritur arte color.

Women, with Juice of Herbs, grey Locks diſguiſe,
And Art gives Colour which with Nature vies.

Mr. CONGREVE.

Pholoë *truſt me.*] See *Hor.* L. 1. Od. 33.

This Marathus *once mock'd at Miſery.*] See *El.* 4. at the latter End.

ELEGY

ELEGY IX.

NOT for the Price of rich Campania's *Field.*] *Campania,* the moſt pleaſant and fertile Part of *Italy,* where *Pliny* ſays, *Bacchus* and *Ceres* ſtrove which ſhould outvie each other; it is now call'd *Terra di Lavoro*; the Cities it formerly had, were *Capua, Naples, Cuma. Puteola,* &c.

Nor all the fair Falernian *Vineyards yield.*] *Falarnus,* or as *Stephens* calls it, *Falerinus,* was part of *Campania,* noted for producing the beſt Wines in *Italy:* It was firſt call'd ſo from *Falernus* a Husbandman, who firſt cultivated Vines in that Part. Theſe Wines are frequently mention'd by the Poets. *Vid.* El. 1. of Book 2. And *Martial*'s Quarrel with the Vintner was for Adulterating thoſe Wines.

Shall hang an Off'ring in the publick View.] Of the Cuſtoms of hanging up Arms and Tablets among the *Romans, Turnebus* makes this Obſervation, *Qui artem aliquam deſinebant, ejus inſtrumenta diis ſuſpendebant; ſacrabant autem iis maxime, qui artes præſides haberentur.* Thus *Hor.* L. 1. E. 1.

——— *Vejanius armis*
Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;

Vejanius up to *Hercules* ſupends
His Arms, and a ſmall Country Farm attends.

Thus

Thus *Virgil* to *Pan*.

Hic arguta ſacra pendebit fiſtula pinæ,

Thus *Hor.* to *Venus*, L. 3. Od. 26.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine gloria:
Nunc arma, defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.

This Cuſtom the late Mr. *Row* has finely hinted at, in his Epilogue upon Mr. *Betterton*'s leaving the Stage.

In Peace and Eaſe, Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his Conſecrated Buskin * here.

* *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*

Tables they likewiſe hung up for Deliverances, as thoſe in *Iſis'* Temple after Shipwrack, or Sickneſs; and 'tis for recover'd Freedom *Tibullus* offers this.

ELEGY X.

THIS Elegy, in the Opinion of *Broukhus*, ſeem'd to have been written before that which is now plac'd the Third: It was going upon this Expedition with *Meſſala*, he here rails againſt Gold, the Occaſion of Wars, deſcribes the ancient Poverty attended with Quiet; the Satisfaction of a ſilent Country Life, and the Advantages attending Peace.

Who

Who was it firſt began the dangerous Trade,
To work the Sword, and whet the ſhining
Blade.

The Helmet, the Sword, and the Spear were invented by the *Lacedemonians*, according to *Plin.* C. 7. See *Polyd. Virg. de invent. rer.* L. 2. C. 11.

This Vice proceeds from greedy Thirſt of Gold.] *Auri ſacra fames quid non mortalia pectora cogis?* Says *Virgil*; and *Ovid* ſpeaking of the firſt Diſcovery of it, ſays, *Met.* L. 1.

Jamque nocens ferrum, ferroque nocentius aurum
Prodierat: prodit bellum quod pugnat utroque,
Sanguineaque manu crepetantia concutit arma.

Then curſed Steel, and more accurſed Gold,
Gave Miſchief Birth, and made that Miſchief bold;
And double Death did wretched Men invade,
By Steel aſſaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now (brandiſh'd Weapons glittering in their Hands)
Mankind is broken looſe from Moral Bands.

Mr. DRYDEN.

And Beechen Bowls on homely Tables ſtood.] Before Wealth was known, or Riches were amaſs'd

amaſs'd together; before Goblets were made of Gold, and unneceſſary Grandeur took place, there was nothing to fight for, or fear the Loſs of: Thus *Seneca*, *Herculis* in *Oeta*.

Pectore pauper ſecura gerit
Tenet è patula pocula fago;
Sed non trepeda tenet ille manu.

The Poor with an undaunted Soul,
Securely holds the Beechen Bowl;
Nor holds it with a trembling Hand.

And afterwards,

Aurea miſcet pocula ſanguis.

But you paternal Lares *ſtill be near.*] Of the *Lares* we have ſpoke in Notes on the firſt Elegy: He here very beautifully deſcribes the early Simplicity of the *Roman* Religion.

Rob'd in pure Veſtments to attend the Show.] *Servius* in his Notes on *Virg.* Æn. L. 4. ſays, that Veſtments us'd in Sacrifices were pure, which had never been defil'd upon any Funeral Occaſion, nor had any Pollution from a dead Body.

And Caniſters entwin'd with Myrtle bear.] *Broukhus* obſerves, that Myrtle was acceptable to the *Lares*, as it was to *Venus*, and quotes *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 23.

The

The Farmer warm'd with Wine when Rites are paid
In the thick Grove and conſecrated Shade.

That the Heathens had their Religious Rites in thick Woods and Groves every one knows; he here therefore deſcribes theſe Holy-days, as the gay Part of the Farmer's Life, when he and his Family made merry upon thoſe Occaſions, not much unlike our *Country Wakes*, and *Revels*, when Mirth was in its Hight, and the Scuffles of Love grew warm. See a beautiful Deſcription in *Virgil.* Æ. L. 11.

At non in Venerem ſegnes nocturnaque bella
Aut ubi curva Choros indixit Tibia Bacchi,
Expectare dapes & plena pocula menſæ.
Hic amor hoc ſtudium dum ſacra ſecundus haruſpex
Nuntiet, ac lucos vocet hoſtia pinguis in altos.

Then Love his Battles tries, and ſportive War.] Beautifully here deſcrib'd in Oppoſition to the Wars he had before rail'd againſt. *Vide* Notes at the End of the firſt Elegy.

But ſure that Man of Steel or Flint is made,
Who angry durſt with Blows the Fair invade.

A Practice ſo frequent among them, that even all the ſoft Tenderneſs of our Poet was ſcarce guard againſt his Anger; for in El. 6. of this Book, he threatens his Miſtreſs, though he's ſure to curſe his Hands for it afterwards, and no leſs a Lover of the Ladies and Gallantry, than *Ovid* had been guilty of rough Uſage this Way, as is ſeen by his Re-

Recantation to his Miſtreſs. *Am.* L. 1. E. 7. and in his *Art. Am.* L. 2.

But you kind Foſtering Peace, attend and bear
In thy fair Hand the Harveſt weighty Ears.

Boiſſard has given us the Picture of a Statue of Peace, as at *Rome*, holding in her Hand ſome Ears of Corn, with two Poppies, and two Apples. She is oftentimes repreſented likewiſe with a *Cornucopia*. Vide *Hor. Carm. Sæcul.*

THE

WORKS

OF

TIBULLUS.

BOOK II.

ELEGY I.

ILLUSTRATIONS we for
(Fields and Fruits prepare,
Rites handed down from an-
(cient Times that were.
Be ſilent all, O Vintage,
Pow'r divine!

Hither, with Cluſters from the Purple Vine:
Hither, O *Ceres*, to our Rites repair;
And bind with Wreaths of Corn thy radiant Hair.

ON this religious Day, and ſolemn Feaſt,
Reſt let the Ground, and let the Peaſant reſt;
No toilſome Plough, nor tireſome Labour Mind,
The Oxen from their weighty Yoaks unbind,
And let them at the heap'd up Rack be fed,
With each a Flow'ry Garland on his Head.
Let all to theſe religious Duties come,
And may no Spinſter ply the weaving Loom.
But hence, far from theſe Altars, far remove,
Vot'ries laſt Night to *Venus*, and to Love;
Far from theſe pure unſpotted Rites retire,
The Gods are pure, and Purity require;
Before the Pow'rs in ſpotleſs Garments ſtand,
And ſprinkle Water with unſullied Hand.
Obſerve the Victim Lamb his Footſteps bend
To flaming Altars, while the Crowd attend
In due Proceſſion, and unſpotted wear
A Wreath of Olive Boughs to bind their Hair.

Gods,

GODS, Patron Gods, we purge the Fields and Swains,
Drive all approaching Evils from our Plains.
Let no fallacious Weeds infeſt our Grain,
To make the Peaſant's Hopes and Labours vain.
Secure the Lamb, although his Pace be ſlow,
From prowling Wolves the ſwifter-footed Foe:
Then the glad Peaſant, with delighted Eyes,
Shall ſee his cloſe-ſtow'd Barns and Granaries;
Then ſhall he make the riſing Flames aſpire,
And heap large Logs upon his glowing Fire;
While all the Houſhold with their ſportive Play,
Shall to the *Lares* celebrate the Day,
And artfully before their Hearthy Shrine.
Shall ſlender Twigs in little Hovels twine.
May this ſucceed; ſee in glad Bowls they bear
The Intrails; ſee, the Gods accept our Pray'r.

Now bring me Old *Falernian* Wine to raiſe
My Mirth, Wine ſeal'd in ancient Conſuls Days;
Pierce me a Cask full with the Chion Store,
On ſuch a Day the Wine profuſely pour.
'Tis barb'rous not to drink on ſuch a Day,
Till ſtaggering Feet can ill direct their Way;
But let each Man *Meſſala*'s Health commend,
And name to every Glaſs my abſent Friend;
Noble by Birth, with growing Honours fill'd
By *Gallick* Triumphs, and the vanquiſh'd Field;
This Verſe with Favour hear, thoſe Thanks which riſe
From Country Swains to rural Deities.

I ſing the Country, and the *Sylvan* reign,
When fav'ring Gods did ſpreading Oaks ordain
To ſhake the Acorns down for Humane Good,
To drive off Hunger with a wholſome Food.

First taught by them, their lowly Bow'rs they made
Of winding Willows, with a Leavy Shade;
They taught to tame the Oxen by their Skill,
And ease the heavy Wain with whirling Wheel.

THEN savage Food they left, then Apples spread,
And wat'ry Streams were round the Gardens led;
Then Golden Cluſters the glad Vines produce,
By treading Feet th' expreſt the luſcious Juice,
Then Water mix'd with Wine began its Uſe.
Fields Corn produce, when *Syrius* Star appears,
And Annual Harveſts wave their Yellow Ears.
In Country Gardens the laborious Bee
Selects the Sweets of Flowers with Induſt'ry;
Rifles the Spring, and ſucks the od'rous Bloom,
To ſtock with luſcious Food his waxen Comb.
The Farmer tir'd with ploughing up the Plains,
Gives a ſmall Reſpite to his Toils and Pains,
And joyous roars out rude, unpoliſh'd Rhimes,
With artleſs Meaſures, and repeated Chimes:

Before the Gods with Garlands dreſs'd his Skill,
He tries and fills with Notes the rural Quill.
The Country Farmer painted o'er with Red,
To *Bacchus* firſt the artleſs *Chorus* lead;
And for Reward had from the numerous Stock
The Leader-Goat: A Goat then lead the Flock.
Here firſt Spring-Flowers the Youth in Chaplets (bound,
And with ſoft Wreaths the ancient *Lares* crown'd.
In Country Fields the Sheep their Fleeces bear
The Wooll, the tender Girl's peculiar Care.
The Diſtaff fill'd with this, employs the Maid,
While o'er her Thumb ſhe twirls the twiſted (Thread:
And as th' induſtrious Spinſter ſings a Song,
The whirling Reel keeps Meaſure with her Tongue.
Cupid was born in Country Fields and Meads,
Where the wild Mare with untam'd Fury treads;
There exercis'd with uninſtructed Bow,
But, ah! how skill'd! and how experienc'd now!

Nor Shoots at random Flocks, and Beaſts, as then,
But fixes Maids, and tames audacious Men.
He makes the Young Man ſlight the tempting Gold,
And low-priz'd Riches, he commands the Old.—
Humbly a Woman's haughty Pride to bear,
And ſpeak mean Soothings to appeaſe the Fair;
Led on by him, the Girl her Plot conceals,
And to th' expecting Youth at Midnight ſteals.
The doubtful Path her tim'rous Feet eſſay,
And with her Hand ſh' explores the dusky Way.
Wretched are they whom Love with fierce Deſires,
Inflames and ſcorches with enraging Fires.
But bleſt the Man to whom he gently brings
Calm Love, with waving Plumes and downy Wings.
O! ſacred Power the Feaſts which we provide
Attend, but lay thy dang'rous Shafts aſide;
Diſmiſs from Uſe thy ill-deſigning Bow,
And far, O! far, thy flaming Torches throw.

AND you, O celebrate the God with Pray'r,
And call him loud to mind your Fleecy Care,
But to your ſelf ſo low that none may hear:
Or you may venture to invoke aloud,
None can diſtinguiſh Pray'rs which in the Crowd
Are by the laughing Sports and Shoutings drown'd,
And by th' inflated Pipes promiſcuous ſound.

SPORT on, for coming Night as Day declines,
Her ſable Courſers to her Chariot joins,
Whilſt all the ſtarry ſhining Train advance,
And round their Mother's Wheels in *Chorus* dance;
Then follows ſilent Sleep, with dusky Wings
Involv'd, and fleeting Midnight Viſions brings.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

YOU that attend with fav'ring Silence hear,
See at the Altar votive Gifts appear.
Burn pious Incenſe, burn the rich Perfumes,
Which from the ſoft *Arabian*'s Country comes.
May the kind *Genius* be in Preſence here:
To view the ſacred Rites, and Honours ſhare;
Wearing ſoft flow'ry Chaplets 'round his Head,
Let Ointments from his Locks their Odours ſhed:
Offer up plenteous Cates before his Shrine,
And pour Libations out of Purple Wine.
May he propitious be to your Deſire,
Grant all your Vows, and give what you require.
Ask briskly, Man, why do you make this ſtay?
The *Genius* hears, then why this long Delay?
I gueſs your Wiſh, 'tis that your Wife may prove
A chaſt Preſerver of unalter'd Love,
The Gods beforehand knew the Wiſh you move.

This

This you prefer to all the wealthy Soil
That lab'ring Peaſants turn with reſtleſs Toil:
Rather than this you'd all the Gems refuſe
Which Eaſtern Sands and happy Seas produce;
Where firſt *Aurora* does the *Eaſt* ſurvey,
And ſpreads her Morning Bluſhes o'er the Sea,
Alas, your Prayers are ſlighted by the Sky,
Oh! how I wiſh that Love would hither fly;
Spread out his Plumes, and with a flutt'ring Wing,
The Marriage Chains, and Golden *Caeſtus* bring;
Chains which for ever bind and ne'er decay
When Age deforms and ſpread his feeble Gray,
May this auſpicious Day for ever be
Attended with the happieſt Augury,
May *Juno* bleſs thee in thy Marriage Joys,
And give a ſmiling Race of prat'ling Boys.

ELEGY

ELEGY III.

DEAR Friend, my Miſtreſs at her Country (Seat
Enjoys the Hamlets, and the cool Retreat;
Who that has common Tenderneſs can ſtay
In the dull lonely Town when ſhe's away.
Venus, to taſte the Joys the Country yields,
Sports in the ſmiling Meads, and laughing Fields:
Ev'n Love himſelf about the Meadows plays,
Forgets his own, and learns the ruſtick Phraſe.

AH me! How would I with a willing Hand
Direct the Hoe, and turn the reſtiff Land!
Urge on the crooked Plow, and laſh the Teams,
Nor fear the ſcorching Heat, and ſult'ry Beams;
Bear all the Hardſhips of the rural Trade,
So I might there enjoy the lovely Maid.

THUS Great *Apollo* ever young and fair,
Unbent himſelf to tend *Admetus'* Care:
Vain was his Vocal Shell to eaſe his Grief,
Nor could his flowing Hair afford Relief,
Nor healing Herbs could ſooth the ſmarting Pain,
When Love's the Cauſe, the med'c'nal Pow'rs are (vain.
His Siſter from her wheeling Orb of Light
Look'd down, and often bluſh'd to ſee the Sight;
When lonely thro' the dusky Fields he'd rome,
Wet with the Dew, to drive the Cattle Home,
Oft in the lowly Vale and watry Ground
He ſung, the hanging Hills return the Sound;
While lowing Oxen interrupt the Song,
And drown the heavenly Accents of his Tongue,
Oft Princes came, and all th' enquiring Train,
Trembling at future Fears to ſeek his Fame:
In vain they ask, and offer Rites Divine,
A ſolitary Silence fills the Shrine.

With

With Grief *Latona* ſaw her Off-ſpring's Head,
With Hair enſnarl'd, and matted Treſſes ſpread.
Thoſe heavenly Curls, which round his Shoulders (flew,
And ev'n from *Juno* claim'd their Praiſes due,
His uncomb'd Head, and tangl'd Locks, who e'er
Had ſeen, no more would wiſh *Apollo*'s Hair.
Where, *Phœbus!* where are all thy Honours flown
Of *Delos*, and of *Delphick Pytho*'s Town?
For Love commands thee to a leſs Abode,
And in a lowly Hut confines the God.

BLESS'D Times when Gods did *Venus* Laws (adore,
And own'd in Publick her ſuperiour Power.
'Tis now a Jeſt, a Jeſt let me too prove,
Rather than be a God, and not to love.

BUT you whom Love ſurveys with angry Eye
Attend his Wars, and pitch your Tent with me.

This

The Dyes ſhall ſtruggle on her Veſtments ſpread,
And *Africk's* Violet ſtrive with *Tyrian* Red.
'Tis Truth I ſpake, ſhe ſhould a Kingdom ſway,
And Crouds of fetter'd Servants ſhould obey.

BUT you, O Harveſt, which detains my Dear,
May the unfertile Earth for Plenty bear
The ſmall Produce of an ungrateful Year.
And you kind Foſt'rer of the Vineyard Store,
Soft *Bacchus* fill thy much-lov'd Vatt no more.
'Tis wrong the Fair ſhould lie in Fields obſcure,
Joys leſs than them even thy own Wines procure.
Periſh the Fruit, and fade the rural Field,
Rather than beauteous Maids be there conceal'd.
Let Maſt, as once it did, ſupply the Board,
And Springs, as once, a Native Drink afford.
Of Old our Fathers fed on Maſt alone;
Then Love was common, nor was Envy known.
They always lov'd, they'd nothing elſe to do,
Nor Corn had they to reap, nor Fields to plough.

But

But *Venus* fav'ring thoſe intent on Love,
Led to the ſhady Vale, and ſilent Grove.
No Dog was then to fright with op'ning Roar;
No faſten'd Portal, nor obſtructing Door.
How happy wou'd it be ſhould Fates ordain
Thoſe quiet Days, and pleaſing Rules again!

OH! periſh all the Forms of ſtudy'd Dreſs
Of Woman's Pride, and poliſh'd Artfulneſs.
Would that as in the former Times each Maid
Was meanly dreſs'd, and careleſly array'd;
Since *Nemeſis* lies hid in Privacy,
Since very rarely I, the Maid can ſee.
Wretch! that I am, what ſerves it me to wear
A gay Attire, or ſhow a courtly Air?

BRING me where I may *Nemeſis* obey,
Where I may ſee her, and allow her Sway:
I'll plough the Land, ſo I may view the Maid,
Nor ſcorn the Hardſhips of the rural Trade.

ELEGY IV.

I Have my Miſtreſs, and my Chains in view,
My Native much-lov'd Liberty adieu.
To me a cruel Servitude's aſſign'd,
In Gives conſtrain'd, in heavy Chains confin'd;
Fetters, with cruel *Love*, will ne'er unbind:
And whether I deſerve the fatal Ill,
If culpable, or no, *Love* rages ſtill.

I burn, I burn, Oh! far thy Eyes remove,
Too cruel Maid, the Torches of my Love;
Oh! that uncapable of Griefs like theſe,
Or that Inſenſibility were Eaſe.
Ah! how much rather on ſome Mountain's Brow
I'd ſtand a Stone o'erſpread with Drifts of Snow.
Or that a Rock expos'd to Storms I ſtood
Laſh'd by the Waves, and by th' outragious Flood:
Now bitter is the Day, bitter the Light,
More bitter ſtill the lonely Shades of Night.

O'er every Hour is Bitterneſs diffus'd,
In every Cup is bitter Gall infus'd;
Nor Elegies avail with moving Vein,
Nor *Phœbus*, Author of the Vocal Strain;
For only Gifts can pleaſe the greedy Maid,
I muſt to Preſents have recourſe for Aid:
Hence then ye Muſes, and the Vocal Train,
If helpleſs you to eaſe a Lover's Pain.
I not invoke you to inſpire my Lays,
To ſing of Wars, or ſound the Warrior's Praiſe;
Nor trace the radiant Circuit of the Sun,
Nor mark when he his wheeling Courſe has done,
The oblique Journey of the ſilent Moon.
All the Advantage I by Verſe would find,
Is but Acceſs to find my Miſtreſs kind:
If uſeleſs you a boon like this to gain;
Begone, ye Muſes, hence, your Powers are vain.

BUT I by Blood or Rob'ry muſt prepare
Diſhoneſt Preſents to oblige the Fair;

That I no more may ſtretch'd, and weeping wait
A proſtrate Suppliant at th' obdurate Gate;
Or I muſt ſteal the Gods ſuſpended Signs,
Their Altars rob, and pilfer from their Shrines;
But moſt from *Venus'* ſacred Trophies tear,
She of the Rapine claims the largeſt Share.
'Tis ſhe compells me to the wicked Deed,
Twas ſhe, the mercenary Maid decreed.

OH! may the Wretch eternally be curſt
Who dug for Gems, and found green Em'ralds (firſt.
Who fram'd the glowing Robe for Woman's Pride,
And ſnowy Wool in *Tyrian* Purple dy'd:
He gave the greedy Mind, the maid he dreſs'd
In the thin Texture of the Cöan Veſt.
The Pearl with lucid Orb the ſhining Stores,
He cull'd from ruddy Seas, and ſhelly Shores.
Hence Ills aroſe, then Doors firſt knew the Key,
And Dogs began to guard the faſten'd Way.

But bring your Price, come with a Gift prepar'd,
And you may quickly influence the Guard.
The Key no more forbids the op'ning Door,
And ev'n th' obliging Dog will bark no more.

AH! whoſoever unthinkingly confin'd,
A heavenly Body, and an earthly Mind,
He with one Good a many Ills conjoin'd.
Hence Chiding firſt began, and Tears, and Blame,
And Love from this receiv'd an evil Name.

BUT you who aw'd by Intereſt, ſway'd by Gain,
Reject the faithful Vot'ries of your Train;
May greedy Flames, the curſed Wealth devour,
Made fiercer by the Wind's provoking Power;
While Youths behold the Sight in ſportive Game,
Smile at the ſpreading Smoke and riſing Flame;
Nor one officious to oppoſe the Rage
Shall Water throw its Fury to aſſwage:

Or ſeiz'd by Death, may not one Friend appear
To cloſe thy Eyes, or weep behind thy Bier;
Nor on thy Pile be one ſmall Preſent laid
To 'nrich thy Aſhes, or oblige thy Shade.

BUT the kind lovely Maid, whoſe gen'rous Soul
No Wealth can ſtain, or ſordid Bribes controul;
Although a hundred rolling Years are o're
When Age deforms, and Beauty fires no more:
Yet Crowds ſhall come to view her Obſequies,
And cloſe the flaming Pile with weeping Eyes.

AND ſome old Man, whoſe Youth had felt her Charms,
Who had been often happy in her Arms,
Shall with a grateful gen'rous Ardour come,
And hang his annual Garland on her Tomb,
With throbbing Heart, and as he comes away,
With Sighs and longing Eyes reverted ſay;

Oh! ſilent may'ſt thou ſleep in pleaſing Reſt,
And the light Turf lay eaſie on thy Breaſt.

'TIS Truth, but Truth, alas, affords no Aid,
For arbitrary Love will be obey'd.
Let *Nemeſis* deſire, at her Command,
I'd ſell my Seat and old paternal Land;
Nay, let her all the pois'nous Simples brew,
That ever *Circe* or *Medea* knew:
Cull all the Drugs around the pontick Shore,
And deadlier Poiſons in the Mixture pour.
Let her but with a Smile preſent the Cup,
And willingly I'll quaff the Potion up.

ELEGY V.

PHŒBUS, within thy aweful Fane is (plac'd
A Prieſt with holy Robes and Titles grac'd.
Propitious God! thy Lyre and Verſes bring,
And with thy Finger ſtrike the Vocal String:

And may your heavenly Song, and charming Lays,
Incline with mine to ſwell th' intended Praiſe:
While we with pious Toil before thy Shrine,
Thy Altars heap, and offer Rites Divine;
Do thou accept the Off'ring, and be there,
Confeſs'd with Laurel foliage round thy Hair:
But with illuſtrious Pride attend the Show,
And looſly let thy graceful Veſtments flow;
Array'd as when old *Saturn* fled above,
You ſang the Victor God, the pow'rful *Jove*.

WITH piercing View you ſee the Years to come,
And tell in preſent Anſwers future Doom.
The Augur taught by thee with artful Care,
Knows what the diff'rent Flight of Birds declare.
Thou know'ſt the more exalted Fates of Kings,
Then when th' Auruſpex reaking Entrails brings:
He through thy Aid can in the Charger ſee
Surprizing Fates, and ſtrange Events to be.

To *Sybill* you unveil'd the future Days,
Who ſung Preſages dark in uncouth Lays.
The wiſe prophetick Dame yet never fail'd,
But if ſhe promis'd Pow'r, the *Romans* ſtill pre-
(vail'd.
O! teach thy Prieſt long Volumes to revolve,
And ſacred, tho' ſurprizing Doubts reſolve.
Unveil'd the dark myſterious Truth conceal'd,
And be what ſeems obſcure, by thee reveal'd.

THE future Fate ſhe of *Æneas* told,
And did important Truths to come unfold:
After he, on his Back, ſuſtain'd a Weight
Father and Lares, a religious Freight;
Diſclos'd a mighty Empire fix'd by Fate,
And all the Glories of the *Roman* State,
When ſhe ſaw blazing *Iliums* Light aſpire,
Her Glorys, Fanes, and Gods conſum'd with Fire.

She told a glorious Empire yet to come,
E'er *Romulus* deſign'd eternal *Rome*,
Or Walls the Cauſe of *Rhemus'* fatal Doom:
For then the lowing Herd on Herbage graz'd,
Where now ſtupendious Palaces were rais'd;
And where *Jove's* Temple ſhoots its riſing Tow'rs,
Hovels were rear'd, and Shepherds lowly Bow'rs.
There *Pan* beneath a Tree his ſhady Shrine,
Poſſeſs'd, with ſprinkled Milk and Rites divine:
And Fram'd of Wood, the Goddeſs of the Field,
In her right Hand a homely Cyckle held:
There on ſome ſhady Tree's extended Boughs,
Hung warbling Pipes, the Signs of offer'd Vows.
By ſtraying Shepherds hung Reads with Decreaſe,
With Wax conjoin'd, and gradually leſs.
And where *Velabria* ſpreads his wat'ry Store,
A little Wherry ſwam with ſilent Oar.
O'er this (deſign'd the Farmer's Wife) the Maid
Was on ſome ſolemn Holy-Day convey'd,

And brought back Preſents of the Country Cheeſe,
Or elſe a ſporting Lamb with ſnowy Fleece.

BROTHER of winged Love, *Æneas* hail,
Who with thy Gods directs the flying Sail.
See *Jove* aſſigns thee *Laurentines* Abodes,
And calls to Hoſpitable Fields thy Gods.
The *Trojan* then with Wonder fill'd ſhall ſay
'Twas not in vain he came ſo long a Way;
There ſacred Thou, by Old *Numicus'* Floods,
Shalt from a Heroe mingle with the Gods.
See as thy tir'd Fleet inclines to Shore,
Victoria flies, and haughty now no more,
Sits on thy Sails, and ſtoops to *Trojan* Power.
I ſee, I ſee *Rutilian* Fires alight,
The horrid Camp now ſhines before my Sight:
And thee proud *Turnus* with a Soul elate,
I ſee thy ſpeedy Death, and dangerous Fate.
Laurentum's Camp I view before my Eyes,
I ſee *Lavinum's* Walls attempt the Skies,
And *Alba Longa* lofty Tow'rs ariſe.

The

Thee *Ilia* next I ſee, as from afar,
Deſtin'd to pleaſe the mighty Pow'r of War.
I ſee thee leave the Fires and hallow'd Place,
Now view the private Theft and cloſe Embrace,
Thy purple Fillets flying looſe abroad,
And on the Banks the ſcatter'd Trophies ſtrow'd,
And cumb'rous Weapons of the eager God.
Now while you may, ye Oxen, graze your fill,
And crop the Graſs from every riſing Hill:
For on theſe Hills, and on this quiet Green,
E're long a mighty City ſhall be ſeen.
Rome, aweful Name, deſign'd from mighty ſway,
Fatal to Nations, deſtin'd to obey:
Where e'er from Heaven bright *Ceres* views her Ground,
And ſpicy Fields, with yellow Harveſts crown'd:
Where firſt the Morning Sun the *Eaſt* ſurveys,
And where declining to the *Weſtern* Seas;
He wheels his Chariot ſwiftly down, and laves
His neighing Horſes in the beating Waves.

Pro-

Prophetick Truths I ſing, ſo ſafely may,
I eat the Laurel Leaves I firſt diſplay,
And may my Virgin Honour ne'er decay.

THUS ſang the Maid, and call'd thee *Phœbus* near,
She giddy writh'd her Neck, and wildly toſs'd her Hair;
What e'er *Amalthea*, what *Marpeſſia* ſaid,
Herophile, *Apollo*'s fav'rite Maid:
Or what the fam'd *Albuna* underſtood,
Who lay conceal'd beſide Old *Tybur*'s Flood.

THESE ſang of Comets blazing in the Air,
The dire Portents of an impending War.
And how the rough Artillery of the Sky,
Huge ponderous Stones came rattling from on high.
In Clouds they heard the Arrow's whizzing Noiſe,
And the loud ſounding Trumpet's brazen Voice.

In

In ſacred Groves ſtrange Noiſe the Ear invades,
And Fates were told from Woods and gloomy (Shades.
The Sun deficient view the dusky Day,
And his pale Steed reflect a dying Ray.
Warm Tears down the Gods Marble Statues roll'd,
And Vocal Oxen coming Fates foretold.

WITH theſe Portents the former Times were (ſcar'd,
But *Phœbus* kindly better Fates award:
Theſe Prodegies avert and turn away,
Imers'd beneath the Surges of the Sea.
May crackling Laurel in the Flame declare,
The *Omen* of a ſacred happy Year.
The Laurel gives the Sign, rejoice thou Swain,
Ceres will ſwell the Field with kindly Grain;
Now ſtain'd with Muſt, the Clown ſhall Cluſters (tread,
And cheerfully the pleaſing Labour ſpeed.

The Shepherd then inſpir'd with generous Wine,
Shall keep *Palilian* Feaſts and Rites Divine,
Then, O ye Wolves, deſiſt to tear the Kine.
He warm'd with Wine, ſhall light up Straw in (Heaps,
And thrice ſurround the Fire with ſporting Leaps.
The Wife ſhall then her num'rous Off-ſpring ſee,
And Infants play around their Father's Knee:
The Grandſire's Care ſhall be to tend the Child,
And the old Woman liſp out Soothings mild.
Then ſhall the ſacred rural Rites be paid
By Country Youth, with careleſs Limbs diſplay'd
On riſing Graſs, beneath ſome ſpreading Shade;
Or elſe with their united Garments ſpread,
They'll form a cooling Umbrage over Head,
Deck'd with ſoft Flow'rs, in Bandage hanging (down,
With glowing Flow'rs, the brimming Goblets (crown.
Soft Graſs-turfs on the verdant Altars lay,
And on the Seats the eaſy Turf diſplay.

Here

Here warm'd with Wine, and with o'er burden'd Head,
The Youth ſhall inſolently ſcoff the Maid,
Yet ſober, wiſh th' opprobrious Words unſaid.
When he reflects, himſelf he'll often blame,
And ſwear his Words and Thoughts were not the ſame.

O *Phœbus*, neither ſuffer Shafts nor Bow,
Let Love unarm'd around the Meadows go.
Shooting was firſt an advantagious Art,
Till *Cupid* ſtretch'd the Bow, and us'd the Dart.
Alas, the Time he ever knew the Skill,
Knowledge, productive of a world of Ill,
And moſt to me who by his Arrow's ſlain,
Indulge my Illneſs, while I love the Pain.
I ſcarcely now of *Nemeſis* can ſing,
Without whoſe Name I can no Meaſure bring.
But you, my Dear, your ſacred Poet ſpare,
For Poets are the Gods peculiar Care,
Then I of *Meſſalinus*, great in War,
Shall ſing, and Nations ſhown before his Car;

And

And pleas'd ſhall with the glad Spectators ſtand,
Waving the Laurel Branches in my Hand:
My ſelf a Soldier too with Laurel crown'd,
Shall ſhout glad Io' triumph all around;
Then my *Meſſala*, as the Show goes on,
The glorious Father of ſo great a Son,
Shall view the Sight with a rejoicing Eye,
And praiſe the Victor as he paſſes by.

O! *Phœbus*, hear the Pray'rs I now prefer,
So may you ever wave your flowing Hair;
So ever may your Siſter's ſpotleſs Fame
Preſerve the Luſtre of a Virgin Name.

ELEGY VI.

MACER intends the Camp, and ſeeks (the Foe,
What then, alas, will ſoftet *Cupid* do.
Shall he attend to join the Warrior Trade,
And welm the Helmet o'er his little Head?

Shall ſteely Jav'lins gall his tender Hands,
And ſhall he follow thee o'er Seas and Lands?
No, rather, O my Boy, thy Torch apply,
And Fire the Wretch who dares thy Service fly;
Who dares with haughty Inſolence diſdain
Thy pleaſing Leiſure, and thy eaſie Reign:
Bring back the bold Deſerter from afar,
Beneath thy Banners, and thy ſofter War.
If Soldiers you indulge, then I'll be one,
Tho' low in Place, inglorious and unknown.
Come on, to Wars, fair *Venus* now adieu,
And all ye beauteous Maids, farewel to you:
I've Strength and Vigour, am eſtrang'd to fear,
And ſounding Trumpets moſt delight my Ear.
How boaſting are my Words! and how elate!
Yet let my Miſtreſs but confine the Gate,
My Thoughts all ſink at the oppoſing Door,
And this affected Courage is no more.
How oft have my Reſentments made me ſwear
No more to ſeek the Threſhold of the Fair:

Yet ſpite of all I ſwear, of all I ſay,
My treach'rous Feet again explore the Way.
O! Love, I wiſh thy Arrows broken now,
Extinct thy Torches, and unſtrung thy Bow:
You Fire me, you occaſion my Deſpair,
Provok'd by you, I rave, and impious ſwear;
Mad in my Rage, impatient of my Wrong,
You force thoſe Imprecations from my Tongue.

DEATH long ago had giv'n my Grief allay,
But flatt'ring Hope ſtill urges on Delay,
And ſays to Morrow'll bring a better Day.
Hope chears the Peaſant, when he turns the Soil,
And bids him hope a Harveſt from his Toil.
Hope bids the toilſome Fowler Springes lay,
And without fail expect the wiſh'd-for Prey.
The patient Angler ſtretching out his Reed,
Silent and watchful hopes the Finny Breed.
The Slave in hopes of Liberty remains,
His Songs keep Meaſure with his ratt'ling Chains.

Hope flatters me that *Nemeſis* is mine,
Yet ſtill the Maid does all my Suit decline:
Ah! ceaſe, too cruel Maid, this high Diſdain,
Nor let the Goddeſs give her Word in vain.
Spare, cruel Fair-one; I conjure you, ſpare,
If e'er thy Siſter's Memory was dear;
By her cold Aſhes Pride to Pity turn,
So may the Earth lay light upon her Urn.
I reverence her as ſacred to her Tomb,
Loaded with Gifts and flow'ry Wreaths I'll come;
Upon her Grave the blooming Chaplets rear,
And every Flow'r make Dewy with a Tear.
Diſtracted to her Tomb I'll fly alone,
There ſit a penſive Suppliant near the Stone,
And tell the ſilent *Manes* all my Moan.
She will not let her Client thus complain,
Nor for thy ſake expreſs his Grief in vain:
That you would fav'ring to your Votary be,
Was her Requeſt, and that I urge to thee.

Be-

Beware leſt angry the neglected Shade,
With frightful Dreams thy Midnight Hours invade;
Leſt thy pale Siſter, to thy troubled Sight,
Appear before thy Bed in ſilent Night;
In their ſame direful Form, as when of late,
She from the Window fell by hapleſs Fate;
There found her Death, and all diſtain'd with Blood,
Went to the lower Realms and *Stygian* Flood.
I wou'd not ſtrive to wake your buried Cares,
Had I the Pow'r, I then had ſav'd your Tears:
Nor is it fit that Sorrow's ſad Diſguiſe,
And falling Tears ſhould ſwell thoſe ſpeaking Eyes.
I ceaſe to urge thy Grief, nor further go,
Thou'rt kind, my Dear, but *Phryne* is my Foe;
That mercenary Jade denies Acceſs
To me, yet others ſecret Meſſages.
She in her Boſom bears with private Care,
And carries Anſwers from my heedleſs Fair;
Oft when before th' obdurate Gate I walk,
And hear the Muſick of my fair One's Talk:

I rap, and ſtrait this ſhameleſs Jade will come,
And bear me down, her Miſtreſs is from Home.
Oft times when we appoint the happy Night,
And I impatient wait the dear Delight.
She that She's Sick will oftentimes perſwade,
Or ſcare with trifling Fears my tim'rous Maid;
Then how I die with anxious Fancy toſt,
I ſtrait imagine that the Fair is loſt;
Or think who now enjoins the treach'rous Maid,
And Image how the fatal Theft is paid.
Then how I curſe thee thou procuring Whore,
And wiſh the Furies had thee in their Pow'r:
In Mis'ry may thy wretched Life be ſpent,
And may the Gods, to what I wiſh, aſſent.

NOTES

ON THE

SECOND BOOK.

ELEGY I.

IN this Elegy TIBULLUS curiouſly deſcribes the religious Rites of the *Ambervale*; and after invoking *Meſſala*'s Favours, gives a beautiful Landskape of the Country; and by a fine Tranſition, hints at the Power and Evils of Love.

Luſtrations we for Fields and Fruits prepare.] The *Ambervale* was ſo call'd, ſays *Servius* in his Notes on *Virgil*, from the Victim's walking round the Field. This *Virgil* hints at *Ecl.*

Hæc tibi ſemper erunt, & cum ſolemnia vota
Reddemus Nymphis, & cum luſtrabimus agros.

Where *Luſtrare* ſignifies *Circuire*, ſays *Roſin.* They led the Victim three times round the Field, all the Crowd of *Villiager's* following; of which one wearing a Chaplet of Oak Leaves, in a ſolemn Dance, ſung the Praiſes of *Ceres*; and afterwards making a Libation with Wine and Milk, they ſlew the Victim, which was either a Swine, a Lamb, or a Bull, whence theſe Sacrifices were *Suovetaurilia.* Vid. *Roſin.* L. 4. there is a full Deſcription of this Ceremony in *Virgil. Geor.* L. 1.

With each a flow'ry Garland on his Head.] It was uſual, at the Time of theſe Sacrifices, to dreſs the Cattle with Garlands who were to have Reſpite from Labour. Vid. *Ovid Faſt.* L. 1. V. 663. & L. 6. v. 311. And in the Feaſt of *Diana* — *Statius Silv.* L. 3. crowns the Hounds in the ſame manner. Vide *Turnebus Adverſar.* L. 2. C. 26.

Shall ſlender Twigs in little Hovels twine.] Before the Shrines of the Lares, they made little Honſes; a Boyiſh Play, like our Children building with Cards, and making Caſtles of Clay. This *Hor.* alludes to.

Ædificare caſas, ploſtello adjungere mures.

——*See in glad Bowls they bear*
The Entrails; ſee, the Gods accept our Pray'r.]
After the Beaſt was cut up, the *Haruſpices* inſpected the Entrails; and from the Obſervation made, judg'd of fortunate or unhappy Events: The Parts they moſt conſulted were, the Liver, the Lights, the Milt, the Heart, the Bowels, the Kidneys; as to the Firſt, a double Liver was reckon'd an ill View: This happen'd immediately before the Death of *Marcellus*. Vid. *Val. Max.* L. 1. C. 6. but if it ſeem'd large and ſwell'd, and of a florrid Colour, it was reckon'd a favourable one: Thence they proceeded to inſpect the Heart; if it beat much, or leap'd, or was lean, or ſmall, it was a dangerous Sign; but if it was intirely wanting, nothing could be a worſe *Omen*; this happen'd in two Oxen together, which *Julius Cæſar* ſacrific'd a little before his Murder. *Vid. Cic. de Divin.* L. 1. *Val. Max.* L. 1. C. 6. And in one offer'd by *Pertinax* the Emperor, a little before his Death, the Liver and Heart were both wanting. Afterwards they proceeded to the Lights, the Milt, the Gall, and the Bowels, and from them drew their different Conjectures.

Now bring me Old Falernian *Wine to raiſe*
My Mirth, Wine ſeal'd in ancient Conſul's Days.]
Of the *Farlenian* Wine, mention was made in Notes on El. 9. of Book 1. they counted the Age of their Wine from ſome particular Conſulages. Thus *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 21.

Parcis

Parcis deripere horreo
Ceſſantem Bibuli Conſulis amphoram.

Et L. 3. Od. 8.

Hic dies anno redeunte feſtus
Corticem adſtrictum pice admovebit
Amphoræ fumum bibere inſtitutæ
Conſule Tullo.

See likewiſe *L.* 1. *Od.* 20.

——— *Full with the* Chion *Store.*] The *Chion* was reckon'd the fineſt of the *Greek* Wines, this was mix'd with the *Falernian*, as *Torrentius* ſuppoſes in his Notes on *Hor.* Sat. 10. L. 1. V. 24.

—— *At ſermo lingua concinnus utraque*
Suavior: ut Chio *nota ſi comiſta* Falerni *eſt.*

Which *Plin.* ſeems to make clearer; L. 14. C. 15. *Quid, non &* Cæſar *Dictator Triumphi ſui cœna vini* Falerni *amphoras,* Chij *cados in convivia diſtribuit? Idem* Hiſpanienſi *triumpho* Chium *&* Falernum *dedit.* Broukhus.

To ſhake the Acorns down for humane Food.] The general Food, before *Ceres* invented Agriculture, was Maſt, Acorns, and Corneil-berries, or what elſe the Woods produc'd; this is almoſt every where mention'd: *Virg. Geo.* L. 1. *Ovid Met.* L. 1. and *Lucret.* L. 5. *Quintil Declam.* 12.

Firſt taught by them, their lowly Bow'rs they (made
Of winding Willows, with a Leavy Shade.]
The early Inhabiters of the World dwelt in Caves and Dens like wild Beaſts, 'till they invented Coverts of Trees, thick ſet, and the Branches interwove like Bow'rs, which are common even now in ſome Parts of the World. And I have ſome where read, that in the early Times of Chriſtianity here in *Britain*, their Churches were of the like Materials and Workmanſhip.

And Joyous roars out rude impoliſh'd Lines.]
He here ſeems to give the firſt Invention of Poetry to the Husbandman, which *Scaliger*, Poet, L. 1. C. 4. attributes to *Shepherd*'s. To this Opinion of our Poet, *Hor.* joins L. 2. Epiſt. 1.

The Country Farmer painted o'er with Red,
To Bacchus *firſt the artleſs* Chorus *read.*]
In thoſe Dances the Peaſants painted their Faces with Red, in Imitation of the Rural Deities, who were ſo repreſented: Thus *Virg.* Ecl. 10.

Pan Deus arcadiæ venit: quem vidimus ipſi
Sanguineis Ebulis baccis minioque rubentem.

ELEGY II.

HE celebrates the Birth-Day of *Cerinthus*; of whom ſee the Life.

You that attend with favʼring Silence hear.] Twas the Cuſtom to enjoin Silence at all religious Invocations; the Prieſt began with the known Expreſſion of *Favete linguis*, leſt any ill ominous Words ſhould injure the Sacrifice: Thus *Hor.*

Odi prophanum vulgus, & arceo
Favete linguis.

And *Virg. Æ.* Lib. 5.

Ore favete omnes & cingete tempora ranis.

May the kind Genius *be in Preſence here.*] Of the *Genius*: See Notes on the Seventh Elegy of the First Book.

ELEGY III.

THIS Elegy is writ to *Cornutus*, a Friend of our Poet; what he was is a Queſtion, for there were ſeveral of that Name, one of which was Prætor of *Rome* in the Coſs. of *Hirtius* and *Panſa* AV. DCCX. of him Mention is made by *Cicero*, Lib. 10. *ad Famil.* Epiſt. 12. and Ep. 16. and *Phillipp* 14. C. 14. He therefore to this *Friend* rails at the Country, whither his Miſtreſs had

had retir'd for the Summer Seaſon; boaſts of the Hardſhips of ſervile Toil he would undergo (Imitation of *Apollo*'s Example) ſo he might be there with her; which finding impoſſible, rails at it, wiſhes the early Innocence of the World, and Simplicity of Manners, when Love was free and eaſy to every one; blames the Luxury of Women, which muſt be maintain'd by the repeated Inconveniencies of War and Rapine; which Difficulties he profeſſes he would run through to maintain his Miſtreſs's Pride ſo he might engage her Love.

Thus great Apollo, *ever Young and Fair,*
Unbent himſelf to tend Admetus' *Care.*]

Admetus was King of *Theſſaly*. 'Tis fabled, that when *Apollo* was degraded by *Jupiter* for the Death of the *Cyclops*, he kept the Herd of this Prince for Nine Years; but the more probable Story is, that he was enamour'd of *Alceſte*, the Wife of *Admetus*; which Story *Ovid* mentions, *Art. Am.* L. 2.

Cynthius Admeti vaccas paviſſe Pheræi
Fertur, & in parva delituiſſe caſa.
Quod Phœbum decuit, quem non decet? exue faſus,
Curam manſuri quiſquis amoris habes.

Fame ſays that *Phœbus* kept *Admetus*'s Herd,
And courſly in an humble Cottage far'd:
No ſervile Offices the God deny'd;
Learn this, ye Lovers, and reject your Pride.

Mr. DRYDEN.

This

This *Apollo* himſelf mentions in *El.* 4. *L.* the thought is taken from *Callimachus* Hymn to *Apollo*, V. 49.

When Love's the Cauſe, the Medc'nal Pow'rs are vain.] *Apollo* was the God of Phyſick; but with all his Skill, could find no Medicine for Love, as himſelf owns. *Ovid Met.* L. 1.

Inventum medicina meum eſt; Opiferque per orbem
Dicor; & herbarum ſubjecta patientia nobis.
Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis:
Nec proſunt domino quæ proſunt omnibus artes.

There follow theſe four Verſes in the *Latin.*

Ipſe Deus ſolitus ſtabulis expellere vaccas,
Et potum feſſas ducere fluminibus
Et miſcere novo docuiſſe coagula lacte,
Lacteus & miſtis obriguiſſe liquor.

Which in Opinion of *Scaliger*, were inſerted in by ſome other Hand, as being unworthy the Thought or Meaſure of *Tibullus*: And I confeſs I am of the ſame Opinion, and have omitted tranſlating them as the two following.

Tunc fiſcella levi detexta eſt vimine junci,
Raraque per nexus eſt via facta ſero.

Which though not diſputed as the former, nor ſo different from the Stile of our Author as to be ſo; *yet I* have taken the Liberty to omit, as thinking

the

the Connexion better without them; perhaps by reaſon of ſome other Lines adjoining to them, now wip'd out by Time.

Where Phœbus! *Where are all thy Honours flown*
Of Delos? ——

Delos is an Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea, the Chief of the *Cyclades*, where *Latona* brought forth *Apollo* and *Diana*; he is thence call'd *Delius*. This Iſland was held in a very religious Eſteem by the Ancients. *Delphis* and *Pytho* are frequently taken for the ſame Place. *Pytho* was a Town near the Foot of *Parnaſſus* in *Phocis*, and ſacred to *Apollo*.

'Tis now a Jeſt, a Jeſt let me too prove.] A Jeſt, or Redicule: This Expreſſion is commonly made uſe of when Perſons are in Love: Thus *Hor.* Epod. 11.

Heu me per urbem! nam pudet tanti Mali
Fabula quanta fui.

And *Tibullus*, in Elegy 4.

Parce puer quæſo ne turbis fabula fiam,
Cum mea ridebunt vana magiſteria.

This Iron Age for Spoils its Arts employs.] The Tranſition here ſeems to be a little ſtrain'd, whether miſ-plac'd by the different Editors, or by Loſs of ſome Part I know not, or whether to introduce the Dangers and Difficulties, that he might have the Opportunity of aſſuring *Nemeſis*, that

thoſe

thoſe Difficulties, great and many as they were by him repreſented, he would willingly undergo to pleaſure her, as he had before aſſur'd her, that the Toils of the Country would be nothing to him ſo he might ſee her.

His Moles ſtupenduous curb th' unmanag'd Sea.
That Fiſh may winter in the quiet Bay.]
The Extravagance of the *Romans* in making large Moles into the Sea, for the ready Advantage of the Fiſh in Winter, is a Part of the Luxury *Horace* ſo much blames in them, *Od.* 15. *L.* 2. and *L.* 3. *Od.* 1.

Then Nemeſis.] Of her, ſee the Life.

She ſhall the Veſtments ſubtle Texture wear,
By Cöan *Women wrought with artful Care.*]
The *Cöan* Veſtments were ſo call'd from *Cos* an Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea. The firſt Inventreſs of that Habit was *Pamphilia*, according to *Ariſt. Hiſt. Anim*, L. 6. they were a light Summer wear, and are often mention'd as in *Ovid Art. Am.* L. 2. And the next Elegy of this Book, this curious Silk was, I ſuppoſe, of different Colours; for *Horace* mentions as Purple, *L.* 4. *Od.* 13. but in this Place it ſeems ſhot with an Eye of Gold; we may gather from what *Horace* mentions of it, *Sat.* 2. *L.* 1. that the Slightneſs and Thinneſs of it, made it no very great Sign of modeſt Dreſs to wear it.

And Africk *Vi'let ſtrive with* Tyrian *Red.*]
Theſe Colours are by ſome equally call'd Purple;

but

but the firſt was in the Opinion of ſome of a Violet, the other of a Scarlet.

ELEGY IV.

HE complains of the Hardſhips of Love, and of the mercenary Temper of his Miſtreſs; whom nothing but Gifts could pleaſe.

And hang his annual Garland on her Tomb.] A Cuſtom among the *Romans*, mention'd by *Pliny*.

O ſilent mayſt thou ſleep in pleaſing Reſt.] A Wiſh uſual among them, and to be met with on ſeveral Inſcriptions, expreſs'd by theſe Letters, H R I P. *Hic requieſcat in pace.*

And the light Turf lie eaſy on thy Breaſt.] Nothing is more commonly met with than this Wiſh, *Sit tibi terra levis* S T T L.

ELEGY V.

MARCUS Val. Meſſalinus being choſe one of the *Quindecemvir*, who had the Keeping of the *Sybilline Oracles*: *Tibullus* invokes *Apollo* to favour him, and unveil the Myſteries contain'd in thoſe Books; from which Hint he takes Oc-

caſion to lay open and deſcribe the Original of the *Roman* Power, and the Prodigies then lately ſeen and heard before the Murder of *Cæſar*; and implores from *Apollo* better *Omens*; deſcribes the Country's Religious Diverſion, and cloſes it with a Compliment to *Meſſalinus*. This *Meſſalinus*, who was the Son of *Meſſala*, and Conſul with *L. Corn. Lentulus Getulicus* AV. D C C L. was remarkable for his eady Wit and Eloquence: For *Tacit* Hiſt. L. 3. C. 34. ſpeaking of him, ſays, *Mox Valerius Meſſalinus, cui Parens Meſſala, ineratque imago paternæ facundiæ, reſpondit.*

Phæbus *within thy aweful Fane.*] He invokes *Apollo*, being the Power preſiding over all who prophecy'd, and in whoſe Temple the *Sybilline Oracles* were kept according to *Suetonius. Aug.*

Array'd as when Old Saturn *fled above.*] *Saturn's* being expell'd Heaven is a known Fable; which ſee exploded *Macrob. in ſomn. Scip.* L. 1. C. 2.

To Sybill *you unveil'd the future Days.*] Of the *Sybills* there were ſeveral, but the Number is doubted; ſome counting Nine, among whom is *Suidas*; ſome Four, as *Ælian*; ſome Three, and ſome one (*Plin.* L. 3. C. 33.) only; tho' according to *Varro* there were Ten: To recount the Names given of them is needleſs; and the Story of bringing the Books to *Tarquin*, is by moſt known; which however I ſhall ſet down: One of theſe Women, (that here particularly meant) by ſome, ſaid to be the *Cumæan*, brought to *Tarquinius*

Priſcus

Priſcus Nine Books, for which ſhe demanded three hundred Pieces of Gold: The King being amaz'd at the extravagant Demand, ſhe went away and burnt, at two ſeveral times, Six of the Nine, demanding the ſame Price for the remaining Three; which purchas'd, were found to contain in Heroick Verſe, the Fates of the *Roman* State; theſe were held in great Eſteem, 'till according to *Solinus*, they were burnt in the Conflagration of the Capitol, the Year before *Sylla's* Dictatorſhip, notwithſtanding which ſome other Fragments and Tranſcripts of their Writings were collected. Theſe Writings were kept by Fifteen Prieſts, call'd the *Quindecemvir*, of which Number *Meſſalinus* was choſe one; they conſulted thoſe Writings upon all important Occaſions, 'till as *Dempſter* obſerves, on *Roſin.* Cap. 24. in the Time of *Theodoſius* the Elder, when moſt of the Senate were Converts to Chriſtianity; they began to ſlight them, as fabulous Trifles, 'till laſtly *Stilicus* burnt them under *Honorius*; *Dempſter* cloſes with a Quotation from *Rutilius* his Itin. upon the Madneſs of this Action.

Or Walls the Cauſe of Rhemus *fatal Doom.*] *Rhemus*, when his Brother *Romulus* was building the Walls of *Rome*, in Sport and Redicule of the Deſign, leap'd over them; for which he was, according to *Livy*, ſlain by Order of his Brother *Romulus*.

By ſtraying Shepherds hung Reeds which de-
(creaſe
With Wax conjoin'd, and gradually leſs.]

Of the hanging up ſeveral Inſtruments of the different Arts, in which they excell'd to the different Powers preſiding over thoſe Arts; Mention is made in Notes on E. of the Firſt Book. The Form of the Shepherd's Pipe here given, is in a curious Manner likewiſe given by *Ovid Met.* L. 8. deſcribing the Form of *Dedalus* Wings.

——— *Ponit in ordine pennas,*
A minima cæptas, longam breviore ſequenti:
Ut clivo creviſſe putes. ſic ruſtica quondam
Fiſtula diſparibis paullatim ſurgit avenis.

For various Feathers now his Hands diſpoſe,
Beginning with the leaſt in artful Rows:
A ſhort Succeeding ſtill, the longer Quill
Show'd like the gentle Riſing of a Hill.
By ſuch Degrees the rural Pipe aroſe,
Whoſe curious Frame unequal Reeds compoſe.

Mr. SEWELL.

And where Velabria *ſpreads his wat'ry Store.*]

Velabria was a Place in the Eleventh Diviſion of the City; between the *Forum* the *Palatium* and *Aventine Mount*; and as *Varro* obſerves, formerly by ſeveral Lakes and Floods of Water, ſeparated

ſeparated the reſt of the City, from coming to ſacrifice in the Temple of *Diana*; the *Latins* therefore were ferry'd over here. *Silvius.*

Brother of winged Love, Æneas hail.] He begins the Prophecy of the *Sybill*; he is call'd the Brother of *Cupid*; the one being Son of *Venus*, by *Anchiſes*, and the other by *Mars.*

See Jove *aſſigns thee* Laurentines *Abodes.*] Part of *Latium*, ſo call'd from *Laurentum*, a City there.

There ſacred thou from Old Numicus' *Floods,*
Shalt from a Heroe mingle with the Gods.]
Numicus was a Flood in *Latium*, in which the Body of *Æneas* was found after his Death; the Manner of which is variouſly reported; ſome ſay he fell in and was drown'd, flying *Mezentius* King of the *Etrurians*, ſome *Meſſapus*: *Aſcanius* afterwards built a Temple to him with this Inſcription, ſays *Dion. Halicarn.* L. 1. C. 140.

PATRI DEO INDIGETI
QVI NVMICI AMNIS
VNDAS TEMPERAT

I ſee! I ſee! Rutilian *Fires alight.*] The *Rutilians* were the ancient Inhabitants of *Italy*, whom *Turnus* headed againſt *Æneas.* See *Virgil Æn.*

I ſee Lavinums *Walls attempt the Skies.*] *Lavinum* was a City of *Latium*, built by *Æneas*, and ſo call'd for his Wife *Livinia*.

And Alba Longa's *lofty Tow'rs ariſe.*] *Alba Longa*, a City of *Latium*, built by *Aſcanius*, Son of *Æneas*.

Thee Ilia *next I ſee.*] *Ilia*, otherwiſe call'd *Rhea*, or *Silvia*, Daughter of *Numitor*, was a Veſtal Virgin, on whom *Mars* afterwards begat *Romulus* and *Rhemus*: *Tibullus* here mentions the Story, as if there was the Conſent of *Ilia*; but *Ovid* as if ſhe was compreſs'd by the God, when aſleep, whom *Statius* likewiſe follows.

——— *Sic victa ſopore doloſo*
Martia fluminea poſuit latus Ilia ripa.

But *Virgil* takes no Notice of either, *Æ.* L. 1.

——— *Regina ſacerdos*
Marte gravis geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.

Prophetick Truths I ſing, ſo ſafely may
I eat the Laurel Leaves ———]

The eating of Laurel Leaves was common among the Prophets, Prieſts and Poets, as thinking they aided Inſpiration: Of the Prophets or Prieſts *Tibullus* here ſpeaks; Of the Poets, *Juvenal*, Sat. 7.

Nemo tamen ſtudiis indignum ferre laborem.
Cogeter poſthac, nectit quicumque canoris
Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque momordit.

What e'er Amalthea.] *Amalthea*, one of the *Sybills*, the ſame with the *Sybilla Cumana*, according to *Varro*. and *Lactan. Divin. Inſtit.* L. 1. C. 6. ſays that *Amalthea*, the *Sybilla Cumana* was likewiſe call'd *Demophile*, and *Herophile*; but this place ſeems to contradict that, *Herophile* being mention'd ſeparately.

What Marpeſſia *ſaid.*] Another of the *Sybills*, whom *Achilles Statius* will have call'd *Marineſſia*, or *Marmeſſa*, ſo call'd from the Place of her Birth.

Herophile, Apollo's *Fav'rite Maid.*] She is here call'd *Grata Phœbo*, being Prieſtreſs to *Apollo Smintheus*, ſhe in her inſpir'd Flights, not only calling her ſelf *Herophile*, but ſometimes *Diana*, and in other places the Siſter, Wife, and Daughter to *Apollo*; ſhe died in *Phrygia*, and was buried in the Grove of *Smintheus*, with Elegies engraven on a Column, which *Pauſanius*, L. 10. recites.

Or what the fam'd Albuna *underſtood.*] *Albuna*, or *Tiburtina*, another of the *Sybills*.

They ſung of Comets blazing in the Air.] He here alludes to the Prodigies ſeen before the Murder of *Jul. Cæſar*, which *Virgil* has mention'd, *Georg.* L. 1.

Non alius cælo cecidêrunt plura ſereno
Fulgura: nec diri toties arſêre cometæ.

Red Meteors ran a-croſs th' Ætherial ſpace,
Stars diſappear'd, and Comets took the Place.

Mr. DRYDEN.

Huge pon'drous Stones came rat'ling from on high.] Several Inſtances of this frequently occur in Hiſtory, *Livy*, *Valerius Maximus*, and others; this *Silvius* takes to be no other than large Hail Stones.

In Clouds they heard the Arrows whizzing (Noiſe,
And the loud ſounding Trumpets brazen Voice.] The Noiſe of Trumpets and Armour claſhing in the Air *Virgil* makes another Fore-runner of *Cæſar's* Murder.

Armorum ſonitum toto germania cælo
Audiit. ——

What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar,
Of Arms and Armies ruſhing to the War!

Which *Suetonius* likewiſe relates, and *Plin.* L. 2. C. 57. mentions the ſame in the *Cimbrian* War; as does *Ovid Met.* L. 15.

Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes,
Terribileſque tubas, auditaque cornua cælo
Præmoniſſe nefas.

In Clouds were Weapons heard with claſhing Noiſe,
And warlike Muſick, and the Trumpet's Voice
Foretold the dire Event.

And Fates were told from Woods and gloomy Shades.] This Prodigy *Virgil* likewiſe mentions upon the ſame Account.

Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita ſilentis
Ingens.

Voices were heard of more than mortal Men
From ſilent Groves.

To this agrees *Ovid Met.* L. 15.

——— *Cantuſque feruntur*
Auditi, ſanctis & verba minacia lucis.

And *Livy*, L. 2. C. 7.

The Sun deficient view'd the dusky Day,
And his pale Steeds reflect a dying Ray.]
This Paleneſs, which continu'd a whole Year, was another Fore-runner of *Cæſar*'s Death, mention'd by *Virgil.*

Ille

Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit,
Impiaq; æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem.

He first the Fate of *Cæsar* did foretell,
And pity'd *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell.
In Iron Clouds conceal'd the publick Light,
And impious Mortals fear'd Æternal Night.

Mr. DRYDEN.

This *Plin.* mentions, L. 2. C. 33. *Fiunt prodigiosi & longiores solis defectus: qualis occiso dictatore Cæsare, & Antoniano bello, totius pæne anni pallore continuo.* *Lucan* mentions another before the breaking out of the Civil Wars, *L.* 1. and the like happen'd of late Times, before the Battle between the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, and *John Frederick* of *Saxony*.

And Tears down the Gods Marble Statues roll'd.] Another Prodegy mention'd by *Virgil.*

Et mæstum inlacrimat templis ebur, æraq; sudant.

The weeping Statues did the Fates foretell,
And holy Sweat from brazen Idols fell.

This is frequently mention'd by the Poets, *Ovid, Lucan, &c.* by *Livy*, L. 43. C. 13. where, after mentioning

mentioning ſome other Prodigies, he ſays, *Cumis in arce Apollo triduum ac tres noctes lacrimavit.*

And Vocal Oxen coming Fates foretold.] Men-tion'd by *Virgil* upon the ſame Account.

——— *Simulacra modis pallentia miris*
Viſa ſub obſcurum noctis, pecudeſque locutæ,
Infandum!

This we frequently meet in *Livy*. and *Plin.* L. 8. C. 45. ſays, *Eſt frequens in prodigiis priſcorum, bovem locutum: quo nuntiato, ſenatum ſub dio haberi ſolitum.* *Val. Max.* mentions two *L.* 1. *C.* 6. the firſt in the Coſs. of *P. Volumnius & Ser. Sulpicius*: And the other in the ſecond Punick War, when an Ox pronounc'd diſtinctly theſe Words, *Cave tibi Roma.*

The Laurel gives the Sign.] The crackling of Laurel-Boughs in the Fire, was by the Ancients thought a Demonſtration of good Succeſs; but if they burnt without ſnapping, or making a Noiſe, it was ill ominous. Thus *Propertius*, L. 2. El. 28.

Et tacet extincto laurus aduſta foco.

And thrice ſurround the Fire with ſporting Leaps.] In the Feaſt of *Pales*, or the *Palilia*, they made Fires, and danc'd over them. This *Ovid* mentions, *Faſt.* L. 4.

Certe ego tranſilui poſitas ter in ordine flammas.

With

With glowing Flow'rs the brimming Goblets crown.] To crown or bind the Cups with Chaplets of Flowers, was cuſtomary among the Ancients. Thus *Virgil*, *Æn.* L. 1.

Crateras magnos ſtatuunt & vina coronant,

And L. 3.

Tum pater Anchiſes magnum cratera corona,
Induit impleviq; mero.

Sometimes they ſtrow'd Flow'rs in the Liquor with a gay Wantonneſs, and ſometimes drank them. Of the Firſt *Tertullian*, *de carnis reſurrectione*, takes notice: And *Pliny* tells us, that when *Anthony*, upon his *Actian* Expedition, jealous of *Cleopatra*, would eat nothing at her Entertainments without a Taſter, ſhe thus mock'd his Fear: In the midſt of their Mirth ſhe invited him to drink their Garlands (having before dip'd the Tips of her own in Poiſon) which being pluck'd in Pieces, and put into the Bowl; as he offer'd to drink ſhe laid hold of it, and upbraiding him with his Fear and Suſpicion of her, ſent for a Captive, who being commanded to drink it, died preſently.

And Nations ſhown before his Car.] In the Triumphs the Conquer'd were led before the Chariot, and the Repreſentations of the Nations conquer'd, Rivers, and Mountains; this *Livy* mentions, and ſays, that *Scipio Aſiaticus* had the Repreſentation of 137 Cities carried in Triumph: And

And *Tacitus Annal.* L. 2. that the Spoils, Captives, and Repreſentations of Mountains, Rivers and Battles were carried: *Vid. Sylvius. Ovid* means this Cuſtom, *Art. Am.* L. 1. in his Advice to the Lover upon ſitting by his Miſtreſs to ſee one of thoſe Entries.

Spectabunt læti Juvenes miſtæq; puellæ,
Diffundetque animos omnibus iſta dies.
Atque aliqua exillis cum regum nomina quæret,
Quæ loca qui montes, quæque ferantur aquæ
Omnia reſponde: nec tantum ſi qua rogabit,
Et quæ neſcieris, ut bene nota refer, &c.

On ſuch a Day, if thou, and next to thee,
Some Beauty ſits, the Spectacle to ſee
If ſhe enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt, and if need be,
Of things unkown, ſeem to ſpeak knowingly.

Mr. DRYDEN.

To which we may add the Figures of great Men ſlain in Battles, or who fell by their own Hands; theſe likewiſe grac'd the Sight; and to this the Ingenious Mr. *Pope* alludes in his Prologue to *Cato*.

Waving the Laurel Branches in my Hand.

The Pomp of the Triumphant Entries among the Romans

Romans is deſcrib'd by *Plutarch*, in *Vita Æmilij*, and ridicul'd by *Cicero*, *Orat* in L. *Piſonem*. C. 25. And *Juvenal*, *Sat.* 10. the Cuſtom of Souldiers bearing Laurel in their Hands, *Feſtus Pompejus* explains, *Laureati milites ſequebantur currum triumphantis, & quaſi purgati a cæde humana intrarent urbem.*

ELEGY VI.

IN this Elegy he endeavours to diſwade his Friend from the Wars, deſires *Nemeſis* to favour his Love, and rails at the Treachery of her Woman.

Macer *intends the Camp.*] *Æmylius Macer Veronenſis*, was a famous Poet of that Time, and Friend to *Tibullus*; him *Ovid* mentions, *Triſt.* L. 2.

Nor let the Goddeſs give her Word in vain.] The Goddeſs *Spes*, ſo call'd, or *Hope*, ſacred among the *Romans*, and was imagin'd to have a Beginning with the Birth of every Man, and to be preſent with the good *Genius*; therefore ſometimes call'd *Spes Genialis*; ſhe had ſeveral *Fanes* at *Rome*.

In that ſame Form.] The Notion the Ancients had of Apparitions was, that they were like the Perſons at the Time of their Deaths. Thus *Virgil* deſcribing the Apparition of *Hector*,

and

nd *Ovid* that of *Rhemus*, *Faſt.* L. 5. But what as moſt remarkable, is that of *Ceyx* to *Halcyone*, *Met.* L. 11.

lle volat, nullos ſtrepitus facientibus alis,
Per tenebras: intraque moræ breve tempus in urbem
Pervenit Hæmoniam: poſtiſque e corpore pennis
In faciem Cëycis abit: formaque ſub illa
Luridus, exſangui ſimilis, ſine veſtibus ullis,
Conjugis ante torum miſeræ ſtetit. uda videtur
Barba viri, madidiſque gravis fluere unda capillis.
Tum lecto incumbens, fletu ſuper ora refuſo,
Hæc ait: Agnoſcis Cëyca, miſerrima conjux?
An mea mutata eſt facies nece? reſpice; noſces:
Inveniesque tuo pro conjuge conjugis umbram.

THE WORKS OF A. TIBULLUS.

BOOK III.

ELEGY I.

THE Feaſt of *Roman Mars* is (drawing near,
Which to our Anceſtors be- (gan the Year;
And Preſents now are carry'd (up and down,
From Houſe to Houſe, throughout the joyful Town.
Say ye, *Pierian* Nine, what to my Fair
Neæra ſhall I ſend? What Gift preſer?

That She, who I am fond of calling Mine,
If falſe, yet fair, and to my Thoughts divine.

THE mercenary Maid delights in Gold,
The Fair in Verſe, to have her Praiſes told;
And my *Neæra* Pride her in my Days,
And Joys to find her Beauties merit Praiſe.
Then let the Book be bound with curious Art,
And neatly beautify'd in every Part;
~~And in the Front with painted Pride declare~~
The Name in curious Letters of my Fair.

AND, O! ye Nine, by whom inſpir'd I ſing,
By your *Caſtalian* Shades and ſacred Spring;
Hence I conjure you to my much-lov'd Fair,
The poliſh'd Piece, and curious Volume bear,
E're ſoiling Hands the ſhining Lids invade,
Or the gay Leaves, and gilded Edges fade.
And let her then reſolve me if her Flame
Of Love, and mine, are equal, and the ſame:

Or

Or whether ſhe retains the ſmalleſt Part,
Or if 'tis quite extinguiſh'd in her Heart:
And after due Reſpect obſequious paid,
Thus with ſubmiſſive Voice addreſs the Maid.

NEÆRA chaſt! he who a Huſband's Name
Once hop'd, now claims a Brother's chaſter Flame,
This trifling Preſent with Submiſſion ſends
To her, on whom his Hope and Fear attends;
He ſwears he loves you dearer than his Life,
Whether his future Siſter, or his Wife:
But rather as his Wife, which earneſt Vow
Will laſt 'till he ſhall view the Shades below.

ELEGY II.

FIERCE was the Man who durſt Loves Rites (invade,
And part the Youth from the deſiring Maid;
Or his malicious ſubtle Arts employ,
To part the Maid from her enamour'd Boy:

And he was ſtupid, who unmov'd could bear
To live divided from the much-lov'd Fair.
I own my ſelf unable to ſuſtain
A Grief like this, or bear the racking Pain.
Sorrow, an Ill no Courage can controul,
Divides the Heart, and quite unnerves the Soul.
I freely own the Ills to Love I owe,
A Life of Trouble, and a Scene of Woe.
Therefore when Death ſhall this fair Form invade,
And I ſhall ſhrink into an empty Shade;
When riſing Flames have ſunk the Funeral Pile,
And my white Bones the Load of Aſhes Soil:
Before the Fire *Neæra* ſhall repair,
And weep around with long diſhevel'd Hair;
With her, her Mother'll weeping come, the one
Shall mourn a Lover, t' other mourn a Son.
But firſt the Mother, and the ſobbing Maid
Shall often call me, and invoke my Shade;
And having laid me decent on the Bier,
Waſh my pale Corps with a religious Care.

Then

Then while the Fire lies ſmould'ring on the Ground,
My Bones, the All of me, can then be found;
Array'd in Mourning Robes, the ſorrowing Pair
Shall gather all around with pious Care;
With Ruddy Wine the Relicks ſprinkle o'er,
And ſnowy Milk on the Collections pour;
Then with fair Linnen Cloths the Moiſture dry,
In-urn'd in ſome cold Marble Tomb to lie;
With them incloſe the Spices, Sweets, and Gums
And all that from the ſoft *Arabia* comes,
And what *Aſſyria*'s wealthy Confines ſend,
And Tears, an Off'ring to my Mem'ry lend;
In ſuch a Manner let me be intomb'd,
When ſhrunk to Aſhes, and to Duſt conſum'd;
Then let ſome Elegy in Letters fair,
The mournful Cauſe that wrought my Death declare.
Let Characters upon the Marble tell
In this ſad Verſe, the Reaſon why I fell.

Lygdamus *lies within this ſilent Tomb,*
Grief, and Neæra *wrought the fatal Doom;*
Soon as his Miſtreſs had her Faith betray'd,
He dy'd, and could not live without the Maid.

ELEGY III.

IF you, *Neæra,* aſk the Reaſon why
I load with Pray'rs, and od'rous Smoak, the Sky;
Not for a Palace built with *Parian* Stone,
To hold my Greatneſs, and to make me known;
Nor vaſt extended Tracts of Land to plough,
Nor yet for wealthy Harveſts tends my Vow.
Not theſe, but that indulgent Heaven would bleſs
Me and *Neæra* with a Life of Eaſe;
That I may find my Age in your Embrace,
And thence ſet out to run th' Infernal Race;
A ſhudd'ring Fare, to fill the Boat below,
And ſee the irremeable Waters flow.

For

For what avails a Palace Rich and Great,
With *Phrygian* Columns to support the Weight:
Admit the shady Vista's that surround
The Dome, appear like consecrated Ground,
A Fane enclos'd with holy Groves around;
Where Floors of polish'd Marble level lie,
And Roofs of fretted Gold to daze th' erected Eye.
Or what the Pearls cull'd from the Eastern Shore,
The Beamy Diamond, and the shining Store;
Or Vests that glow with rich *Sidonian* Dyes,
Or all that the mis-judging Vulgar prize:
Not any thing, for Envy sullies these,
They're the mistaken Goods which generally please;
The poor Possessor strives, but strives in vain
With these, to sooth his Care, and ease his Pain;
For Fortune rules with arbitrary Sway,
And what she gives, he fears she'll take away.
If I may claim a Blessing to my Share,
Let me be poor, so I enjoy my Fair:

But without you, I Will no other Thing,
No, not the Name and Enſigns of a King.
When will the happy Morning be diſplay'd,
That will reſtore to me the lovely Maid?
Thrice, four times bleſt be that auſpicious Light!
That brings *Neæra* to my longing Sight!
For this, if any God will hear my Pray'r,
If any God propitious lends an Ear,
I'll neither Kingdoms ask, nor *Lydia*'s Strand,
Splendidly rich, with all its golden Sand;
Nor all the Wealth the extended Earth contains,
Let others earneſtly deſire their Gains.
Let me in humble Quiet ſpend my Life,
Bleſs'd in my Country Farm, and lovely Wife,
Saturnia! favouring hear my trembling Vow!
And Queen of Love! thou *Cyprian* Goddeſs thou!
But if the Siſter-Fates the Task decline,
To draw a Day like this in future Twine;

Now let 'em cut; and may I ſummon'd go
To view the Waſtes, and the pale Floods below,
Where livid *Styx* rolls on his lazy Tide,
By dreary Confines bound on every Side.

ELEGY IV.

MAY Heaven ſend better Viſions to my (View,
And grant thoſe hateful Dreams may not be true,
Which did laſt Night my troubled Thoughts moleſt,
Diſturb'd my Mind, and broke my quiet Reſt:
Hence ye deluſive Viſions, far away,
No more ye vain fantaſtick Spectres play.
Think not that I can any Credence give,
Or in ſuch idle Fancies place Belief,
Important Truths the Oracles declare,
And Truth attends the Auruſpices' Care:
But Dreams fallacious fill the dreary Night,
And ſcare the tim'rous Mind with vain Affright.

And Men left theſe their quiet Slumbers break,
Make Off'rings of the Salt and Barley Cake.
But whether 'tis for our own good deſign'd,
Or whether to confuſe the doubtful Mind:
The Fears which threaten me I think are vain,
If no ill Acts my guiltleſs Mind diſtain,
Nor impious Words have 'ſcap'd my Tongue (profane.)

NIGHT with her *Ebon* Wheels had left the Sky,
To waſh her Chariot in the Azure Sea;
When yet no Sleep my weary Eye-lids clos'd,
No ſoothing Sleep my troubled Soul compos'd.
At length when *Phœbus* roſe to view the *Eaſt*,
Slow Sleep inclin'd my weary Eyes to reſt.
When, lo! a Youth appear'd before my Bed,
His lovely Temples with chaſt Laurel ſpread:
No Youth ſo lovely grac'd the Times that were,
Nor preſent Days behold a Face ſo fair:

His

His Length of Hair in lovely Ringlets flew,
With Odours ſweet, and of an Amber Hue;
His Body fair, as *Cynthia* Silver bright,
And purple Bluſhes grac'd the ſnowy White:
Such glowing Bluſhes ſtain the modeſt Maid,
When to the eager am'rous Youth convey'd,
And the new Pleaſures of the Bridal Bed.
Such blended Beauties Girls in Garlands bind
With Flow'rs of diff'rent Hues together twin'd,
Twiſting the Lilly pale with ſnowy Head,
And ſcarlet *Amaranthus* glowing Red;
A Hue like this, when ting'd by Autumn's Pride,
Reddens the Apple on the ſunny Side.
About his Feet a *Palla* graceful flow'd,
For ſuch a Veſtment did his Body ſhroud.
A ſounding Lyre deſign'd by curious Art,
And labour'd o'er with Skill was every Part;
With Pearls, and ſhining Gold diverſify'd,
The curious Piece hung careleſs at his Side.

With Ivry Bow he wakes the trembling Strings,
And tunes his Voice, and thus melodious ſings;
His flying Fingers ſtop the Notes around,
And theſe ſad Words he ſung with ſweeteſt Sound.

HAIL! Care of God, for by a Rite divine,
The Gods aſſiſt the Bard in each Deſign.
Phœbus and *Bacchus*, and the ſacred Nine.
But neither *Bacchus*, nor the learned Throng,
Can ſpeak what Fate, next Hour, will bring along.
To me, alone the Laws of future Doom
Jove gave, and View of Ages yet to come.
Then take theſe Warnings which a God reveals;
Believe a God, and hear what *Cynthius* tells.
She who was always thy peculiar Care,
Then whom not Daughters, Mothers held ſo dear:
Not with ſuch Paſſion eagereſt Youths are mov'd,
Nor with ſuch Paſſion tendereſt Maids belov'd;
For whom you weary all the Gods with Pray'r.
And every Day is ſpent in Fear for her:

And

And when ſtill Sleep his Sable Mantle throws,
To veil your Eyes, and urge a ſtill Repoſe.
She in your Sleep ariſes to your Sight,
And fills with vain fantaſtick Dreams the Night.
That ſhe who in thy Verſe is made divine,
Neæra nam'd in every ſounding Line:
That celebrated ſhe, with all her Charms,
Begins to languiſh for another's Arms;
Thy former Paſſion to her Mind is loſt,
That Mind is now with different Paſſions toſt;
She fir'd with other Flames, about does rove,
Deteſts her quiet Houſe, and ſeeks another Love.
Ah! cruel Sex, a Name to Faith unknown,
May they be curs'd who any have undone.
But ſhe may change, the Sex for Change is fam'd,
By Faith and ſtretch'd-out Arms ſhe'll be reclaim'd;
For cruel Love inſtructs us to ſuſtain
Vaſt Toils, and ſlight the Labour and the Pain.
He! cruel Love, directs us by his Care,
His Laſh, and ſmarting Scourge content to bear.

There's

There's more than Fiction in the Tale you've heard
Of me, how once I kept *Admetus'* Herd.
My Vocal Shell could then no Pleasure bring,
Nor sang I measure to the sounding String;
But with an Oaten Pipe was wont to rove,
Ev'n I, *Latona's* Son, and Progeny of *Jove*.
Fond Youth! you know not Love if e'er you fear
A Mistress' Frowns, and heavy Yoak to bear.
Nor doubt that tender Blandishments will fail.
O'er steely Breasts, oft soothing Prayers prevail.
What others do from Oracles believe,
Do thou more sure from my own Lips receive;
For *Delius* says, *Neæra* will be kind,
Nor more with various Passions change her Mind
For different Men: When this the God had said
I woke, and from my Eyes the Slumbers fled.

Ah! little did I dream of such a Time,
Or think that Breast could harbour such a Crime;

For

For thou'rt deſcended of a humane Birth,
No rapid Pontick Ocean brought thee forth;
No fierce *Chimæra* breathing fiery Death,
No Helliſh *Cerberus* with triple Breath:
Nor did'ſt from *Scylla* barking Womb proceed
With Dogs enclos'd, nor from the Lyon's Breed:
Nor was thy Birth on barbarous *Scythias* Land,
Nor on the dangerous Shoals of *Africk*'s Sand.
But of a Noble Houſe, and lovely Pair,
Thy Father gen'rous, and thy Mother fair.
With Dreams like theſe may *Phœbus* fill my Mind
No more, but throw the Viſions in the Wind.

ELEGY V.

YOU to th' *Etrurian* pleaſing Baths retreat,
Baths dangerous in the ſult'ry Summer's (Heat,
But now prefer'd to *Baja*'s, when his Wing
The Winter ſpreads, and yields to purple Spring,

For me, *Perſephone*, with doubtleſs Power,
Denounces Death, and marks th' oblivious Hour.
Spare! Goddeſs, ſpare! and grant a longer Date
To Youth unworthy of ſo hard a Fate.
The Rites for *Ceres*, and for thee ordain'd,
Were never by my daring Tongue prophan'd:
My Hands ne'er charg'd the Cup with deadly Juice,
No Land gave poiſonous Simples for my Uſe;
Nor did I ever impious raiſe my Hands
To fire the ſacred *Fanes* with flaming Brands.
Nor have my Thoughts injurious Ills deſign'd,
Nor meditated Miſchiefs ſtain'd my Mind.
No Blaſphemies did e'er my Lips diſtain,
Nor has my Tongue been us'd to talk prophane.
I'm Young, nor do my Jetty Locks give way
To the fair Hue of venerable Grey;
Nor bending Age has made me ſtoop as yet,
Nor giv'n his ſtagg'ring Motion to my Feet.

What Pleaſure is there in the raſh Deſign,
Of plucking unripe Cluſters from the Vine?
Or with rough Hands the Apple-tree invade,
Soon as the Fruit is ſet, and Bloſſoms fade?
Spare, O! ye Pow'rs, who hold the livid Floods,
Tenants of dusky Shades, and gloomy Woods.
You to whom Lots deciſive did ordain
The third Diviſion, and Infernal Reign.
May I to Meads below my Journey take,
To fill the Boat, and croſs the dreary Lake;
When Age has rifled my becoming Grace,
And ſcatter'd Paleneſs o'er my wrinkl'd Face.
When I, an ancient Sire, ſhall teach the Young,
And talk paſs'd Actions to the liſt'ning Throng.

PRAY Heaven theſe Apprehenſions may be vain,
Though I have languiſh'd fifteen Days in Pain.

BUT you the ſacred Deities revere,
And Nymphs who make the *Tuſcan* Baths their Care;

And ſwiming while at Eaſe, your Limbs you lave
With eaſy Hand, diſturb the ſmiling Wave.
Live happy, and your Days in Pleaſure ſpend,
Always remembring of your abſent Friend;
Whether we live and breath the Vital Air,
Or whether Fates will have it ſaid we were;
Mean while, in Hopes my Illneſs may decreaſe,
Offer to *Dis* a Sheep with Sable Fleece;
And for Libation give the Pow'r divine,
A Bowl of ſnowy Milk, and ruddy Wine.

ELEGY VI.

BACCHUS attend! So ſacred be the Vine;
So may cool Ivy round thy Temples twine.
To heal my Grief thy generous Bleſſing pour:
Love oft has fled at thy ſuperior Power.

BOY! Let the Glaſſes crown'd with Liquor ſtand,
And pour *Falernian* with a ready Hand.
Ye melancholy Train of Cares, away!
Let *Phœbus* ſhine on this auſpicious Day,
And his white Steeds diffuſe a lively Ray.

YOU, my dear Friends, the cheerful Banquet join,
Nor baulk your Glaſs while I diſpoſe the Wine.
He that to join the drinking Match declines,
And ſhuns the Flavour of the generous Wines;
Him may his Favourite Girl with Wiles deceive,
Oft blind her Crimes, and he as oft believe.

THE jolly God can Chearfulneſs impart,
Enlarge the Soul, and raiſe the joyful Heart;
He brings the ſtubborn underneath his Rein,
Diſarms the Lover of his high Diſdain,
And ſend him ſuppliant to the Fair again.
Th' *Armenian* Tyger with his ſpotted Pride,
The furious Lyon with his tawny Hide
He overcomes, their Anger can aſſwage,
Soften their Breaſts, and quell their cruel Rage.
Love has an equal Power o'er things like theſe,
Nay can do greater Wonders if he pleaſe;
But what is that to us, let us attend
The Gifts that *Bacchus* does ſo freely ſend.
Come drink around, and let the Liquor paſs;
Which of you loves to ſee an empty Glaſs?
'Tis juſt, nor *Bacchus* does the Rule decline,
That they who worſhip him ſhould drink his Wine.

E're

E're long he comes too fierce, and too ſevere;
Let him drink on who does his Anger fear.
How dire his Puniſhment, his Pow'r how great;
Agave's Rage will prove, and *Pentheus*' Fate.
But hence thoſe Fears; let her who ſtrives with (Fraud
To veil her Baſeneſs, dread the angry God.
Alas, what do I wiſh with thoughtleſs Mind?
May all thoſe Pray'rs be ſcatter'd in the Wind.
For ſtill believe me my ungenerous Fair,
Though I, neglected, am not worth your Care;
Yet I ſhall my unweary'd Pray'rs raiſe,
That you may ſpend a Life of proſp'rous Days.

BUT while I talk I trifle Time away;
Come let's repeat the circling Glaſs, I pray,
And after many Dark, enjoy one lightſome Day.

ELEGY VII.

AH me! How hard it is to imitate
False Mirth; and mimick Chearfulneſs create!
When the uneaſying Mind enjoys no Reſt,
How forc'd the Laughter ſeems! how dull the Jeſt!
Ill ſuits the Mouth, the Smile when ill deſign'd,
Nor drunken Words expreſs a chearful Mind.
Why do I thus complain? Vile Cares be gone!
Bacchus deteſts the melancholly Moan.
Fair *Ariadne* by falſe Vows betray'd,
While *Theſeus'* treacherous Tongue deceiv'd the Maid:
Unheard you mourn'd, and unobſerv'd you wept,
Upon a lovely deſert Iſland left.
Thus Learn'd *Catullus*, in his moving Strain,
Repeats the Crimes of that ungrateful Man.

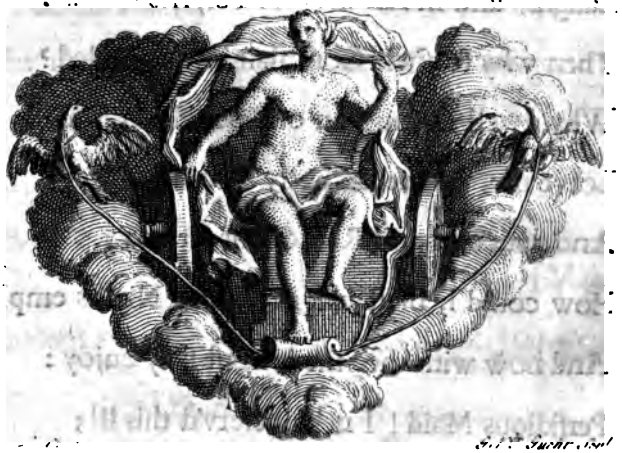
BUT ſuch Examples being known, take Care,
And by another's Grief their Ills beware;

Nor

Let none deceive thee, tho' ſhe Fondneſs ſhows,
Though round your Neck her winding Arms ſhe (throws;
Nor let her ſeize thee with her *Syren*'s Song,
Nor all the ſordid Flatteries of her Tongue:
Though by her Eyes ſhe ſwears, thy Mind to move,
By her own *Juno*, and the Queen of Love.
There's nothing in it, *Jove* at Lovers Vows
Laughs, and in Air the idle Perj'ries throws.
Then why to ſuch Complainings am I led?
Why dwell ſo long on one perfidious Maid?
Leave me, ye melancholly Words, I pray,
And hence ye dull Reflections far away.
How could I, bleſt with thee, long Nights employ?
And how with thee the longeſt Day enjoy:
Perfidious Maid! I ne'er deſerv'd this Ill;
Falſe as you are, —— tho' falſe, yet lovely ſtill.

Bacchus the *Naïd* loves, why do you ſtay?
With *Tibers* Flood the raging Wine allay.

Tho' humʼrous the fantaſtick Maid denies
Her Preſence, and conceal'd in Secret lies;
Shall I all Night intreat, and beg and pine?
Not I; here, Boy, come give me ſtronger Wine.
While round my Locks the *Tyrian* Odours ſhed,
I ought with glowing Flowʼrs to bind my Head.



NOTES

ON THE

THIRD BOOK.

ELEGY I.

THE *Feaſt of* Roman Mars *is drawing near.*] *Romulus* divided the *Roman* Year into ten Months, of which *March* was the Firſt in reſpect of *Mars* his Father. Thus *Ovid* ſpeaking of *Romulus*, *Sanguinis auctori tempora prima dedit.* or from the Readineſs of the People to War, as ſays *Varro.*

The firſt *Ovid* further confirms,

At te principium Romano ducimus Anno
Primus de patrio nomine menſis erat.

To

To the Second *Feſtus* agrees, when he ſays,

Martius menſis initium anni fuit & in Latio, & poſt Romam conditam eo quod gens erat bellicoſa ſuta. Vide Macrob. & Solinus.

On this Day therefore Preſents were made between Relations, not unlike our Cuſtom on the firſt Day of our Year; it was a general Feſtival, when Viſits were paid, and Rejoycings made throughout *Rome*.

Neæra. Of her, ſee the Life.

Then let the Book be bound with curious Art.] *Tibullus* deſcribes the Ornaments of Books in his Time, which I have taken Liberty to modernize.

ELEGY II.

TIBULLUS finding his Endeavours unſucceſsful to gain the Love of *Neæra*, by means of ſome Obſtacle, profeſſes, that under ſuch a Diſappointment nothing but Death can afford him Eaſe.

Shall gather all around with pious Care.] Of the *Oſſilegium*, or gathering up the Aſhes of the Dead, Mention has been made in Notes on Firſt Book, the Cuſtom is in this Elegy curiouſly deſcrib'd.

The *Romans* Habit of Mourning is here expreſly ſaid to be Black; yet we may gather from *Plu-*

tarch,

turch, that in the Times of the Commonwealth, White was generally the Habit upon theſe Occaſions.

ELEGY III.

AFTER repeated Prayers and Sacrifices to the Gods, he asks his Miſtreſs, to what Purpoſe he thought thoſe Prayers deſign'd? And then aſſures her, that he had no happy Deſires in View but for her; and that if they could not be granted, then that Death would releaſe from farther vain Petitions.

A ſhudd'ring Fare to fill the Boat below.] The Ferry of *Charon*, a known Fable.

—With Phrygian *Columns to ſupport the Weight.*] The fineſt Marble was brought from *Phrygia*, according to *Strabo*, L. 12. Thus *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 1.

Quod ſi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum ſidera clarior
Delenit uſus.

Admit the ſhady Viſtas.] For ſo the Word *Nemoræ*, ſignifies, tho' they are by ſeveral Writers confounded with Woods; but take the Diſtinction of *Servius*'s Notes to *Æn.* L. 1. V. 314. *Intereſt autem inter nemus & Sylvam, & lucum. Lucus enim eſt arborum multitudo cum religione*;

nemus

nemus vero compoſita multitudo arborum; Sylva diffuſa & inculta.

Or Veſts that glow with rich Sydonian *Dyes.*] *Sidon* was a City in *Phœnicia*, by the Sea ſide, where Purple was made, as at *Tyre*, with which City this contended for Antiquity and Dignity; it is now call'd, *Said*, and by ſome *Saida*.

With all its Golden Sand.] *Pactolus*, a River in *Lydia*, of which the Sand was Gold.

Cyprian *Goddeſs.*] *Venus*, ſo call'd from *Cyprus*, where ſhe was chiefly worſhip'd, and had the firſt Temple.

Where livid Styx.] *Styx*, the River ſurrounding Hell.

ELEGY IV.

APOLLO appears to him, and tells him of the cold Indifference of *Neæra*, and that her Affections were bent upon another.

Make Off'rings of the Salt and Barley Cake.] The Cuſtom of preventing troubleſome Dreams, by offering the ſalted Meal: *Tibullus* before ſays, he follow'd, for his Miſtreſs *Delia*, El. 5. L. 1. And *Virgil*, Æ. L. 5. ſpeaking of *Æneas*, after ſeeing his Father *Anchiſes* in his Sleep, ſays,

Hæc

Hæc memorans cinerem & ſopitos ſuſcitat ignis;
Pergameumque Larem & canæ penetralia Veſtæ
Farre pio & plena ſupplex veneratur acerra.

He ſaid, and roſe: As holy Zeal inſpires
He rakes hot Embers, and renews the Fires.
His Country Gods and *Veſta*, then adores
With Cakes and Incenſe; and their Aid implores.

His lovely Temples with chaſt Lawrel ſpread.] Lawrel the Favourite Plant of *Apollo*, into which his *Daphne* was turn'd. See *Ovid Met.* L. 1.

Complexuſque ſuis ramos ut membra Lacertis,
Oſcula dat ligno: refugit tamen oſcula lignum.
Cui Deus, at conjux quoniam mea non potes eſſe,
Arbor eris certe, dixit mea. Semper habebunt
Te comia te citharæ, te noſtræ, laure, pharetræ.

For Arms he claſp'd the ſpreading Bough in his;
Then kiſs'd the Tree, the Tree ſtill flies his Kiſs:
To whom the God, tho' you refuſe to be
My Miſtreſs, you ſhall be my Favourite Tree.
Thy Boughs, O Lawrel! I will ever wear
To grace my Lyre and Shafts, and bind my Hair.

As Cynthia *Silver bright.*] A Simile frequently us'd by the Poets; and the Royal Poet, "Solo-

Of the Second, *Ovid Met.* L. 8. in the Story of *Niſus*, *Sylla*, and *Callim.* Hymn to *Apolo*: Of the Fourth, *Ovid Met.* L. 11. and of the Laſt, this Place.

Hail! Care of Gods.] Poets were always eſteem'd the immediate Care of Gods, which *Tibullus* mentions in another place: And *Ovid* in the Elegy upon his Death,

At ſacri vates & divum cura vocamur;
Sunt etiam qui nos numen habere putent.

But of what Kind theſe Favourites muſt be, the Word Chaſt implies.

And when ſtill Sleep his Sable Mantle throws.] The God *Somnus*, or Sleep, among the Ancients, was call'd Brother of Death, and Son of the Night, he is deſcrib'd by Baron *Spanheim*, in a Piece from *Pighiuims* to *Callim.* Hymn to *Apollo*, like *Cupid* with large Wings, leaning upon a Torch revers'd, and having over his Right Arm a Robe, or Mantle.

See Notes on *El.* 6. of *L.* 2.

Nor fierce Chimæra.] A Mountian in *Lycia* ſending forth Flames; the upper Part of it inhabited by Lyons, the middle Paſture gromed, and the Foot abounding with Serpents; whence came the Fiction of a Monſter Vomiting Flames at its Mouth, having the Head and Breaſt of a Lyon,

Lyon, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon. *Lucret.*

Prima leo poſtrema draco, media ipſa Chimæra.

Nor Barking Scylla.] *Scylla* was belov'd by *Glaucus*, who ſlighting *Circe*, ſhe in Revenge, mix'd ſeveral Magick Herbs in the Fountain, where *Scylla* repair'd to Bathe; who upon entering the Water, had her lower Parts transform'd into Dogs, and other Monſters; upon which, being affrighted and confus'd, ſhe threw her ſelf in the Sea, and was chang'd into a Rock. The Fable is taken from the Danger of the Sea, being full of Rocks; upon which the Waves breaking make a Noiſe, fancy'd like the Barking of Dogs.

ELEGY V.

TIBULLUS writes to his Friends at the Baths in *Etruria*, tells them he had been Fifteen Days ſick at *Rome*; and importunes *Proſerpina* not to cut ſhort his Years, for that he was Young and Religious.

You to th' Etrurian, *&c.*] The Baths in *Etruria*, here mention'd, are by ſome taken for the Mineral Waters at *Cluſium*, but by Miſtake, as *Broukhus* has obſerv'd; for thoſe Waters would hardly have been mention'd in Competition with the Baths of *Baja*, when their Qualities are ſo very different;

the Latter being warm, and the Firſt cold, as *Hor.* tells us, L. 1. Ep. 15. And *Varro* mentions thoſe Baths in *Etruria* as warm, L. 8. De linguâ latinâ, *ſic aquæ calidæ à loco, & quæ ibi ſcaturent. cùm verò colerentur, & veniſſent in uſum noſtris, tum aliæ ad alium morbum idoneæ uſæ ſunt hæ cum plures eſſent, ut Puteolis & in Thaſiis, quibus utebantur, multitudinis potius, quam ſingulari vocabulo appellarunt*: And thoſe, as all other warm Mineral Waters are, were reckon'd pernicious to uſe in the Heat of Summer.

But now prefer'd to Baja.]

Baja, ſo call'd from *Bajus*, a Companion of *Ulyſſes* there buried; a pleaſant City in *Campania*, ſituate near the Sea ſide, and noted for its Mineral Baths: Thither the *Romans* repair'd for Health and Pleaſure, it being the Seat for Luxury and Diverſion, as well as Health, and frequented upon both Accounts, as our City of *Bath*; the Building ſumptuous; the fine Walks, and Temparature of the Air, conjoin'd to make it the pleaſanteſt Place of the *Romans* Retirement, of which they had ſeveral; ſome ſuited to the Winter and Spring, and ſome to the Summer, among the Firſt, this is mentioned by *Horace*.

Veſter Camænæ, veſter in arduos
Tollor, Sabinos: ſeu mihi frigidum
Præneſte, ſeu Tibur ſupinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Bajæ.

Yours Muſes yours, where e'er my Feet
I bend, if to ſharp Sabine Air,
Or ſeek *Præneſte's* cool Retreat;
Or to ſoft *Tybur's* Shades repair,
Or pleaſing *Baja'* happy Seat.

And in *L.* 1. *Epiſt.* 1.

Nullus in orbe ſinus Bajis prælucet amœnis.

You'll find no Place, tho' you the World ſurvey,
So fair as *Baja's* Coaſt, and winding Bay.

And *Martial*, L. 11. Ep. 81.

Litus beatæ Veneris aureum Bajas,
Bajas ſuperbæ Clauda dona naturæ,
Ut mille laudem, Flacce verſibus Bajas;
Laudabo digne non ſatis tamen Bajas.

Baja, bleſs'd *Venus'* fav'rite Shore;
Baja, proud Nature's ſhining Store:
Shou'd I a thouſand Verſes raiſe,
They'd all come ſhort of *Baja's* Praiſe.

The *Romans* call'd all their Baths from the Name of this Place, in which Senſe the Original is to be taken, and not that the *Etrurian* Waters were preferable to thoſe of *Baja*; but that in the Spring only they were more ſalubrious than any other.

Perſephone.] She was reckon'd to have the Power of inflicting Diſeaſes, and ſhortening the Life of Man; ſhe is ſometimes call'd *Perſephone*, ſometimes *Proſerpina*. *Ovid Ep. Cydippæ.*

Et mihi conjugij tempus crudelis ad ipſam
Perſephone noſtras pulſat acerba fores.

This Power Mr. *Prior* finely expreſſes in his Poem on Col. *Villars*.

For reſtleſs *Proſerpine* for ever treads
In Paths unſeen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the ſpacious Land, and liquid Main,
Spreads ſlow Diſeaſe, or darts afflictive Pain,
Variety of Deaths confirms her endleſs Reign.

The Rites for Ceres, *and for thee ordain'd.*] The Secrets of *Ceres* and *Proſerpina*, the divulging which was reckon'd the Height of Impiety. Vid. *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 1. *Cic. Acc.* 4. in *Verr.* L. 41.

Nor bending Age has made me ſtoop as yet.] Thus *Umbricius* in *Juvin.* Sat. 3.

Dum nova canities, dum prima & recta ſenectus,
Dum ſupereſt Lacheſi quod torqueat & pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.

While Snow is thinly ſcatter'd o'er my Head,
While *Lacheſis* has Wooll to ſtretch my Thread;

While

While Age is upright, and my Feet eſſay,
Unaided by a Staff their ſteddy Way.

There follow two Lines, of which the latter is allow'd to be foiſted in by ſome officious Perſon, and the firſt of it ſelf uſeleſs; tho' I am apt to think neither of them genuine, the Senſe being convey'd much better without them. See the Life.

Offer to Dis *a Sheep with Sable Fleece.*] That a Weather, with a black Fleece, was the Offering to the Infernal Powers, is obſerv'd in Notes on the Firſt Book: They offer'd alſo Milk and Wine, ſometimes Honey.

ELEGY VI.

HE invokes *Bacchus*, and urges his Companions to Wine and Mirth.

Bacchus.] Is frequently repreſented crown'd with Ivy, for which there are ſeveral Reaſons aſſign'd, either ſignifying his perpetual Youth, it being ever Green, or for that a Favourite of his was turn'd into that Plant, or from the Notion that it prevented the Prevalence of the Fumes of Wine: This kind of Chaplet was likewiſe made uſe of by the Poets. *Virg. Ecl.* 7.

Paſtores, hedera creſcentem ornate Poëtam,
Arcades.

Agave's *Rage will prove, and* Pentheus' *Fate.*] *Agave* was Daughter of *Cadmus*, and Mother of *Pentheus*, who for refuſing to drink Wine, and join the Rites of *Bacchus*, was torn in Pieces by his Mother, and other *Bacchanalians.*

ELEGY VII.

HE complains of the Treachery of Women, and particularly of *Neæra*, and at laſt reſolves to drown the Thoughts of them in Wine and Chearfulneſs.

Ariadne.] Being deſerted by *Theſeus* upon the Iſland *Naxos*, is a known Story; where after complaining of his Baſeneſs, *Bacchus* marry'd her.

Thus Learn'd Catullus *in his moving Strain.*] *Catullus Veronenſis*, a famous Poet, contemporary with *Virgil*; he is call'd by *A. Gellius* the moſt neat and elegant Poet among the *Romans*; and by moſt who have mention'd him, the Learned *Catullus.*

Thus *Ovid* in his Elegy on the Death of our Poet.

Obvius huic venies hædera Juvenilia cinctus
Tempora: cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

And *Martial*, L. 7. Epig. 98.

Nec Marſo nimium minor eſt, doctoque Catullo.

And

And L. 8. Ep. 73.

Fama eſt arguti Nemeſis formoſa Tibulli,
Lesbia dictavit, docte Catulle, tibi.

The Complaint of *Ariadne* here mention'd, is in the ſixty fourth Poem of *Catullus*, on the Marriage of *Peleus* and *Thetis*.

Tho' by her Eyes ſhe ſwears.] The Cuſtom of Swearing by their Eyes among the *Roman* Lovers: See in *Ovid Am.* L. 2. El. 16.

At mihi te comitem juraras uſque futuram,
Per me, perque oculos ſidera noſtra tuos.

The Tyrian *Odours ſhed.*] The *Romans* in their Feaſts and Entertainments us'd to bath their Locks in Oil and Perfumes. *Hor.* L. 2. Od. 7.

——— *Funde capacibus*
Unguenta de conchis. ———

I ought with glowing Flowrs to bind my Head.] When the Ancients ſat down at their Feaſts and Entertainments, firſt in early Times, they us'd any Bandage round their Heads, to reſiſt the Fumes of the Wine, as Fillets, or Linnen; afterwards they crown'd their Heads with Garlands of Herbs, or Flowers and thoſe of different Sorts; ſometimes of Parſly or Smallage; ſometimes Ivy; ſometimes Parſly and Ivy together; as in *Theoc. Eid.* 3. ſometimes Myrtle, ſometimes Lillies, but the moſt common was Roſes.

Neu diſint epulis roſæ,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.

—— Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas,
Curtave myrto?

—— Eſt in horto
Phili, nectendis apium coronis:
Eſt ederæ vis
Multa, qua crineis religata fulges.

As for Parſly and Myrtle, ſome have obſerv'd that they were us'd likewiſe in Caſes of Grief, and that Tombs were frequently dreſs'd with them; from which they conjecture, that the Uſe of them at Banquets, was to put them in Mind of Death: But that I cannot think the Reaſon, ſince it ſeems rather that Parſly was us'd for its cooling refreſhing Quality, therefore call'd *Vivax*, and *Myrtle*, from its being ſacred to *Venus*. As for Ivy, it was us'd for the Quality it had of reſiſting the Fumes of Wine, and cooling the Head; and Roſes were us'd for the ſame Reaſon, and preventing Intoxications, as *Philoſtratus* ſays. This Cuſtom of Ointments and Chaplets, and the Feaſting Luxury of the Heathen, is finely deſcrib'd by the Son of *Sirach*, *Wiſd.* 2, 27. " Let us fill our ſelves " with coſtly Wine and Ointments, and let no " Flower of the Spring paſs by us; let us crown " our ſelves with Roſe-buds before they are wither'd.

THE

WORKS
OF
A. TIBULLUS.

BOOK IV.

A PANEGYRICK to MESSALA.

MESSALA, Thee, I ſing, al-
(though thy Name,
Thy well-known Merit, and
(thy ſpreading Fame
Startle me, leſt I feebly ſhould
(repeat
A Verſe inferior to Deſert ſo great;
But tho' unequal to the Theme I raiſe,
Yet I'll attempt at leaſt to ſing thy Praiſe:

I, the

Or if it cannot to thy Name be juſt,
But ſinks below thy Worth, as ſure it muſt,
Whatever Thoughts are ſpread in every Line,
Whate'er I ſing, the votive Verſe be thine.

YOU, tho' your Race illuſtriouſly are known,
Unſatisfy'd with Honours handed down;
Still follow Glory with a ſteddy Pace,
And emulate the Greatneſs of your Race;
Thus all thoſe Merits which your Fathers knew,
Your Sons may ſee again reviv'd in you.

NOR ſhall an empty Title hold thy Fame,
But endleſs Volumes ſhall record your Name:
Crowds ſhall contend to have thy Worth declar'd,
The Orator, Hiſtorian, and the Bard:
But may the Task at length on me be laid,
That ſo my Name may with thy Deeds be read.

FOR who can greater Cauſe for Praiſes yield
Than you? Or in the Forum or the Field,
With equal Worth you claim a juſt Renown,
Brac'd in the Helmet, or the peaceful Gown.
The ſpreading Lawrels lie in equal Scales,
And neither Pendant Hemiſphere prevails:

YOU if the giddy Vulgar riſe to Rage,
Appeaſe their Fury, and their Heat aſſwage.
Nor *Pylus*, nor could *Ithaca* contain
So great a Worthy in their boaſted Train:
Nor *Neſtor* noted for his vaſt Renown,
Nor great *Uliſſes* of a little Town;
Tho' One had ſeen Three hundred Suns go round
Their Annual Courſes, and revive the Ground:
The other all the Cities did explore,
Where e'er the fartheſt Sea includes the Shore.

He overcame the *Thracians* fierce in Arms,
Nor was subdu'd by *Lotophagian* Charms.
He check'd the one-ey'd Monster's foul Design,
Making him drunk with *Maronian* Wine.
Æolian Gales he carry'd o'er the Sea,
And to the *Lastrygonians* took his Way.
Rough Race! o'er whom *Antiphates* was King,
Where cool *Arcadia* spreads her limpid Spring.
Circe's bewitching Arts by him were known;
Circe! the pow'rful Daughter of the Sun,
Who by her Skill in Magick Simples knew
To change old Nature's Forms to Bodies new:
Then to *Cimmerian* Caves he took his Way
Where ever *Phœbus* rous'd the lightsome Day,
Whether above the Earth, or underneath the Sea.
He view'd the dark *Plutonian* Coasts below,
There saw the Demi-gods, and Heroes go,
Mingled among the Spectres too and fro.

Secure

Secure his eaſie Veſſel ſail'd along,
Unſtop'd by the alluring *Syren's* Song:
Him ſteering 'twixt the Jaws of Death his Courſe,
Nor *Scylla* could affright with rapid Sourſe;
Tho dreadful and tremendoufly ſhe raves,
Girt round with barking Dogs beneath the Waves:
Nor could *Charybdis*, with tempeſtuous Sea,
Deſtroy his Veſſel in her uſual Way:
Nor when to Heaven uproſe the Waves profound,
Nor when Dividing they diſclos'd the Ground:
Nor ſhall I paſs Great *Jove's* ſevere Award,
Declar'd for *Phœbus'* violated Herd;
Nor how at length he fair *Calypſo* found
Her generous Love, and hoſpitable Ground:
Nor how *Phœacia* was the happy Ile
That clos'd his Journey, and reliev'd his Toil.

Now whether theſe were in the World we (know,
Or Fables, feign them in ſome World below;

Let him his Labour boaſt, and hardy Deed,
While you in moving Eloquence exceed.

IN you the ready Skill of War is found,
How to intrench the Camp, and raiſe the Ground;
And how againſt the adverſe Hoſt oppoſe,
Defenſive Palliſadoes plac'd in Rows,
And where to lead the Ditch, and Ground in-
(cloſe.
And e're you pitch the Camp, to chooſe that
(Ground
Which does with pure refreſhing Springs abound;
Swift through your Troops Communications go,
Which are cut off before they reach the Foe.
You various Sports, and active Games deviſe
To keep the Troops in Manly Exerciſe.

WHAT Chief like you can toſs the pond'rous
(Spear?
Or ſend the flying Arrow through the Air?

Or

Or throw the Jav'lin with an Arm ſo ſtrong,
To cut the Air, and drive the Clouds along?
Or who direct the fiery Courſer's Will?
Or moderate the Rein with greater Skill?
Or ride th' extended Race with ſwifter Force,
Or wheel the circ'ling Ring, and round repeated
(Courſe?
Or who more ready heaves the Shield in Fight?
To guard the Left Side, or ſecure the Right?
To ward with ſure Defence, or here, or there,
And take the Fury of th' invading Spear.

IN Time, when raging *Mars* with Fury glows,
When Enſigns, Enſigns face, and Spears do Spears
(oppoſe,
Then you in meet Array the Squadrons place,
And fix the Battle with a threat'ning Face,
Whether you join them in a ſolid Square,
That equal Sides compact, the Foes may dare;
Or into other Forms the Battle fling,
And lead the Souldiers to a ſpreading Wing;

That either may a mutual Aid diſpence,
And guard each other with a joint Defence.

BUT let me not uncertain Trophies raiſe,
For Wars I ſing, and Wars ſhall firm thy Praiſe:
Witneſs th' *Illyrians* taught the *Roman* Sway,
The baſe *Pannonian* Rebels to obey:
And *Arupinum* taken, which did yield,
One born to Arms, and conſtant in the Field:
Poor and unknown, him whoſoe'er had ſeen,
Unbroke with Age, and ev'n in Winter green.
With Leſs Surpriſe would hear the Story told
Of Rev'rend *Neſtor*'s Fame, three Cent'ries old;
For tho' ſince firſt he had receiv'd his Birth,
A hundred Annual Suns had warm'd the Earth;
He ſpringing in the Saddle preſs'd the Horſe,
And fix'd, he ſat him in the ſwifteſt Courſe:
An able Vet'ran for the duſty Plains,
And a juſt Moderator of the Reins.

Sub-

Subdu'd by Thee, when all their Pow'r was vain,
They bent their Necks beneath the *Roman* Chain.

But theſe ſhall not ſuffice to ſpeak thy Praiſe,
Actions to come ſhall greater Honours raiſe;
For I, have more ſurprizing Things in View,
From *Ovens* ſure as e'er *Melampus* knew.
For on that Day when you ſublimely Great,
Was cloth'd in Purple, and enrob'd in State;
The Sun above the Ocean rais'd his Head,
And o'er the Earth uncommon Luſtre ſpread:
The Seas with ſwelling Billows riſe no more,
But roll'd their ſilent Waters to the Shore;
The ſtrugg'ling Winds their noiſy Diſcord ceaſe,
And every whiſp'ring Gale lay huſh'd in Peace.
No Bird did through the Air his Journey ſteer,
Or ſhook his whiſtling Pinions in the Air:
No Savage Beaſts were Grazing in the Shade;
But all ſtood ſilent at the Vows you made.

Jove in his Chariot wafted through the Air,
Left his *Olympus* to receive thy Pray'r;
And ſeem'd intent to bend a liſt'ning Ear.
Th' aſſenting Pow'r to every Word you ſaid,
Gave the Majeſtick Nod, and wav'd his Head:
Sudden the ſhining Altars ſeem'd more bright,
And ſhooting Flames diffus'd a greater Light.

THE Gods approve! begin the mighty Deed.
For thee uncommon Triumphs are decreed.
Not Neighbouring *Gallia* ſhall confine thy Courſe,
Nor vaſt *Hiſpania* with its ſavage Force;
Nor wealthy Confines which the *Tyrians* ſow,
Nor where the *Nile* and great *Choaſpes* flow:
Nor where ſwift *Gyndes* does the Land divide,
The laſting Proof of *Cyrus'* fooliſh Pride:
Nor where the Waters through their ſulph'rous Veins,
Diffuſe the Heat to *Arectæan* Plains:
Nor that vaſt Land where *Thomyris* bore Sway,
And ſwift *Araxes* rolls his rapid Way:

Nor

Nor vile *Padæans* at the furtheſt *Eaſt*,
Who load their Tables with a hateful Feaſt:
Nor where the *Hebrus* ſpreads his Golden Sand,
Nor where the *Tanais* laves the *Scythian* Land.

BUT why ſhould I inſiſt on theſe alone,
When thy vaſt Conqueſt the whole World ſhall own:
For thee Remains the diſtant *Britiſh* Shore,
Unbent by *Roman* Pow'r, a Conqueſt yet in Store;
For thee remains, the fartheſt torrid Zone,
Regions remote, and Countries yet unknown.

FOR Air does this terraqueous Globe ſurround,
And five Diviſions in the Orb are found;
Two Parts whereof in chilly Regions lie
Perpetual Froſts, and an inclement Sky.
The Earth is there with Darkneſs wrap'd around,
And ſullen Night ſits brooding o'er the Ground:

No living Waters there the Earth divide,
Nor cheerful Streams in pleaſant Wandrings glide;
But everlaſting Ice the Floods conſtrains,
And Drifts of Snow o'erſpread the dreary Plains;
There never did the Sun diffuſe a Ray,
Or give the cheerful Promiſe of a Day.

THE Middle Regions feel the ſcorching Sun,
Whether he nearer brings our Summer on:
Or when he does a ſwifter Courſe diſplay,
And wheels in Circles ſhort the Wint'ry Day:
Therefore the Plough is never there in Uſe,
No Corn the Fields, nor Herbs the Lands produce;
No God indulgent makes the Fields his Care,
Bacchus and *Ceres* never viſit there.
No Cattle there can graze the ſmoaking Ground;
There nothing that poſſeſſes Life is Found.

BETWEEN this freezing Cold, and ſcorching (Heat,
Our temperate Zone is plac'd a happy Seat:

To

To this oppos'd, a fellow Climate lies,
The ſame *Meridian* holds, and temp'rate Skies.
Here firſt the ſtubborn Steer to toil was broke,
And Oxen bent their Neck beneath the Yoke.
Here Vines were taught their flexile Shoots to eaſe,
And hang their Cluſters on the neighbouring (Trees,
And Annual Harveſt gave a large Increaſe.
Here firſt the Earth receiv'd the vexing Plough,
And firſt the Sea was rais'd with brazen Prow;
Then by degrees at diſtance Cities riſe,
And ſwelling Walls and Tow'rs divide the Skies.

THEREFORE where e'er by Fame thy Acts are (hurl'd,
They ſhall be known by all in either World.
For me, I cannot ſo much Praiſe rehearſe,
Tho' *Phœbus* ſhould himſelf inſpire my Verſe.
But *Valgius*, he can ſwell a Warrior's Name;
Valgius next *Homer* in eternal Fame.

The Works will not my Leaſure Hours decay,
Tho' Fortune vexes me, as is her way.

FOR I could once command a ſtately Seat,
Splendedly wealthy, and ſublimely great:
And yellow Harveſts waving o'er the Plain,
Seem'd to o'ercrowd my Fields with Golden Grain.
When my unnumber'd Flock of Flocks were fled,
And o'er the Hills in crowded Herds were ſpread:
Sufficient for their Lord my Lambs did ſtray,
And too, too many for the Beaſts of Prey;
But now of every pleaſing View bereft,
Reflection on their Loſs is all I've left.
Freſh Grief I feel, and ſtill repeated Cares,
Oft as I caſt my Eye on former Years.

BUT tho' the Fates with more ſevere Decrees,
Shall fix a Train of Heavier Woes than theſe:
Yet ſtill unwearied with my Miſery,
The Muſe ſhall never fail to ſing of thee.

NOR

NOR will the Muſe alone ſuffice to prove
How much I prize my Friend, how much I love.
For thee! I'd run the Hazard of the Sea,
And tempt the rougheſt of the Waves for thee.
For thee! I ſingly could whole Troops oppoſe,
Or throw my ſelf, where flaming *Ætna* glows.

AND while I think you but regard my Name,
I neither wiſh the *Lydian* Realms to claim,
Nor the vaſt Honours of *Gylippus'* Fame:
Nor would I ask *Apollo* to inſpire
My Muſe with *Homer's* Strength and laſting Fire;
If but this humble Verſe can pleaſing be,
No Time ſhall ſtop my Tongue from praiſing thee.

AND when I've ſuffer'd Fate's unalter'd Doom,
Clos'd in the gloomy Manſion of a Tomb.
If Death in Time ſhall make his forceful Rape,
Or I ſurvive, tho' in a different Shape:

If as a Horſe I beat the duſty Plain,
Or in a Bull's Majeſtick Form remain;
Or if I as a Feather'd Fowl appear,
And beat with flutt'ring Wings the Fluid Air,
Or in a Humane Form increaſe my Days,
I'll always fill whole Volumes with thy Praiſe.

To *MARS*.

In Praiſe of SULPICIA.

IN all her Charms is fair *Sulpicia* dreſt,
To grace thy Calends, and attend thy Feaſt;
To view the Maid, leave th' Ætherial Height;
Indulgent *Venus* will permit the Sight:
But come prepar'd, leaſt Beauties' Influence move,
And ſink the gazing Warrior into Love:
For when the angry God of fierce Deſire,
Intends to ſet th' immortal Pow'rs on Fire;
He, to revive th' extinguiſh'd Torches, flies
To the bright Luſtre of her ſparkling Eyes.

HER

HER ev'ry Action, every Motion warms
The Breaſt, with ſecret and reſiſtleſs Charms;
Inſenſibly ſhe fires, while Graces gay
Direct her Footſteps, and attend her Way.

IF looſe, ſhe waves the Treſſes of her Hair,
The eaſy Negligence becomes the Fair;
If comb'd, the gloſſy Locks are ty'd behind,
In Fillets bound, or plated Braids confin'd:
The lovely Maid no leſs invites the Eye,
With ſtudy'd Dreſs, and artful Decency.
She fires with aweful Majeſty when dreſt,
In glowing Purple, and the *Tyrian* Veſt;
She fires us, when like ſoft deſcending Snows,
Around her Feet the ſhining *Stola* flows;
So on *Olympus*, everlaſting Riſe,
A Thouſand Forms the gay *Vertumnus* tries,
Graceful in all, and Bright in each Diſguiſe.

For

For her, the *Tyrians* fleecy Wooll infuſe,
Twice to imbibe the Dye, and Purple Juice:
For her, what e'er his od'rous Harveſt yields,
The rich *Arabian* ſends from Spicy Fields;
For her, the Bord'rer on the Eaſtern Sea,
The Tawny *Indian* takes his toilſome Way,
Along the ruddy Sand, and ſhelly Shore,
To find the lucid Pearl, and ſhining Store.
Ye Vocal Nine, your tuneful Notes prepare,
And ſing the Praiſes of the Heavenly Fair:
Hither Illuſtrious *Phœbus* come, and bring
The ſounding Shell, and wake the Silver String;
And celebrate this Day, when it appears
In circ'ling Seaſons, and revolving Years;
No Name like hers, ſo well becomes your Lays,
No Maid like her, ſo well deſerves your Praiſe.

SULPICIA *to* CERINTHUS. III.

WHatever Savage Boar ſhall graze around
The level Plain, or ſeek the Woodland (Ground;
I charge you not to hurt my Favourite Boy,
Nor for the Fight your whetted Tusks employ.
May Guardian Love himſelf the Youth defend,
Danger avert, and all his Steps attend:
Oh! may *Diana*, and her Virgin Train,
Forbear the Paſtimes of the ſportive Plain.
Fade the freſh Verdure of the Foreſt Grounds;
And fail the opening Dogs, and ſwift-foot Hounds.

WHAT Madneſs is it various Toils to lay,
T' encloſe the woody Hills, and buſhy Way;
Stretching thy Snares a-croſs the rugged Lands,
While clinging Brambles raze thy Blood-ſtain'd (Hands;
Or with a cautious Secrecy explore
The hidden Covert of the foamy Boar;

Attempt

And all ſhe undergoes, and all we fear,
Throw in the Floods, or ſcatter in the Air:
Hither thou ſacred Pow'r, and bring the Juice
Of Herbs, and all the Magick Songs you uſe,
Which raiſe the Spirits when with Pain oppreſs'd,
Support the Weak, and give the Wakeful Reſt:
I beg you not to rack the tim'rous Boy,
Who does innumerable Vows employ
To eaſe his much-lov'd Maid, now Pray'rs are giv'n,
And now he blames the Gods, and rails at Heaven.

CEASE my *Cerinthus*, and thy Fears remove,
The God will never injure thoſe that love:
Do thou forever love, diſmiſs thy Fears,
Thy Maid's ſecure, then ſpare theſe falling Tears;
Thoſe Tears reſerve, and never let 'em flow
Till ſhe forgets her Faith, and breaks her Vow.
But now the lovely Fair is all thy own,
Her Thoughts and Wiſhes tend to thee alone;

While

While all her Suiters, a deluded Train,
Wait at her Door, and ſupplicate in vain.

Phœbus be kind! what Praiſes will be due!
When you by healing One have ſuccour'd Two!
Then thou well pleas'd when we invoke thy Name,
Shalt hear us loudly celebrate thy Fame,
And both appearing at thy hallow'd Shrine,
Return the Dues we owe, and offer Rites Divine;
Then all the *Chorus* of the Gods ſhall fill
Heav'n with thy Praiſe, and with thy healing Skill.

SULPICIA *on the Birth-Day of* CERINTHUS. V.

THIS ſacred Day for ever happy be,
Which gave *Cerinthus* to the World and (me;
A Time, which I for ever ſhall prefer
To all the other Feaſts that mark the Year.

The fatal Siſters on this glorious Day,
Sang mighty Conqueſts, and extended Sway;
O'er blooming Maids, and all the tender Train,
And gave thee an extended Length of Reign;
But I am fir'd with a ſuperior Flame,
Yet pleas'd I own it, nor eſteem it Shame,
Cerinthus, if thy Boſom feels the ſame.
O! may thy Paſſion equal mine, I pray,
By all thy am'rous Theft, and tender Play;
By thoſe dear Eyes of thine, and by the Pow'r,
Thy *Genius*, who preſerves each circling Hour.

GREAT Pow'r to Thee I Spice profuſely throw,
Then hear my Pray'r, and liſten to my Vow.
May the dear Youth, when e'er he hears my Name,
Glow with a kindly Warmth, and am'rous Flame;
But if in Falſhood vers'd, and Treachery,
He ſends his Vows to any Maid but me:
For ſuch perfidious Acts, thou Pow'r Divine,
Deſert thy Altars, and forſake thy Shrine.

NOR

NOR you, O! *Venus*, inauſpicious prove,
To let *Cerinthus* violate our Love;
O! grant that we devoted both to thee,
May love alike, or ſet my Fetters free;
But rather both in laſting Bonds confine,
Bonds, which nor Time, nor Age may e'er diſ-join.
Cerinthus' Wiſhes are the ſame I know,
While he in Privacy prefers his Vow,
Leſt publickly his Cheeks with Bluſhes glow.

BUT thou! O! Genial Pow'r, what he requires
Grant, or his publick, or his cloſe Deſires.

To JUNO. VI.

THOU Sacred Power! fav'ring, receive (whate'er
Of Spices we in od'rous Heaps prefer!
While waiting at thy Shrine *Sulpicia* ſtands,
And loads thy Altars with her ſnowy Hands.

Thee to adore, the due obſervant Fair,
Is dreſs'd with curious Art and niceſt Care:
Yet though ſhe honours thee with Rites like theſe,
There's one in ſecret ſhe deſires to pleaſe.

AND you, O! Goddeſs, grant their Flame may (laſt,
And equal Fetters to *Corinthus* caſt:
With ſuch united Force ſecure their Love,
That none may th' unalter'd Charm remove:
May no new Beauty influence his Eye,
Nor ſhe for any Youth in ſecret Sigh;
Deceive the Spy, who every Hour employs
To watch their Ways, and interrupt their Joys.
May Love inſtruct 'em, in his artful Slight,
And teach a thouſand Ways to blind his Sight.
Come, Goddeſs, come, and grant my earneſt (Pray'r,
In Purple rob'd, and glowing from afar;
While thrice we offer Cates before thy Shrine,
And thrice Libations pour of Purple Wine.

Her

Her Mother teaches her with pious Care,
For what to make her Vows, and raiſe her Pray'r.
But ſhe, whoſe Boſom's fir'd with eager Flame,
In ſecret prays for what ſhe dare not name.
She burns, ſhe glows, with new and fierce Deſires,
As on the Altars blaze the haſty Fires.
Pleas'd with the Pain, ſhe chooſes to endure,
And tho' 'tis in her Power ſhe ſlights the Cure.
So make *Sulpicia* to *Cerinthus* dear,
That in the Circuit of another Year
We may the happy faithful Pair behold
Secure, and Love, in frequent Vows, grown old.

SULPICIA *to* VENUS. VII.

LOVE ſmiling comes, whoſe Power I ſhould (conceal,
Nor tell thoſe Joys I bluſh when I reveal.
Him *Cytherea* mov'd by my Requeſt,
Has brought, and lodg'd the Favourite in my Breaſt:

At length the Goddeſs has inclin'd her Aid,
And now performs the Promiſes ſhe made.
Let them who have no Pleaſures of their own
Repeat my Joys, and make my Triumphs known;
No Letters ſhall contain the dear Delight,
No Pen ſhall ſuch exceſſive Raptures write,
No one ſhall know my Joy, 'till me they ſee,
And hear the glad Relation told by me:
Sweet is the Crime, yet ſtill the noiſy Fame
That Rumour ſpreads, will ſet my Cheeks on Flame;
When every one ſhall hear the Tale with Joy,
And ſpeak me worthy of the lovely Boy.

SULPICIA *to* MESSALA. VIII.

THY Birth-Day comes, but no Diverſion (yields,
In th' unpleaſant, lonely Country Fields;
And while my dear *Cerinthus* is away,
'Twill prove a dull and an unpleaſant Day.

What Place can, like the Town, afford Delight,
Should Maids in Villages be hid from Sight?
Confin'd in cold unpleaſant Country Fields,
Nip'd by the Winds bleak *Eretinus* yields;
Rather, *Meſſala*, in the City ſtay,
Nor tempt a tireſome incommodious Way;
For I in Town ſhall leave my Soul behind,
Where'er contrary to my Will, confin'd.

TIBULLUS *to* MESSALA, *on his Birth-Day.* IX.

YOU know *Sulpicia* hates the toilſome Way,
Let her in Town obſerve the joyful Day.
Here we together, will our Mirth renew,
Upon a Day which comes unwiſh'd by you.

SULPICIA *to* CERINTHUS. X.

THE moſt obliging Careleſneſs you've (ſhown
With conſcious Gratitude I freely own;
To leave my Conduct wholly in my Power,
Nor fear th' Effects of an unguarded Hour:
No, rather let thoſe Fears and Cares be ſhown
For ſome mean Proſtitute about the Town.
Let the vile common Wretch deſerve thy Care,
And not *Sulpicia*, Noble *Servius'* Heir.
Thy Rivals have my Actions in their View,
And fear my Slips of Conduct more than you.

SULPICIA *to* CERINTHUS. XI.

TELL me, *Cerinthus*, in whoſe Love I'm (bleſt,
Say does an equal Flame inſpire thy Breaſt
With that which racks my Heart, and breaks my (Reſt:

I would

I would not wiſh to be from Illneſs free,
Unleſs I thought my Cure would pleaſure thee.
But what avails my Cure, or my Relief,
Since unconcern'd you ſee my Pain and Grief?

SULPICIA *to* CERINTHUS. XII.

MY Life! may I be leſs eſteem'd by you
Than what I thought my ſelf ſome Days (ago?
If any Fault, if any trifling Crime
Of all my youthful Hours, and fooliſh Time,
E'er vex'd me more, than what I've lately done
Abruptly, leaving you laſt Night alone.
'Twas Slight; the little Artifice I try'd
To blind my Paſſion which I ſtrove to hide.

To his Miſtreſs. XIII.

NO Woman ſhall eſtrange my Heart from (you;
Venus is Witneſs to our ſolemn Vow:
Thy pleaſing Charms can glad my Eyes alone,—
And beſides thee throughout the numerous Town
I cannot find a Maid deſerves my Care,
Or view a Face that's tolerably fair.
And, O! that fair to me alone you prove,
Let others Scorn make me ſecure in Love.
Wherefore ſhou'd I another's Envy raiſe?
I ſlight the Glory of the publick Praiſe.
Vain Oſtentation! let the Man that's wiſe
Rejoice in ſecret, when he gains a Prize;
With thee in lonely Woods I'd ſpend my Days,
Where never Humane Foot has preſs'd the Ways:
" Reſt of my Cares! thou can'ſt the Night exclude,
" And from a Deſert baniſh Solitude.
If from the Heaven ſhould ſome Cœleſtial Fair
Be ſent, I would not think her worth my Care:

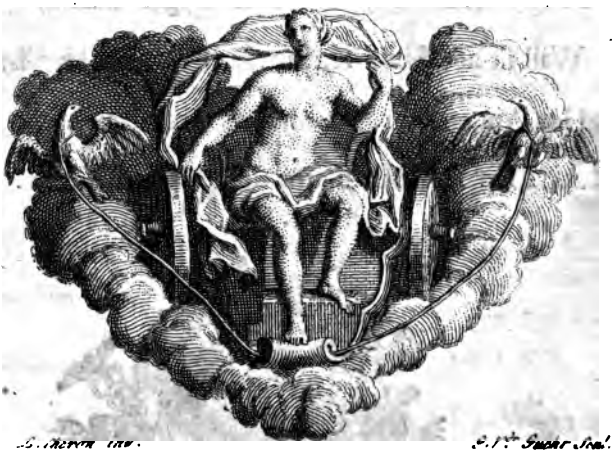
This

This by thy *Juno*'s Pow'r I ſwear, whom I
Prefer to every other Deity.
But hold! unguarded Fool, what is't I do,
To lay the tendereſt of my Thoughts to View?
Now you'll inſult me, now your Pow'r is ſtrong,
This Evil comes from my licentious Tongue.
Subſervient to your Will your Slave will prove,
Nor quit the Service of the Maid I love:
For I, confin'd by Love, in Magick Bands,
Will ſit at *Venus*' Shrine with Fetter'd Hands,
Her Anger does the faithleſs Train purſue,
And her Aſſiſtance aids the ſuppliant Crew.

On

On the Baſeneſs of his Miſtreſs. XIV.

REPORT relates the Baſeneſs of my Fair,
O! I could wiſh I had no Pow'r to hear,
Thoſe Crimes with Torture do my Boſom fill;
Why do you vex me then? Report, be ſtill.



NOTES
ON THE
FOURTH BOOK.

IT is by ſeveral Commentators doubted, whether this *Panegyrick* was written by *Tibullus*, and ſome other Pieces in this Fourth Book; and therefore *Muretus*, in his *Scholia*, mentions but three Books of his Works; and I muſt own, I think it a Piece inferior to his other Performances: But of this, ſee more in the Preface; whether it was written by our Author or no: I have tranſlated it, and ſhall proceed to explain the obſcure Places of it.

The little Gift the Cretan *could prefer.*] The Commentators differ about this Story, which ſeems obſcure: Some (among whom is *Paſſeratus*) ſuppoſing by the *Cretan* is meant *Dædalus*; who, after

Years, but ſome are of Opinion, that the Date of his three Ages was 90 Years only, as ſuppoſing every thirty Years a different Period of Man's Age; tho' *Ovid* expreſly calls them Centuries. *Met.* L. 12.

——— *Si quem potuit ſpatioſa ſenectus*
Spectatorem operum multorum reddere; vixi
Annos bis centum: nunc tertia vivitur ætas.

He overcame the Thracians *fierce in Arms.*] *Uliſſes* was drove upon their Country by a Storm.

Nor was ſubdu'd by Lotophagian *Charms.*] The *Lotophagi*, were a People in *Africa*, who fed upon the Fruit of the *Lotus*, which was of ſuch a bewitching Quality, that Strangers who eat, forgot their Deſire of returning to their own Country. To theſe People *Uliſſes* ſent Two of his own Men, whom he at length, with much Difficulty, prevail'd upon to return to their Ship.

He check'd the One-ey'd Monſter's fell Deſign.] *Polephemus*, the Son of *Neptune*, a Giant, Fabl'd to have but one Eye, which after *Uliſſes* had made him drunk with Wine, he put out, and eſcap'd from him.

And to the Laſtrigons *he took his Way.*] A Gigantick People of *Italy*, who fed upon Humane Fleſh: Of theſe People *Antiphates* was King, to whom, when *Uliſſes* had ſent three of his

his Companions, he devour'd one inſtantly, and the other Two ſcarcely ſav'd themſelves by Flight; and then with his People aſſaulting *Uliſſes*'s Fleet, threw vaſt Stones and Trees, and ſunk all his Ships, excepting that only in which himſelf eſcap'd.

Where cool Artacia, *&c.*] *Artacia*, a River in the Country of the *Læſtrygons*.

Circe's *bewitching Arts*, &c.] *Circe*, the Daughter of the Sun, who had ſuch a Power in Magick, that ſhe converted *Uliſſes*' Men into Swine.

Then to Cimmerion *Caves*, &c.] The *Cimmerions* were a People in *Italy*, ſo call'd, near the Lake *Avernus* and *Baja*, dwelling in Caves. See Mr. *Sandys*'s Travels.

Unſtop'd by the Alluring Syren's *Song.*] The *Syrens* were Monſters Fabl'd to have Heads like Women, and their lower Parts like Fiſh, who, by their Songs, endeavour'd to allure the Mariners to the Shore, that they might be Shipwrack'd; this *Uliſſes* is ſaid to have prevented, by obliging his Men to ſtop their Ears with Wax. The receiv'd Notion of their lower Parts being like Fiſh, is an Error, ſince according to *Hyginus*, Fab. 125. the lower Part had the Similitude of a Fowl, not unlike a Hen, as *Servius* has likewiſe obſerv'd, in his Notes on *Virg. Æn.* L. 5. V. 864. where he thus deſcribes them. *Sirenes ſecundam fabulas, tres parte virgines fuerunt*

runt, parte volucres, Acheloi fluminis & Calliopes muſæ filiæ. Harum una voce, altera tibiis, alia lyra canebat. Et primo juxta Pelorum, poſt in Capharei inſulis habitaverunt, quæ illectos ſuo cantu in naufragia deducebant; thus *Ovid* deſcribes them, *Met.* L. 5. and *Claudian*, L. 3. of the Rape of *Proſerpine*, and as ſuch they are repreſented in ſeveral *Roman* Coins. *Broukhus.*

Nor Scylla *could affright*, &c.] *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; the one a Rock in the *Sicilian* Sea, the other, oppoſite to it, now call'd *Galofaro*; the Paſſage between was ſo confin'd, that often, when they endeavour'd to avoid one Danger, they fell into the other, from whence came the Proverb.

Declar'd for Phœbus' *violated Herd.*] *Lamperia*, the Daughter of the Sun, kept her Father's Cattle in *Sicilia*, ſeveral of which *Uliſſes*' Men, being conſtrain'd by Hunger, ſlew; whereupon *Apollo* made Complaint to *Jupiter*, who being incens'd, burnt *Uliſſes*'s Ship, himſelf with much Difficulty, eſcaping into the Iſland of *Ortygia*.

Nor how at length he fair Calypſo *found.*] *Calypſo* was Queen of *Ortygia*; her entertaining *Uliſſes* after his Shipwrack, and falling in Love with him, is a known Story.

Nor how Phœacia *was the happy Iſle.*] *Phœacia*, or *Corcyra*, is call'd, *The End of* Uliſſes's *Travels*; becauſe from thence he ſail'd directly home to his own Country Ithaca.

Witneſs

[*Witneſs the* Illyrians, *&c.*] *Japidia*, a Country, part of *Illyria*; the People whereof began to riſe, A. V. DCCXVIII. and were ſubdu'd by *Meſſala*.

And Arupinum *taken, &c.*] *Arupinum* was a City in *Japydia*.

From Omens *ſure as ever* Melampus *knew.*] *Melampus*, the famous Phyſician, Augur and Poet, of whom *Homer* makes Mention, *Odyſſ.* L. 23. ſo call'd from the Colour of his Feet, it being reported, that his Mother expos'd him to the Air, covering all but his Feet, which were colour'd by the Sun; he is ſaid to underſtand the Notes not only of all Birds, but of other living Creatures; he had a Temple erected to him, and divine Honours paid him, as *Pauſanius* tells us in his Firſt Book.

For on that Day, when you ſublimely great.] He here alludes to *Meſſala*'s being Conſul, which was A. V. DCCXXII. with *Octavius*.

Not Neighbouring Gallia *ſhall confine thy Courſe.*] Of *Meſſala*'s Conqueſt in *Aquitain*, mention has been before made.

Nor where the Nile *and great* Choaſpes *flow.*] *Choaſpes*, a River of the *Medes*, flowing into the *Tigris*, the Water of which was ſo delicious, that the *Perſian* Princes drank no other, and carry'd it with them wherever they travel'd.

Nor where ſwift Gyndes *does the Land divide.*] The *Gyndes*, a large River in *Aſia*, over which, as *Cyrus* was paſſing, in his Expedition againſt the *Scythians*, one of the white Horſes of his Chariot, remarkable for its Beauty, was born down by the Violence of the Water, and drown'd; he in a Rage, for the preſent, ſtop'd his Expedition, and employ'd all his Soldiers to divert the Courſe of the River, by cutting it into 360 Channels

And ſwift Araxes *rolls his rapid Way.*] *Araxes*, a River in *Armenia*, coming from the Mountain *Abon*, whence likewiſe *Euphrates* proceeds, and diſcharging it ſelf into the *Caſpian* Sea: Over this River *Alexander* the Great, and *Auguſtus Cæſar* made Bridges.

Nor vile Padæans *at the furtheſt* Eaſt.] *Padæans*, a People of *India*, who, when any fell ſick among them, they eat them, and likewiſe thoſe who grew Old.

Nor where the Hebrus *ſpreads his Golden Sand.*] *Hebrus*, a River in *Thrace*, comes from Mount *Rhodope*, and diſcharges it ſelf into the *Ægean* Sea.

Nor where the Tanais *laves the* Scythian *Land.*] *Tanais*, a River of *Scythia*, dividing *Aſia* from *Europe*, now call'd *Don*, by the Borderers.

For

For thee Remains the diſtant Britiſh *Shore,*
Unbent by Roman *Power, a Conqueſt yet in* (*Store.*]

That *Britain* was only ſeen, and not conquer'd by *Julius Cæſar*, nor far enter'd, is plain by this and ſeveral other Places, nor 'till *Claudius*'s Time, as appears from the *Tragedian.*

Modo cui totus paruit orbis
Ultra oceanum; cuique Britanni
Terga dedere
Ducibus noſtris ante ignoti,
Juriſque ſui.

But Valgius *he can ſwell a Warrior's Name.*] *T. Valgus Rufus*, a famous Poet, to whom *Horace* writes; he wrote ſeveral things, now loſt, except a few Fragments, ſome Paſtorals, and ſome Elegies, as *Servius* has obſerv'd in his Notes on *Virgil*, Ecl. 7. *Quale meo Codro. Codrus Poeta ejuſdem temporis fuit, ut Valgius in Elegiis ſuis refert.* This Poet *Horace* reckons among the bright Men of his Time.

Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgilius que,
Valgius & probet hæc Octavius optimus atque
Fuſcus & hæc utinam Viſcorum candet uterque.

The *Pythagorean* Notion of the Tranſmigration of the Soul. See at large in *Ovid Met.* L. 15.

In Praiſe of Suſpicia.] *Broukhus* and others are of Opinion, that theſe Poems are not of Tibullus's writing.

writing, but written by ſome Perſon who happily imitated his Stile. This to *Sulpicia*, *Broukhus* will have to be written about the Time of *Martial*, and that ſhe was Wife to *Calenus*, and the ſame whom *Martial* celebrates, *L.* 10. *Ep.* 35. but why he ſhould think ſo I know not, ſince there are ſeveral Pieces wherein ſhe is ſaid to be a Favourite of *Cerinthus* our Poet's Friend, and of *Meſſala* his Patron: He likewiſe calls her Daughter of *Servius Sulpicius*, who was Conſul ſome Time before.

To grace thy Kalends, and attend thy Feaſt.] The Kalends of *Mars*; of the Cuſtom at this Time we have taken Notice in Notes on Book 3. El. 1.

A thouſand Forms the gay Vertumnus tries.] *Vertumnus*, a rural Deity, who had the Power of changing his Shapes. See the Fable of him, and *Pomona Ovid Met.* L.

Sulpicia *to* Cerinthus.] *Sulpicia* diſuades *Cerinthus* from Hunting, intreats the wild Beaſt not to injure him, and Love to defend him, profeſſes her ſelf would join his Toils ſo ſhe might enjoy his Love.

Hither attend, and by thy healing Aid.] *Sulpicia* being ſick, *Tibullus* entreats *Apollo* to reſtore her to Health.

Nor

[*Nor ſcorn, with thy own Hands, the Medicines to apply.*] *Apollo* is eſteem'd the Patron God of Phyſick.

On the Birth-Day of *Sulpicia*, *Tibullus* entreats *Juno* to hear her Requeſt, that ſhe might be happy with *Cerinthus*; as the *Genius* was ſacrific'd to on the Birth-Day of Men, ſo was *Juno* on that of Women.

Thy Birth-Day's come, but no Diverſion yields.] *Sulpicia* complains that *Meſſala*'s Birth-Day was come, which would be unpleaſant to her, ſince ſhe was oblig'd to go into the Country, and be there without the Company of *Cerinthus*.

And Winds that bleaky Eretinus *yields.*] *Eretinus*, a Track of Land near *Rome*, ſo call'd from *Eretum*, a Town of the *Sabines*, now call'd by the *Italians*, *Monte-rotondo*.

You know Sulpicia *hates the toilſome Way.*] *Tibullus* tells *Meſſala*, that ſince *Sulpica* was unwilling to go into the Country, they would keep his Birth-Day at *Rome* together.

Let the vile Proſtitute deſerve thy Care.] *Sulpicia* upbraids *Cerinthus* with Neglect, and following mean lewd Women.

No Woman ſhall eſtrange my Heart from you.] *Tibullus* declares his Sincerity to his Miſtreſs; this is by none doubted to be wrote by him, having all his Beauties.

F I N I S.